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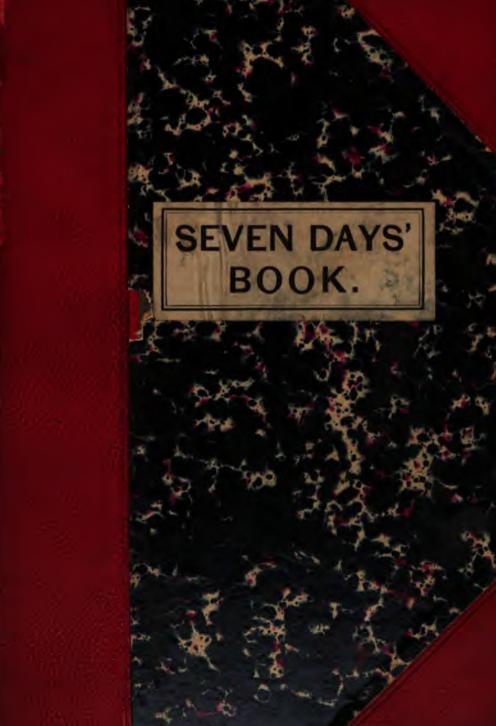
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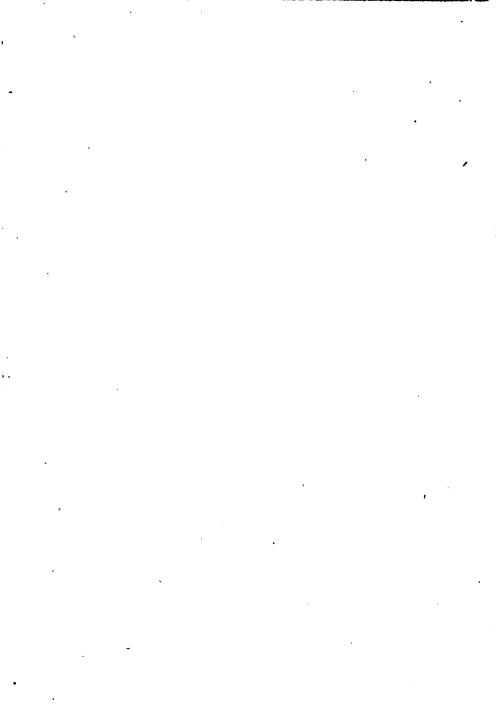


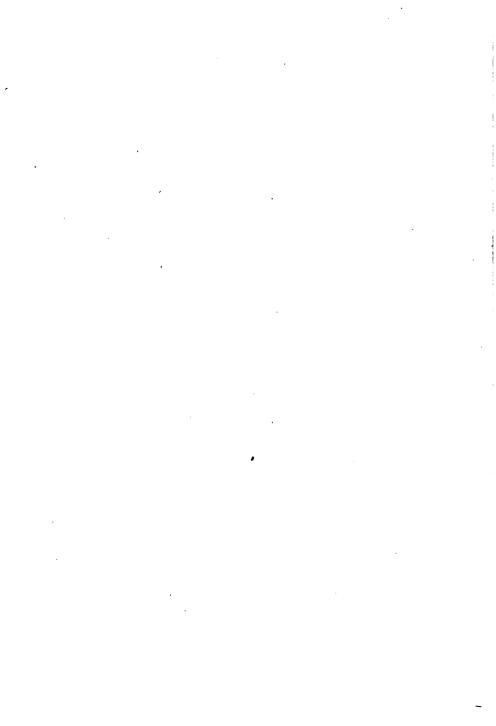


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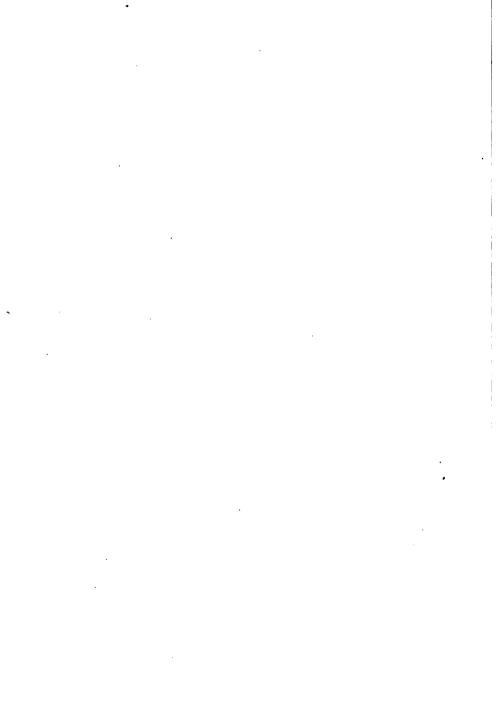
FROM

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ECONOMICS





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The Chautauquan

The Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I, Bedecked with bays and

rosemary.

rosemary
And
I pray
you,
my
masters,
be

Quot estis in convino.

merry.

Chorus...

Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino

The boar's head, as I understand,

Is the bravest dish-in all the land:



THE BOAR'S HEAD AT CHRISTMAS

Then thus bedeck'd with a gap garland,

Let us service

Chorus-

Caput apri defero,

Our steward hath provided this In honour of the King of Bliss:

Which on this day to be served is In regimensi atrio.

Chorus-Caput apri defero, etc.

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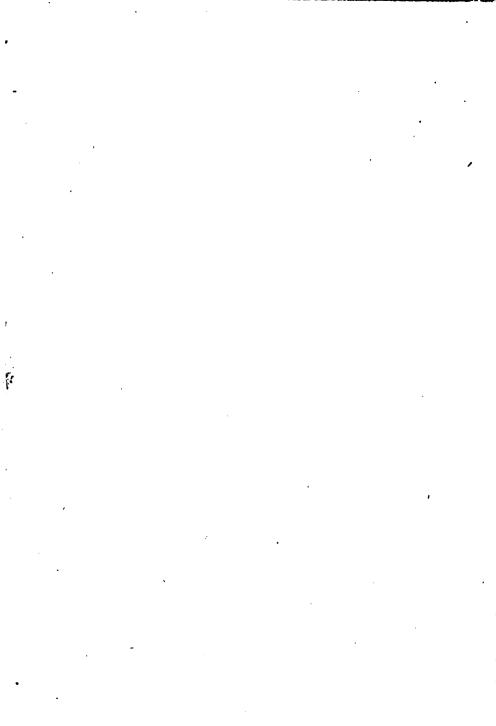
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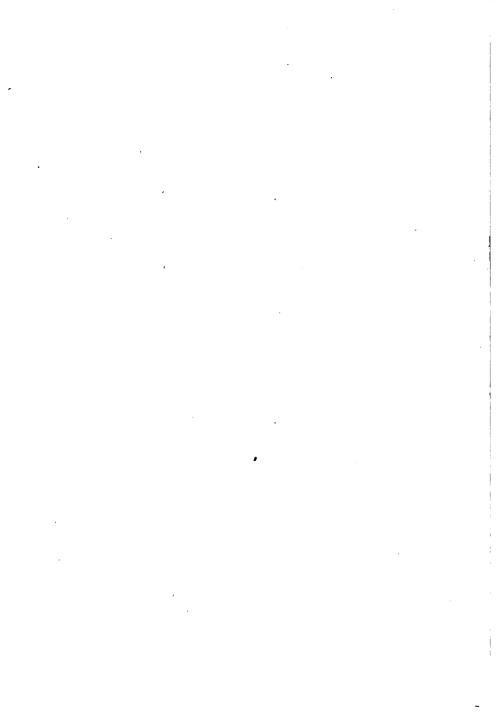


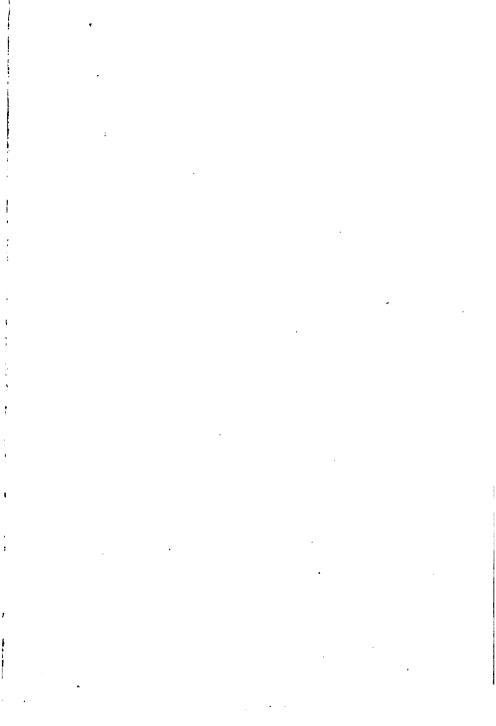
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FROM

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Highways and Byways

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a majority of the votes, another election is held and the minor groups transfer their strength to that which is nearest to them in ideas and thereby prevent the election of political opponents. Under such a system three-cornered contests lose their worst features. There is a strong prejudice in England against this "continental" device, but it is believed that fuller discussion will dissipate it.



What Next?

Member of the House of Lords: "I must say that I view with apprehension this movement of popular landmarks towards the scrapheap."

—From "Punch."

Meantime the Liberals, parliament having reassembled after the summer recess, are concentrating their efforts on the legislation that was left pending at the end of the last session, and collisions with the House of Lords are regarded as inevitable. That chamber is opposed to the Education bill and the Trade Uniou bill and wishes radically to amend them. Should the government find the amendment inadmissible, "an appeal to the people" may be decided upon, and this cannot fail to revive the great constitutional question of "mending or ending the House of Lords."

Cabinet Changes in France

There is a new ministry in France. Senator Georges Clemenceau, an extreme Republican, the leader of the journalistic champions of justice and right during the Dreyfus affair, has succeeded Sarrien as prime minister, and the whole cabinet has been reorganized in consequence of that change. Sarrien is supposed to have retired on account of poor health, but there are reports to the effect that personal and political differences in his cabinet (of which Clemenceau was the most masterful member) necessitated the reorganization.

One of the most remarkable and audacious of Clemenceau's acts was the bestowal of the portfolio of Minister of War upon General Picquart, the most heroic of the Dreyfus defenders. Picquart was a lieutenant-colonel when the "affair" first assumed an acute phase. He exposed the crimes of the military conspirators, and suffered degradation and persecution. For years he was excluded from the army. The final rehabilitation of Dreyfus carried with it his own vindication. He was restored and made general over a brigade; a few weeks later he was again promoted, and now he is the head of the entire army and in authority over his former persecutors and enemies. The nationalist reactionaries and the anti-Dreyfusards are furious, but Picquart is a high-minded, unselfish, earnest soldier and patriot, and there is no danger

of his attempting any retaliation or settling of personal accounts. His fitness and ability are generally recognized, as he is not only a man of excellent training, but a student of military science and hard worker.

Clemenceau's other associates in the new cabinet are Radicals, advanced Republicans and Socialists. Briand, minister of public worship and instruction, and Viviani, minister of labor, are the Socialists. They are not, however, partisans or extremists. They are independent and opportunist in their attitude. Clemenceau himself is an old radical, a militant Republican, an admirer of what is best in Anglo-Saxon civilization. He is individualistic in his philosophy, but a staunch believer in social reform. He is opposed to doctrinaire socialism, and his debate with Jaures, the Socialist leader in the chamber of deputies, on that question was masterly. He is, however, just as firm an opponent of shallow, doctrinaire liberalism, and recognizes grave defects in the existing social order.

His majority in the chamber, like that of Sarrien, must be made up of the Radical and "leftist" parties. The Socialists will be friendlier to him than they were to Sarrien, which circumstance, it should be added, may weaken him with the moderate Republicans, who do not like to see Socialism influential or represented in the cabinet.

The greatest task before the new government will be the enforcement of the church disestablishment act and the adjustment of the difficulties with Rome, the Pope having denounced the law as oppressive and outrageous and having enjoined all loyal Catholics to resist it passively. Income taxation, avoidance of deficits, old-age pensions for workmen, and so on are the other questions immediately to be dealt with.

In foreign relations Clemenceau will stand for peace, a good understanding with England and friendship toward Italy and Spain. Germany is distrustful of him, but without good reason. He has criticised her rulers, but he will neither seek nor seize upon causes of discord and friction.

Highways and Byways

Notable Victories for the Law

The outcome of the trial of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio at Findlay, Hancock County, and the result of the trial of the New York Central Railroad before a federal judge and jury in New York have been hailed as healthy signs of progress, as the first fruits of the great anti-monopoly campaign of the past two or three years.

In the latter case the issue was simple: The proof that the New York Central had paid rebates to the American Sugar Company and certain Detroit jobbers, in deliberate violation of the so-called Elkins law (the provision of the interstate commerce law which prohibits any and all discriminations, rebates, secret privileges or favoritism on the part of railroads and other common carriers). There was no possible defense, and none but technical points were raised by the defendant. The jury convicted it, and the court imposed heavy fines, taking occasion to administer a severe rebuke to all public or quasi-public corporations that betray their trust, abuse their powers and evade or wilfully break the laws of the land while constantly invoking the protection of the law and opposing all government control and "interference" with their "business."

Discrimination by carriers is one of the most outrageous forms of corporate lawlessness and impudence, and the war upon it by the present administration is approved by all just and decent persons. The new railroad act reimposes the penalty of imprisonment on receivers and givers of rebates; and it is hoped that the fear of "stripes" may put an end to the rebate evil.

The Ohio "oil trial," as it is popularly called, was held under the Valentine anti-trust law of 1898, a sweeping and effective statute, under which it is not as difficult as it is generally in the United States to prove conspiracy in restraint of trade. The verdict of the Findlay jury means that the Ohio Standard Oil Company is, with several nominally independent oil concerns, a constituent of the national oil trust, and that the buying of crude oil, its transportation, and the selling and

transportation of refined oil are, in Ohio, controlled by a combination "in restraint of trade." Of course, the jury's verdict accords with general understanding and knowledge. As every state has an anti-trust law, and as the national anti-trust act is now being vigorously enforced, suits against the Standard Oil may be instituted in every federal district and every state. Suits against the officers and directors may also be brought. In Ohio an information has been filed against Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and he will be tried on the charge of conspiracy to restrain trade if the verdict of the Findlay jury in the case against the corporation shall be affirmed on appeal.

But the Standard Oil cases are replete with legal and technical questions and the final result of the pending and contemplated proceedings may be postponed for a year or even longer. The moral effect of the Ohio conviction can hardly fail, however, to prove beneficial in the great struggle for the supremacy of the law.

The Elections and Their Lessons

To the thoughtful observer, the results of the November elections, state and national (or congressional) are of deeper significance than partisan or superficial explanations recognize. They convey a lesson and a warning. They indicate a widespread demand for political and industrial reform. They go to prove the danger of selfish or unintelligent defense of the evils that are present in corporate and business life and that produce a demoralizing effect on political and public affairs.

Congress will remain under Republican control; while the majority has been considerably reduced it is still substantial. And no one doubts that the Republican party owes its success to the work and policies of President Roosevelt. His "record"—principally indeed, his warfare on law-defying, aggressive corporations and trusts—was the only issue of the congressional contest. The Democrats did not criticise the

President, but promised to support him more heartily than men of his own party. The voters gave him a majority of Republicans, but the latter are pledged to continue the work of corporate rehabilitation by means of effective measures of of publicity and regulation. The fight on monopoly, rebates, extortion, must be carried on with more vigor than before.

The remarkable election in New York emphasizes the same lesson. Mr. Hearst was defeated not because of his views and principles, but largely in spite of them. Many objected to his methods and questioned his sincerity as a professed "radical;" but he would have been elected in spite of this opposition if the Tammany adherents had voted for him. They did not—at least some 50,000 or more of them did not, as is obvious in the light of the vote for the other Democratic nominees on his ticket. Tens of thousands of voters supported Mr. Hearst because he represented to them a protest against abuse, corporate lawlessness and oppression.

On the other hand, Mr. Hughes, the successful candidate for governor attracted tens of thousands of Democrats and independents who believed that he would, as governor, be as much of a reformer and enemy of corruption and injustice as Mr. Hearst promised to be, though his methods might be less spectacular. The victory of Mr. Hughes is in no sense a defeat for the cause of constructive reform and popular rule as opposed to boss and corporation rule.

In Pennsylvania the reform or "fusion" ticket was badly defeated, but it is to be borne in mind that the "regular" Republican candidates were respectable and clean men. To many they appeared as reformers "from within." In Massachusetts Governor Curtis Guild, likewise, represented deliberate and reasonable reform, for he had shown himself progressive with regard to the tariff, control of corporations, child labor and the like.

Even apparent exceptions in the elections prove, on careful examination, to sustain the general contention that the people voted for political and industrial reform "all along the line."

What Next in National Policy?

It is generally understood that the next session of Congress will be too short to admit of any important legislation involving departure in policy or the establishment of new political principles. Some "unfinished business" will be attended to and a few of the pending bills—dealing with the Philippine tariff, immigration, labor—may be passed. But it is equally clear that the administration has no intention of "resting on its laurels," and that the railway rate act, the meat inspection and pure-food acts are to be followed by measures even more significant of the new conception of governmental duty and public right and interest.

In the address which President Roosevelt delivered at Harrisburg, Pa., on the occasion of the dedication of the new capitol, definite expression was given to the new conceptions alluded to. The speech has been severely criticised in certain newspapers as "revolutionary" in its implications, as out-Bryanizing Mr. Bryan and out-Hearsting Mr. Hearst. Its ideas, it has been said, are not Republican, but "socialistic." But Mr. Roosevelt and his sympathizers (and the name of these is "legion") assert that on the contrary, the legislation indicated in the speech is necessary as an antidote to Socialism, for unless remedies for existing social ills are judiciously and soberly applied, popular resentment and dissatisfaction will encourage attacks on institutions that are really fundamental.

The essence of the President's teaching is contained in these brief extracts from the address:

But it is our clear duty to see, in the interest of the people, that there is adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of today, and also wisely to determine the conditions upon which these fortunes are to be transmitted and the percentage that they shall pay to the government whose protecting arm alone enables them to exist. Only the nation can do this work. To relegate it to the states is a farce, and is simply another way of saying it shall not be done at all.

Under the wise and farseeing interpretation of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, I maintain that the



Georges Clemenceau, New Premier of France.



The Late Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Widow of the President of the Confederacy.



Commander Robert E. Peary, Who has made a new record for 'Farthest North.'



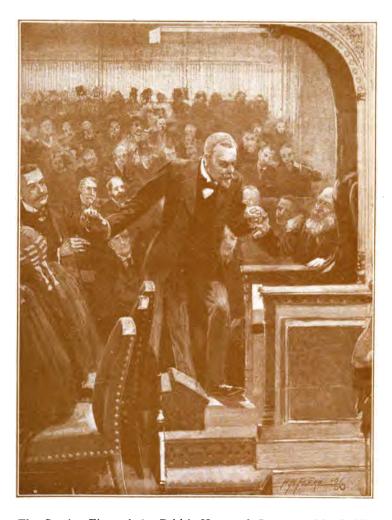
Victor H. Metcalf, To become Secretary of the Navy.



George U. L. Meyer, To become Postmaster General.



Oscar S. Straus,
To become Secretary of Commerce and Labor.



The Speaker-Elect of the British House of Commons, Mr. J. W. Lowther, being escorted to his chair.

national government should have complete power to deal with all this wealth which in any way goes into the commerce between the states—and practically all of it that is employed in the great corporations does thus go in.

Here a bold and striking program is outlined—not, indeed for the first time, but more definitely than on any previous occasion. President Roosevelt had, indeed, declared in his "muck-rake speech," that "ultimately" the people of the United States would find it necessary to limit in some way individual accumulations; but in the Harrisburg address the idea is not incidental or parenthetical merely, but prominent. And the qualification "ultimately" no longer appears. It is stated to be our clear duty to work for and secure:

Control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of today.

Control over the transmission of fortunes.

Proper taxation of them in some form.

Control over all interstate commerce and over all corporations that are engaged in such commerce.

It is currently reported in Washington that the President will recommend in his next message to Congress an income tax law and perhaps also an inheritance tax law. The latter is unquestionably constitutional, for we had federal inheritance taxation as late as during the war with Spain. An income tax has, however, been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and while opinion has radically changed since that decision, rendered about ten years ago, many doubt whether the court is ready to reverse itself.

That Mr. Roosevelt has considered this difficulty, along with others arising from early judicial views and interpretations of the constitution, is manifest from certain sentences in the speech, sentences which opponents of his policies have construed as "an attack upon the Supreme Court." It is, of course, nothing of the kind. Judicial philosophy, like everything else, is subject to change and evolution. Courts have reversed themselves on many questions, and are bound to do so in the future. In the United States, as all are aware, a new spirit is abroad, and as it has affected legislation and

political thought, it will surely affect (indeed, it has affected) judicial interpretation. President Roosevelt said that certain early discussions "put us at a great disadvantage in the battle for industrial order as against the present industrial chaos," and that a narrow interpretation of the constitution (in relation to the powers of the federal government) would make us "impotent to deal with any abuses which may be committed by the men who have accumulated the enormous fortunes of today." He had in mind, no doubt, the income tax decision, the decision which held insurance not to be "commerce," and the decisions holding charters to corporations to be "contracts" between the sovereign power and the state. Able iurists have been reviewing the "Dartmouth College case" decision, the first of the series of the last-named decisions, and there is a strong feeling that its doctrine was unsound and dangerous. In no other government does the doctrine prevail that charters are contracts, and that legislatures cannot (unless expressly authorized by provisions of the charters themselves) limit, modify or revoke them, Mr. Hannis Taylor, statesman and jurist, traces our industrial and political troubles—"the impending conflict," as he calls it, between the people and the trusts and monopolies—to the Dartmouth College decision.

At any rate, the President expresses a growing conviction when he demands greater power for the state and for the federal government and protests against antiquated doctrines that make the constitution "merely the shield of incompetence and the excuse for governmental paralysis."

Notes from Abroad

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

The Legislative Assembly has carried, by 19 votes to 13, the resolution moved by Mr. Monger affirming that the union of the State with the rest of the Commowealth was detrimental to the interests of Western Australia, and that the time had arrived for submitting to the people the question of withdrawing from the union.

The Premier, in the course of a speech said that this result was due to the Commonwealth Senate's rejecting the proposed survey for

a transcontinental railway.

PERSIAN PARLIAMENT.

The regulations for the election of the Persian Parliament have been promailgated All Persians of the male sex able to read and write and between the ages of 30 and 70 who are not in the service of the State, and who have never been convicted, are entitled to vote. Persia is divided into twelve electoral districts, each returning from six to nineteen deputies.

NEW ZEALAND

The only monument to Captain Cook in the colony was unveiled on Monday in the presence of a large gathering of both races at Poverty Bay, the spot where the discoverer first landed.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Belgian Government has convened an international conference with a view to introducing certain modifications of the liquor traffic in Central Africa. The date of the conference is fixed for October 16, and most of the governments interested have promised their adhesion.

The official report of ehe opening of the ralway from Stanleyville to Porthierville, in the Upper Congo, has just been published. The report shows that the new line has a length of 127 kilomèters and is built nearly parallel with the section of the Upper Congo running southward from Stanleyville which does not afford a navigable waterway.

THE DOMINION'S PROSPERITY

Lord Strathcona is officially informed by telegram from the Canadian Minister of the Interior that the wheat crop in Western Canada is now estimated at 85,000,000 bushels; the number of acres under cultivation was 4,500,000, and it is expected that 80 per cent of the wheat crop will be high grade in quality.

With regard to the mineral production of the Dominion in 1905, the High Commissioner is informed that its value amounts to \$68,574,707 (£13,714,941), which is an increase of \$8,500,000 (£1,700,000) over the previous year. Gold was produced to the value of \$14,486,833 (£2,897,366,) out of which \$8,327,200 (£1,665,440) was furnished by the Yukon Territory. Mineral properties in that district have materially advanced in price during the present season, owing to the sucess of the dredging operations which have been in progress. The total production of pig iron in Canada during the first six months of the present year was 282,010 tons, as compared with 257,494 tons produced in the first half of 1005.

The number of immigrants landed at Quebec since the opening of navigation is 96,000, while it is expected that 8,000 more will arrive before the season ends. Of the arrivals already registered, over 85 per cent were of British origin.

The Customs revenue of Canada will probably equal \$50.000,000 (£10.000,000) before the end of the year, the rate of increase being

unparalleled in the past history of the country.

The Board of Trade of Prince Albert has started a movement among the Boards of Trade of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to urge the Dominion and the provincial Governments to take immedate action towards preparing the Hudson Bay route for navigation. It is claimed that specially built steamers could ply between Fort Churchill and English ports from midsummer to December.

FROM PUNCH

The Harvard-Cambridge race exceeded the wildest anticipation of at least one of our contemporaries. "The race," said *The Liverpool Echo*, "will start at 4:30 P. M. from Putney Bridge. The boats should reach the winning post not later than 5:50."

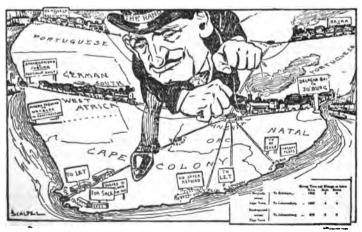
Meanwhile we hear that the victory of the English crew caused considerable pain to several members of the Labour Party, and an apology may yet be sent to Washington.

Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking at Llanelly, predicted an attack by the Government on the House of Lords, but intimated that it would not be totally abolished for some time to come. An illuminated address of thanks, to be signed by all the members of the Upper House, is, we believe, in preparation.

The annual return of articles purchased abroad by the Government shows that the Prisons Department bought American bacon to the extent of £2,703. A statement of this sort will do more to keep people out of prison than any number of Acts of Parliament.

It was characteristic of the late General Trepoff's alleged contempt for popular aspirations that he should have died a natural death.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Longworth has now obtained a permanent place in the affections of the American nation. The other day she was mobbed by thousands of her fellow-country-women, who rent her clothes in their enthusiasm.



Foreign Railway Competition in South Africa: A Prophecy.

-From "The Owl. Capetown.



Cumberland and Westmoreland *I. The Border

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

THE dominant interest of these northwestern counties is, of course, the Lake District, with its far-famed poetic associations; yet for the student of English history and the lover of Border minstrelsy the upper strip of Cumberland has a strong attraction of its own.

An afternoon run on the Midland brought us from Liverpool to Carlisle. Such are the eccentricities of the English railway system that the "through carriage" into which guard and porter dumped us at Liverpool, a third-class carriage already crowded with one sleeping and one eating family, turned out not to be a through carriage at all; and a new guard, at Hellifield, tore us and our belongings forth and thrust us into an empty first-class, lingering in the doorway until we had produced the inevitable shilling. But the freedom of an empty carriage would have been well worth the honest price of first-class tickets, for as the train sped on from the Ribble into the Eden Valley, with the blue heights of the Pennine range and the long reaches of the Yorkshire moors on our right, and on our left the cloud-caressed summits of Lakeland, we needed all the space there was for our exultant ohs and ahs, not to mention our continual rushing

^{*}This is the first of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in The Chautauquan from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England.

from window to window for the swiftly vanishing views of grey castle and ruined abbey, peel tower and stone sheepfold, grange and hamlet, and the exquisite, ever-changing panorama of the mist.

Carlisle, "the Border City," a clean, self-respecting, serious town, without beggars, with no superfluous street courtesies, but with effectual aid in need, is the heart of one of the most storied regions of England. The River Drift man and the Cave man seem to have fought the mammoth and the elk and gone their shadowy way untraced in this locality, but the museum in Tullie House contains hammers and axes, found in Cumberland soil, of the Stone Age, and spear-heads and arrow-heads, urns for human ashes, incense cups, food vessels and drinking vessels of the Bronze Age—mute memorials of life that once was lived so eagerly beneath these same soft, brooding skies.

As for the Romans, they seem here like a race of yesterday. A penny tram took us, in the clear, quiet light of what at home would be the middle of the evening, out to Stanwix, originally, it is believed, an important station in the series of fortresses that guarded the northern boundary of Roman Britain. These frontier lines consisted of a great stone wall, eight feet thick and eighteen feet high, ditched and set with forts and towers, running straight from the Solway to the Tyne, a distance of some seventy-three miles, and a little to the south of this, what is known as the vallum, a fosse with mounds of soil and rock on either side. The local antiquaries. urged on by a committee of Oxford men, have recently discovered a third wall, built of sods, between the two, and excavation and discussion have received a fresh impetus. Was the vallum built by Agricola,—earthworks thrown up by that adventurous general of the first Christian century to secure his conquest? Was the turf wall the erection of the great emperor Hadrian, who visited Britain in the year 120, and was the huge stone rampart constructed, early in the third century, by the emperor Severus? Or does the stone wall date from Hadrian? Or did he build all three?



Sketch Map of Cumberland and Westmoreland

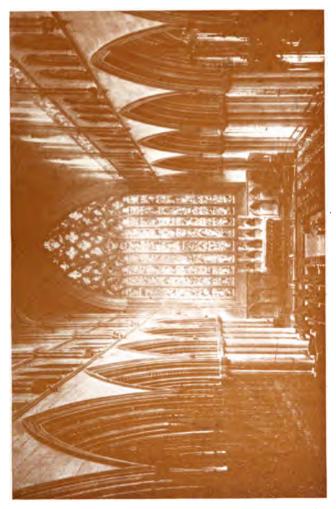
While the scholars literally dig for truth, we may sit on the site of this mighty, well-nigh perished bulwark at Stanwix, with what is perhaps the wrinkle left on the landscape by the wall's deep moat dropping, under a screen of hawthorns and wind-silvered poplars, sheer at our feet, and thence we may look out across the Eden, with its dipping gulls and sailing swans, its hurrying swifts and little dancing eddy, to the heights of Carlisle. For the city is built on a natural eminence almost encircled by the Eden and its tributaries, the Petteril and the Caldew. It is a fine view even now, with the level light centered on the red sandstone walls of the grim castle, though factory chimneys push into the upper air, overtopping both the castle and its grave neighbor, the cathedral; but for mass and dignity, for significance, these two are unapproachable; these are Carlisle.

We must not see them yet. We must see a lonely bluff set over with the round clay huts of the Britons, and then, as the Roman legions sweep these like so many mole-hills from their path, we must see in gradual growth a Roman town,—not luxurious, with the tessellated marble pavements and elaborate baths that have left their splendid fragments farther south, but a busy trading point serving the needs of that frontier line of garrisons which numbered no less than fifteen thousand men. Some few inscribed and sculptured stones, remnants of altars, tombs and the like, may be seen in the museum, with lamps, dishes, and other specimens of such coarse and simple pottery as was in daily use by common Roman folk, when the days and the nights were theirs.

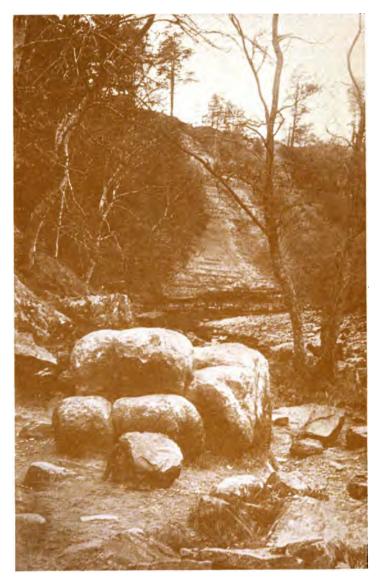
The name Carlisle—and it is said to be the only city of England which bears a purely British name—was originally Caer Lywelydd, British enough in very sooth. This the Romans altered to Lugubalia, and when, in 409, the garrisons of the Wall were recalled for the protection of Rome herself, the Britons of the neighborhood made it their center and it passed into Arthurian tradition as Cardueil. Even the ballads vaguely sing of a time when

"King Arthur lived in Merry Carlisle And seemly was to see."

But although the Britons sometimes united, under one hero or a succession of heroes, to save the land, now abandoned by the Romans, from the Saxons, they were often



The East Window, Carlisle Cathedral



The Popping Stones on the Irthing

at war among themselves, and the headship of their northern confederacy was wrested from Carlisle and transferred to Dumbarton on the Clyde. The kingdom of the Cumbrian Britons, thenceforth known as Strathclyde, fell before the assault of the English kingdom of Northumbria, in which the Christian faith had taken deep root. For though the Britons, in the fourth century of Roman rule had accepted Christianity, the Norsemen had come in with their own gods, and a new conversion of the north, effected by missionaries from Iona, took place about the sixth century. Sculptured crosses of this period still remain in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the Carlisle museum preserves, in Runic letters, a Christian epitaph of "Cimokom, Ath's queen."

"Holy into ruin she went,"

is the eloquent record, and from her grave-mound she utters the new hope:

"My body the all-loving Christ young again shall renew after death, but indeed sorrowing tear-flow never shall afflict me n.ore."

For a moment the mists that have gathered about the shelving rock to which we are looking not merely across the Eden, but across the river of time, divide and reveal the figure of Cuthbert, the great monk of Northumbria. to whom King Egfrith had committed the charge of his newly-founded monastery at Caerluel. The Venerable Bede tells how, while the king had gone up into Scotland on a daring expedition against the Picts, in 685. Cuthbert visited the city, whose officials, for his better entertainment, took him to view a Roman fountain of choice workmanship. But he stood beside its carven rim with absent look, leaning on his staff, and murmured: "Perchance even now the conflict is decided." And so it was, to the downfall of Egfrith's power and the confusion of the north. After the ravaging Scots and Picts came the piratical Danes and, about 875, what was left of Carlisle went up in flame. A rusted sword or two in the museum tells the fierce story of the Danish sack. At the end

of the tenth century Cumberland was ceded to Scotland, but was recovered by William Rufus, son of William the Conqueror. Carlisle, the only city added to England since the Norman conquest, was then a heap of ruins, but in 1092, says the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," the king "went northward with a great army and set up the wall of Carluel, and reared the castle."

No longer

"The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,"

but there is still the castle, which even the most precipitate tourist does not fail to visit. We went in one of those wild blusters of wind and rain which are rightly characteristic of this city of tempestuous history, and had to cling to the battlements to keep our footing on the rampart walk. We peeped out through the long slits of the loop-holes, but saw no more formidable enemies than storm-clouds rising from the north. The situation was unfavorable to historic reminiscence, nor did the blatant guide below, who hammered our ears with items of dubious information, help us to a realization of the castle's robust career. Yet for those who have eyes to read, the stones of these stern towers are a chronicle of ancient reigns and furious wars, dare-devil adventures and piteous tragedy.

The Norman fortress seems to have been reared upon the site of a Roman stronghold, whose walls and conduits are still traceable. After William Rufus came other royal builders, notably Edward I and Richard III. It was in the reign of the first Edward that Carlisle won royal favor by a spirited defense against her Scottish neighbors, the men of Annandale, who, forty thousand strong, marched red-handed across the Border. A Scottish spy within the city set it on fire, but while the men of Carlisle fought the flames, the women scrambled to the walls and, rolling down stones on the assailants and showering them with boiling water, kept them off until an ingenious burgher, venturing out on the platform above the gate, fished up, with a stout hook, the leader of the besiegers and held him high in the air while lances and arrows

pierced him through and through. This irregular mode of warfare was too much for the men of Annandale, who marched home in disgust.

During Edward's wars against Wallace, he made Carlisle his headquarters. Twice he held Parliaments there, and it was from Carlisle he set forth, a dying king, on his last expedition against the Scots. In four days he had ridden but six miles, and then breath left the exhausted body. His death was kept secret until his son could reach Carlisle, which witnessed, in that eventful July of 1307, a solemn gathering of the barons of England to mourn above the bier of their great war-lord and pay their homage to the ill-starred Edward II. A quarter century later, Lord Dacre, then Captain of Carlisle Castle, opened its gates to a royal fugitive from Scotland, Balliol, and Edward III, taking up the cause of the rejected sovereign, made war, from Carlisle as his headquarters, on the Scots. Edward IV committed the north of England to the charge of his brother Gloucester, who bore the titles of Lord Warden of the Marches and Captain of Carlisle Castle. Monster though tradition has made him, Richard III seems to have had a sense of beauty, for Richard's Tower still shows mouldings and other ornamental touches unusual in the northern architecture of the period.

But the royal memory which most of all casts a glamour over Carlisle Castle is that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Fleeing from her own subjects, she came to England, in 1568, a self-invited guest. She landed from a fishing boat at Workington, on the Cumberland coast,—a decisive moment which Wordsworth has crystallized in a sonnet:

"Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand
With step preclusive to a long array

Of woes and degradations hand in hand— Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!"

Mary was escorted with all courtesy to Cockermouth Castle and thence to Carlisle, where hospitality soon became imprisonment. Her first request of Elizabeth was for clothing, and it was in one of the deep-walled rooms of Oueen Mary's Tower, of which only the gateway now remains, that she impatiently looked on while her ladies opened Elizabeth's packet to find—"two torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pairs of shoes." The parsimony of Queen Bess has a curious echo in the words of Sir Francis Knollys, who, set to keep this disquieting guest under close surveillance, was much concerned when she took to sending to Edinburgh for "coffers of apparell," especially as she did not pay the messengers, so that Elizabeth, after all, was "like to bear the charges" of Mary's vanity. The captive queen was allowed a semblance of freedom in Carlisle. She walked the terrace of the outer ward of the castle, went to service in the cathedral, and sometimes, with her ladies, strolled in the meadows beside the Eden, or watched her gentlemen play a game of football, or even hunted the hare, although her warders were in a fever of anxiety whenever she was on horseback lest she should take it into her wilful, beautiful head to gallop back to Scotland.

But these frowning towers have more terrible records of captivity. Under the old Norman keep are hideous, black vaults, with the narrowest of slits for the admission of air and with the walls still showing the rivet-holes of the chains by which the hapless prisoners were so heavily fettered.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron
They hae laid a'right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreerie."

Rude devices, supposed to be the pastime of captives, are carved upon the walls of a mural chamber,—a chamber which has special significance for the reader of "Waverley" as here, it is said. Major Macdonald, the original of Fergus Mac-Ivor, was confined. For Carlisle Castle was never more cruel than to the Jacobites of 1745. On November 18, Bonny Prince Charlie, preceded by one hundred Highland pipers, had made triumphal entrance into the surrendered city, through which he passed again, on the 21st of December, in retreat. Carlisle was speedily retaken by the English troops, and its garrison, including Jemmy Dawson of Jacobite song, sent in ignominy to London. Even so the cells of the castle were crammed with prisoners, mainly Scots, who were borne to death in batches. Pinioned in the castle courtvard, seated on black hurdles drawn by white horses, with the executioner, axe in hand, crouching behind, they were drawn, to make a Carlisle holiday, under the gloomy arch of the castle gate, through the thronged and staring street, and along the London road to Harraby Hill, where they suffered one after another, the barbarous penalty for high treason. The ghastly heads were set up on pikes over the castle gates (yetts), as Scotch balladry well remembers.

"White was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he folded me in his broached plaidie;
His hand, which clasped the truth o' luve,
O it was aye in battle ready.
His lang, lang hair in yellow hanks
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy,
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.
My father's blood's in that flower tap,
My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom;
This white rose was steeped in my luve's blude,
And I'll aye wear it in my bosom,

"When I cam' first by merrie Carlisle,, Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming; The white rose flaunted o'er the wall, The thistled banners far were streaming! When I cam' next by merrie Carlisle, O sad, sad seemed the town, and eerie! The auld, auld men came out and wept—O, maiden, come ye to seek ye'r dearie?"

But not all the ballads of Carlisle Castle are tragic. Blithe enough is the one that tells how the Lochmaben harper outwitted the warden, who, when the minstrel,

mounted on a gray mare, rode up to the castle gate, invited him in to play his craft.

"Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till a' the lordlings footed the floor;
But an the music was sae sweet,
The groom had nae mind o' the stable door.

"And aye he harped, and aye he carped, Till a' the nobles were fast asleep; Then quickly he took off his shoon, And softly down the stair did creep."

So he stole into the stable and slipped a halter over the nose of a fine brown stallion belonging to the warden and tied it to the gray mare's tail. Then he turned them loose, and she who had a foal at home would not once let the brown horse bait.

"But kept him a-galloping home to her foal."

When the loss of the two horses was discovered in the morning, the harper made such ado that the warden paid him three times over for the gray mare.

"And verra gude business," commented our Scotch landlady.

The most famous of the Carlisle Castle ballads relates the rescue of Kinmont Willie, a high-handed cattle-thief of the Border. For between the recognized English and Scottish boundaries lay a strip of so-called Debatable Land, whose settlers, known as the Batables, owed allegiance to neither country, but

"Sought the beeves, that made their broth, In Scotland and in England both."

This border was a natural shelter for outlaws, refugees and "broken men" in general,—reckless fellows who loved the wildness and peril of the life, men of the type depicted in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"A stark moss-trooping Scot was he, As e'er couched Border lance by knee: Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss, Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross; By wily turns, by desperate bounds, Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds; In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none, But he would ride them, one by one; Alike to him was time, or tide, December snow or July's pride: Alike to him was tide, or time Moonless midnight, or matin prime: Steady of heart, and stout of hand, As ever drove prey from Cumberland; Five times outlawed had he been, By England's king and Scotland's queen."

Although these picturesque plunderers cost the neighborhood dear, they never failed of sympathy in the hour of doom. The Graemes, for instance, were a large clan who lived by rapine. In 1600, when Elizabeth's government compelled them to give a bond of surety for one another's good behavior, they numbered more than four hundred fighting men. There was Muckle Willie, and Mickle Willie, and Nimble Willie, and many a Willie more. But the execution of Hughie the Graeme was none the less grievous.

"Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane, He has ridden o'er moss and muir; And he has grippit Hughie the Graeme, For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

"Then they have grippet Hughie the Graeme, And brought him up through Carlisle toun; The lasses and the lads stood on the walls, Crying, 'Hughie the Graeme, thou'se ne'er gae down'."

They tried him by a jury of men,

"The best that were in Carlisle toun,"

and although his guilt was open, "gude Lord Hume" offered the judge "twenty white owsen" to let him off, and "gude lady Hume," "a peck of white pennies," but it was of no avail, and Hughie went gallantly to his death.

For these Batables had their own code of right and wrong, and were, in their peculiar way, men of honor. There was Hobbie Noble, an English outlaw, who was betrayed by a comrade for English gold and who, hanged at Carlisle, expressed on the gallows his execration of such conduct.

"I wad hae betray'd nae lad alive, For a' the gowd o' Christentie."

The seizure of Kinmont Willie was hotly resented, even though his clan, the Armstrongs, who had built themselves strong towers on the Debatable Land, "robbed, spoiled, burnd and murdered." as the Warden of the West Marches complained, all along upper Cumberland. The Armstrongs could, at one time, muster out over three thousand horsemen, and Dacres and Howards strove in vain to bring them under control. Yet there was "Border law," too, one of its provisions being that on the appointed days of truce, when the "Lord Wardens of England and Scotland, and Scotland and England" met, each attended by a numerous retinue, at a midway cairn, to hear complaints from either side and administer a rude sort of justice in accordance with "the laws of the Marches," no man present, not even the most notorious freebooter, could be arrested. But William Armstrong of Kinmont was too great a temptation; he had harried Cumberland too long; and a troop of some two hundred English stole after him, as he rode off carelessly along the Liddel bank, when the assemblage broke up, overpowered him, and brought him in bonds to Carlisle.

"O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

"They led hm through the Liddel rack
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands."

But this was more than the Scottish warden, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, could bear.

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie, Against the truce of the Border tide, And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch Is Keeper on the Scottish side?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie, Withouten either dread or fear, And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch Can back a steed or shake a spear?

"O! were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is nane,
I would slight Carlisle castle high
Though is were builded of marble stane.

"I would set that castle in a low*

And sloken it with English blood;
There's never a man in Cumberland

Should ken where Carlisle Castle stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be."

So Buccleuch rode out, one dark night, with a small party of Borderers, and succeeded, aided by one of the gusty storms of the region, in making his way to Carlisle undetected.

"And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'."

The sudden uproar raised by the little band bewildered the garrison, and to Kinmont Willie, heavily ironed in the inner dungeon and expecting death in the morning, came the voices of friends.

"Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers, We garr'd† the bars bang merrilie, Until we cam' to the inner prison, Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

"And when we cam' to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie:
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?'"

"'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd‡ frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me'."

But his spirits rose to the occasion, and when Red Rowan,

*Blaze. †Made. ‡Frightened.

"The starkest man in Teviotdale,"

hoisted Kinmont Willie, whose fetters there was no time to knock off, on his back and carried him up to the breach they had made in the wall, from which they went down by a ladder they had brought with them, the man so narrowly delivered from the noose had his jest ready:

"Then shoulder-high with shout and cry
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang.

"'O mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood,†
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"'And mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I've pricked a horse out owre the furse,
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs'."

It is high time that we, too, escaped from Carlisle Castle into the open-air delights of the surrounding country. Five miles to the east lies the pleasant village of Wetheral on the Eden. Corby Castle, seat of a branch of the great Howard family, crowns the wooded hill across the river,‡ but we lingered in Wetheral Church for the sake of one who may have been an ancestor of "the fause Sakelde." This stately sleeper is described as Sir Richard Salkeld, "Captain and Keeper of Carlisle," who, at about the time of Henry VII, "in this land was mickle of might." His effigy is sadly battered; both arms are gone, a part of a leg, and the whole body is marred and dinted, with latter-day initials profanely scrawled upon it. But he, lying on the outside, has taken the brunt of abuse and, like a chivalrous lord, protected Dame Jane, his lady, whose alabaster gown still falls in even folds.

We drove eastward ten miles farther, under sun and shower, now by broad meadows where sleek kine, secure at

†Mad. ‡The castle is not shown, but the charming walks through the wood are open on Wednesday afternoons. last from cattlelifters, were tranquilly grazing, now by solemn ranks of Scotch firs and far-reaching parks of smooth-barked, muscular beeches, now through stone-paved hamlets above whose shop-doors we would read the familiar ballad names, Scott, Graham (Graeme), Armstrong, Musgrave, Johnston, Kerr, and wonder how the wild blood of the Border had been tamed to the selling of picture postal cards.

Our goal was Naworth, one of the most romantic of English castles. Its two great towers, as we approached, called imagination back to the days

"When, from beneath the greenwood tree, Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry,

And minstrels, as they marched in order, Played, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border'."

Naworth* is the heart of a luxuriant valley. position owes its defensive strength to the gorges cut by the Irthing and two tributaries. These three streams, when supplemented by the old moat, made Naworth an island fortress. The seat of the Earls of Carlisle, it was built by Ranulph Dacre in the fourteenth century. Even the present Lady Carlisle, a pronounced Liberal and a vigorous worker in the causes of Temperance and Woman Suffrage, though claiming to be a more thorough-going Republican than any of us in the United States, points out with something akin to pride "the stone man" on the Dacre Tower who has upheld the family escutcheon there for a little matter of five hundred years. In the sixteenth century the Dacre lands passed by marriage to the Howards, and "Belted Will," as Sir Walter Scott dubbed Lord William Howard, proved, under Elizabeth and James, an efficient agent of law and order. Two suits of his plate armor still bear witness to the warrior, whom the people called "Bauld Willie," with the same homely directness that named his wife in recognition of the ample dower she brought him, "Bessie with the braid

^{*}The castle is shown between the hours of 2 and 5 on week days.

apron," but his tastes were scholarly and his disposition devout. Lord William's Tower, with its rugged stone walls, its loopholes and battlements, its steep and narrow winding-stair guarded by a massive iron door, its secret passage to the dungeons, is feudal enough in suggestion, yet here may be seen his library with the oak panelled roof and the great case of tempting old folios, and here his oratory, with its fine wood-carvings, its Flemish altar-piece, and its deepwindowed recess outlooking on a fair expanse of green earth and silver sky.

This castle, with its magnificent baronial hall, its treasures of art and spirit of frank hospitality, was harder to escape from than Carlisle. There was no time to follow the Irthing eastward to the point where, as the Popping Stones tell, Walter Scott offered his warm heart and honest hand to the dark-eved daughter of a French emigré. But we could not miss Lanercost, the beautiful ruined abbey* lying about a mile to the north of Naworth. An Augustine foundation of the twelfth century, it has its memories of Edward I, who visited it with Oueen Eleanor in 1180 and came again in broken health, six years later, to spend quietly in King Edward's Tower the last winter of his life. The nave now makes a noble parish church in which windows by William Morris and Burne-Jones glow like jewels. The choir is roofless, but gracious in its ruin, its pavement greened by moss, feathery grasses waving from its lofty arcades, and its walls weathered to all pensive, tender tints. The ancient tombs, most of them bearing the scallop-shells of the Dacres, are rich in sculpture. Into the transept walls are built some square grey stones of the Roman Wall, and a Roman altar forms a part of the clerestory roof. The crypt, too, contains several Roman altars, dedicated to different gods whose figures, after the lapse of two thousand years, are startling in their spirited grace, their energy of life.

But Lanercost reminds us that we have all but ignored

^{*}Open to the public and very pleasantly shown by an intelligent old man with a deep feeling for the place.

Carlisle Cathedral, and back we drive, by way of the village of Brampton with its curious old market-hall, to the Border City. After all, we have only followed the custom of the place in slighting the cathedral. Carlisle was ever too busy fighting to pay much heed to formal worship.

"For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, Save to patter an Ave Mary When I ride on a Border foray."

The cathedral dates from the time of William Rufus and still retains two bays of its Norman nave, which suffered from fire in the early part of the thirteenth century. A still more disastrous fire, toward the close of that century, all but destroyed the new choir, which it took the preoccupied citizens one hundred years to rebuild, so that we see today Early English arches in combination with Decorated pillars and Late Decorated capitals. These capitals of fresh and piquant designs are an essential feature of the choir, whose prime glory, however, is the great east window with its perfect tracery, although only the upper glass is old. The cathedral has suffered not alone from a series of fires, but from military desecration. Part of its nave was pulled down by the irreverent Roundheads to repair the fortifications, and it was used, after Carlisle was retaken from Prince Charlie. as a prison for the garrison. Even today canny Cumberland shows a grain too much of frugality in pasturing sheep in the cathedral graveyard. Carlisle Cathedral has numbered among its archdeacons Paley of the "Evidences," and among its archdeans Percy of the "Reliques." Among its bridegrooms was Walter Scott, who wedded here his raven-haired lady of the Popping Stones.

One drive more before we seek the Lake Country,—ten miles to the north, this time across the adventurous Esk, where a fierce wind seemed to carry in it the shout of old slogans and the clash and clang of arms, and across the boundary stream, the Sark, to Gretna Green, where breathless couples used to be married by blacksmith or inn-keeper or the first man they met, the furious parents posting after

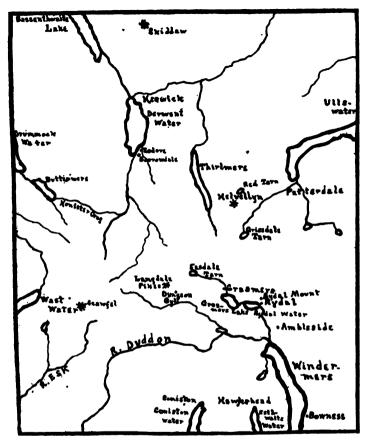
all in vain. Then around by Longtown we drove and back to Carlisle, across the Solway Moss,—reaches of blowing grass in the foreground, dark, broken bogs, where men and women were gathering in the peat, in the middle distance, and beyond, the blue folds of hills on hills. It was already evening, but such was the witchery of the scene, still with something eerie and lawless about it despite an occasional farm-house with stuffed barns and plump ricks and meadows of unmolested kine, that we would gladly, like the old Borderers whose armorial bearings so frequently included stars and crescents, have spent the night in that Debatable Land, with the moon for our accomplice in moss-trooping.

II. The Lake Country

THERE are as many "best ways" of making the tour of this enchanted land as there are Lake Country guide-books,* volumes which, at prices varying from ten shillings to "tuppence," are everywhere in evidence. One may journey by rail to Keswick or to Windermere; one may come up from Furness Abbey to Lakeside, passing gradually from the softer scenery to the wilder; or one may enter by way of Penrith and Pooley Bridge, ushered at once into the presence of some of the noblest mountains and perhaps the loveliest lake.

This last was our route, and very satisfactory we found it. Our stay at Penrith had been abbreviated by a municipal councillors' convention which left not a bed for the stranger. We had been forewarned of the religious convention which throngs Keswick the last full week in July and, indeed, an evangelist bound thither had presented us with tracts as we

^{*}Baedeker's concise account makes a good outline. A fair copy of Black's Picturesque Guide may be picked up for "one and six" at a second-hand book store. Jenkinson's Practical Guide is excellent, though Baddeley's is of later date. A shilling booklet by Canon Rawnsley, A Coach Drive at the Lakes, illuminates the trip from Windermere to Keswick, and the Buttermere Round. The sixpenny local guides are often helpful.



Sketch Map of the Wordsworth Country, the center of the Lake Region

took our train at Carlisle. But we had not reckoned on finding Penrith in such plethoric condition and, after an uphill look at the broken red walls of Penrith Castle, which, with Carlisle, Naworth and Cockermouth, stood for the defense of western England against the Scots, we mounted a motor-bus, of all atrocities, and were banged and clanged along a few miles of fairly level road which transferred us, as we crossed the Eamont,

from Cumberland to Westmoreland. The hamlet of Pooley Bridge lies at the lower end of Ullswater, up whose mountainhemmed reaches of ever-heightening beauty we were borne by *The Raven*, a leisurely little steamer with a ruddy captain serenely assured that his lake is the queen of all. The evening was cold and gusty,—rougher weather than any we had encountered in our midsummer voyage across the Atlantic, but, wrapped in our rugs and shedding hairpins down the wind, we could have sailed on forever, so glorious was that sunset vision of great hills almost bending over the riverlike lake that runs on joyously, as from friend to friend, between the guardian ranks.

We lingered for a few days at the head of Ullswater, in Patterdale, and would gladly have lingered longer, if only to watch the play of light and shadow over St. Sunday Crag, Place Fell, Stybarrow Crag, Fairfield, and all that shouldering brotherhood of giants, but we must needs take advantage of the first clear day for the coach-drive to Ambleside, over the Kirkstone Pass,

"Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide Thy daring in a vapoury bourn."

A week at Ambleside, under Wansfell's "visionary majesties of light," went all too swiftly in the eager exploration of Grasmere and Coniston, Hawkshead, Bowness, Windermere, and those "lofty brethren," the Langdale Pikes, with their famous rock-walled cascade, Dungeon Ghyll. The coach-drive from Ambleside to Keswick carried us, at Dunmailraise, across again from Westmoreland to Cumberland. Helvellyn and Thirlmere dominated the way, but Skiddaw and Derwent Water claimed our allegiance on arrival. What is counted the finest coach-drive in the kingdom, however, the twenty-four-mile circuit from Keswick known as the Buttermere Round, remained to bring us under a final subjection to the silver solitude of Buttermere and Crummock Water and the rugged menace of Honister Crag. The train that hurried us from Keswick to Cockermouth passed along the western shore of pleasant Bassenthwaite Water, but, from Working-



Naworth Castle

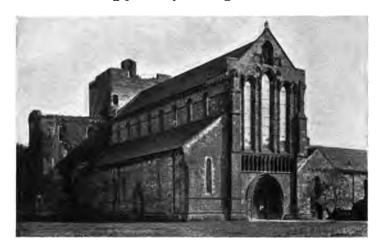
ton to Furness Abbey, meres and tarns, for all their romantic charm, were forgotten, while, the salt wind on our faces, we looked out, over sand and shingle, on the dim grey vast of ocean.

The Lake Country, it is often said, has no history. The tourist need not go from point to point enquiring

"If here a warrior left a spell, Panting for glory as he fell; Or here a saint expired."

That irregular circle of the Cumberland Hills, varying from some forty to fifty miles in diameter, a compact mass whose mountain lines shut in narrow valleys, each with its own lake, and radiate out from Helvellyn in something like a starfish formation, bears, for all its wildness, the humanized look of land on which many generations of men have lived and died; but the records of that life are scant.

There are several stone-circles, taken to be the remains of British temples, the "mystic Round of Druid frame," notably Long Meg and her Daughters, near Penrith, and the Druid's Circle, just out of Keswick. About the Keswick



Lanercost Abbey



The Baronial Hall of Naworth Castle



Rydal Mount: Wordsworth's Last Residence From Photograph by Walmesley Bros., Ambleside.



Rydal Water
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Carlisle Castle



Fox How, Ambleside, the Arnold Home



Wordsworth's Home at Cockermouth. View of the House from the Garden. From Photograph by Katharine Coman.



The Ruskin Shaft in Coniston Churchyard From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Dungeon Ghyll
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Erom Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Langdale Village and Langdale Pikes ** From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Shepherd's Hut in Honister Pass



A Sheep Farm, Grisedale From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.





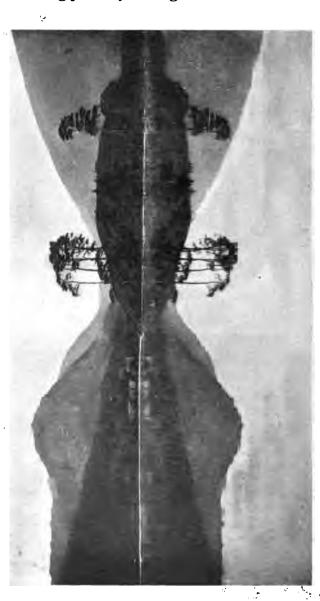
Brampton Market Hall

Faber's Church and Lodgings





Bits of Old Ambleside...





Evening on Windermere From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.







Easdale Tarn near Grasmere. From Photograph by Wanicsley Bros., Ambleside.



The Head of Ullswater. From Photograph by Wamesley Bros. Ambleside.

circle such uncanny influences still linger that no two persons can number the stones alike nor will your own second count confirm your first. Storm and flood rage against that mysterious shrine, but the wizard blocks cannot be swept away. The Romans, who had stations near Kendal, Penrith and Ambleside, have left some striking remembrances, notably "that lone Camp on Hardknott's height," and their proud road, still well defined for at least fifteen miles, along the top of High Street ridge. A storied heap of stones awaits the climber at the top of

"The long ascent of Dunmailraise."

Here, in 945, the last king of the Cumbrian Britons, Dunmail, was defeated by Edmund of England in the pass between Grasmere and Keswick. Seat Sandal and Steel Fell looked down from either side his fall. Edmund raised a cairn above what his Saxon wits supposed was a slain king, but Dunmail is only biding his time. His golden crown was hurled into Grisedale Tarn, high up in the range, where the shoulders of Helvellyn, Seat Sandal and Fairfield touch, and on the last night of every year these dark warders see a troop of Dunmail's men rise from the tarn, where it is their duty to guard the crown, bearing one more stone to throw down upon the cairn. When the pile is high enough to content the king, who counts each year, in his deep grave, the crash of another falling stone, he will rise and rule again over Cumberland.

Here history and folk-lore blend. Of pure folk-lore the stranger hears but little. Eden Hall, near Penrith, has a goblet filched from the fairies:

"If e'er this glass should break or fall, Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

The enchanted rock in the Vale of St. John is celebrated in Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." St. Bees has a triumphant tradition of St. Bega, who, determined to be a nun, ran away from the Irish king, her father, for no better reason than because he meant to marry her to a Norwegian prince, and

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set sail in a fishing-boat for the Cumberland coast. Her little craft was driven in by the storm to Whitehaven where she so won upon the sympathies of the Countess of Egremont that this lady besought her lord to give the fugitive land for a convent. It was midsummer, and the gracious husband made answer that he would give as much as the snow should lie upon next morning, but when he awoke and looked out from the castle casement, his demesne for three miles around was white with snow.

Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," "The Horn of Egremont Castle," and "The Somnambulist" relate three legends of the region, of varying degrees of authenticity, and Lord's Island in Derwent Water brings to mind the right noble name of James Radcliffe, third and last Earl of Derwentwater, who declared for his friend and kinsman, the Pretender of 1715. On October sixth the young earl bade his all-hopeful wife farewell and rode away to join the rebels, though his favorite dog howled in the courtvard and his dapple-gray started back from the gate. On October fourteenth the cause was lost, and the Earl of Derwentwater was among the seventeen hundred who surrendered at Preston. In the Tower and again on the scaffold his life was offered him, if he would acknowledge George I as rightful king and would conform to the Protestant religion, but he said it "would be too dear a purchase." On the evening after his beheading, the Northern Lights flamed red over Keswick, so that they are still known in the countryside as Lord Derwentwater's Lights.

The dalesfolk could doubtless tell us more. There may still be dwellers by Windermere who have heard on stormy nights the ghastly shrieks of the Crier of Claife, calling across the lake for a ferry boat, although it was long ago that a valiant monk from Lady Holm "laid" that troubled spirit, binding it, with book and bell, to refrain from troubling "while ivy is green;" and in the depths of Borrowdale, on a wild dawn, old people may cower deeper in their feather beds to shut out the baying of the phantom hounds that hunt

the "barfoot stag" through Watendlath tarn and over the fells down into Borrowdale. There is said to be a local brownie, Hob-Thross by name, sometimes seen, a "body aw ower rough," lying by the fire at midnight. For all his shaggy look, he has so sensitive a spirit that, indefatigable though he is in stealthy household services, the least suggestion of recompense sends him weeping away. He will not even accept his daily dole of milk save on the condition that it be set out for him in a chipped bowl.

But, in the main, the Lake Country keeps its secrets. The names are the telltales, and these speak of Briton and Saxon and the adventurous Viking. Dale, fell, force, (waterfall, ghyll (mounain ravine), holm (island),how (mound). scar (cliff-face) are Icelandic words. Mountain names that seem undignified, as Coniston Old Man or Dolly Wagon Pike, are probably mispronunciations of what in the original Celtic or Scandinavian was of grave import. There appears to be a present tendency to substitute for the unintelligible old names plain English terms usually suggested by some peculiarity in the mountain shape, but it is a pity to give up the Celtic Blencathara, Peak of Demons, for Saddleback.

The jubilant throngs who flock to Lakeland every summer concern themselves little with its early history. The English pour into that blessed circuit of hills as into a great playground, coaching, walking, cycling, climbing, boating, keenly alive to the beauty of the scenery and eagerly drinking in the exhilaration of the air. They love to tread the loftiest crests, many of which are crowned with cairns raised by these holiday climbers, each adding his own stone. But it is the shepherd who is in the confidence of the mountains, he who has

"Been alone Amid the heart of many thousand mists, That came to him, and left him, on the heights."

Wordsworth first learned to love humanity in the person of the shepherd

"Descried in distant sky. A solitary object and sublime."

Sheep, too, are often seen against the skyline, and even the cow,—that homelike beast who favors you in her innocent rudeness, from the gap of a hawthorn hedge, with that same prolonged, rustic, curious stare that has taxed your modesty in Vermont or Ohio,—will forsake the shade of "the honied sycamore" in the valley for summits

"Sharp and bare, Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noontide breeze."

There have been fatal accidents upon the more precipitous peaks. Scott and Wordsworth have sung the fate of that "voung lover of Nature." Charles Gough who, one hundred years ago, fell from the Striding Edge of Helvellyn and was watched over in death for no less than three months by his little vellow-haired terrier, there on the lonely banks of Red Tarn, where her persistent barking at last brought shepherds to the body. In the Patterdale churchyard whose famous great vew is now no more, we noticed a stone commemorating a more recent victim of Helvellyn, a Manchester botanist, who had come summer by summer to climb the mountain, and who, a few years since, on his last essay, a man of seventy-three, had died from exhaustion. The brow of Helvellyn, now soft and silvery as a melting dream, now a dark mass banded by broad rainbows, overlooks his grave.

I remember that Nathan's story of the rich man who "had no pity," but took for a guest's dinner the "one little ewe lamb" of his poor neighbor, was read in the Patterdale church that evensong, and it was strange to see how intently those sturdy mountain-lads, their alert-eyed sheep dogs waiting about the door, listened to the parable. Not only does the Scripture imagery—"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"—but the phrasing of the prayerbook—"We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep"—come with enhanced significance in a pastoral region.

Lakeland in the tourist season is not at its best in point of flowers. The daffodils that in Gowbarrow Park, just acquired and opened as a national preserve—rejoiced the poet as they danced beside the dancing waves of Ullswater, fade before July, and the patches of ling and heather upon the mountain-sides lack the abundance that purples the Scottish hills, but the delicate harebell nods blithely to the wayfarers from up among the rocks, and the foxglove grows so tall especially in the higher passes, as to overtop those massive boundaries into which the "wallers" pack away all the loose stone they can.

Birds, too, are not, in midsummer, numerous or varied. Where are Wordsworth's cuckoo and skylark and green linnet? The eagles have been dislodged from their eyries on Eagle Crag. A heavily-flapping raven, congregation of rooks, a few swallows and redbreasts, with perhaps a shy wagtail, may be the only winged wanderers you will salute in an hour's stroll, unless this, as is most likely, has brought you where

"Plots of sparkling water tremble bright With thousand thousand twinkling points of light."

There you will be all but sure to see your Atlantic friends, the seagulls, circling slowly within the mountain barriers like prisoners of the air and adding their floating shadows to the reflections in the lake below. For, as Wordsworth notes,—what did Wordsworth fail to note?—the water of these mountain meres is crystal clear and renders back with singular exactitude the "many-colored images imprest" upon it.

But the life of the Cumbrian hills is the life of grazing flocks, of leaping waterfalls and hidden streams with their "voice of unpretending harmony,"—the life of sun and shadow. Sometimes the sky is of a faint, sweet blue with white clouds wandering in it,—the old Greek myth of Apollo's flocks in violet meadows; sometimes the keenest radiance silvers the upper crest of cumuli that copy in form the massy summits below; sometimes the mellow sunset gold

is poured into the valleys as into thirsty cups; but most often curling mists wreathe the mountain-tops and move in plumed procession along their naked sides.

The scenic effects and the joy of climbing are not lost by American tourists, yet these as a rule, come to the Lake Country in a temper quite unlike that of the English holidayseekers. We come as pilgrims to a Holy Land of Song. We depend perhaps too little upon our own immediate sense of grandeur and beauty and look perhaps too much to Wordsworth to interpret for us "Nature's old felicities." The Lake Country that has loomed so large in poetry may even disappoint us at the outset. The memory of the Rockies, of our chain of Great Lakes, of Niagara, may disconcert our first impressions of this clump of hills with only four, Scafell Pike, Scafell, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, exceeding three thousand feet in height,-of lakes that range from Windermere, ten miles long and a mile broad, to the reedy little pond of Rydal Water, more conventionally termed "a fairy mere," of waterfalls that are often chiefly remarkable, even Southey's Lodore, for their lack of water. Scales Tarn, of which Scott wrote:

> "Never sunbeam could discern The surface of that sable tarn, In whose black mirror you may spy
> The stars, while noontide lights the sky,"

is seventeen feet deep.

It is all in proportion, all picturesque,-almost in too regular proportion, almost too conspicuously picturesque, as if it had been expressly gotten up for the "tripper." There is nothing of primeval wildness about it. Nature is here the lion tamed, an accredited human playmate. Indeed, one almost feels that here is Nature sitting for her portrait, a selfconscious Nature holding her court of tourists and poets. Yet this is but a fleeting and a shamefaced mood. It takes intimacy to discover the fact of reticence, and those are aliens indeed who think that a single coach-drive, even the boasted "circular tour," has acquainted them with the Lake Country,

—yes, though they trudge over the passes (for it is coach etiquette to put the passengers down whenever the road gets steep) Wordsworth in hand. In truth, the great amount of literary association may be to the conscientious "Laker" something of a burden. Skiddaw thrusts forth his notched contour with the insistent question: "What was it Wordsworth said about me?" Ennerdale church and the Pillar Rock tax one's memory of "The Brothers," and every stone sheepfold calls for a recitation from "Michael." That "cradled nursling of the mountain," the river Duddon, expects one to know by heart the thirty-four sonnets recording how the pedestrian poet

"Accompanied with faithful pace Caernlean Duddon from its cloud-fed spring."

The footpath you follow, the rock you rest upon, the yew you turn to admire. Wishing-Gate and Stepping-Stones admonish you to be ready with your quotation. Even the tinv cascade of Rydal Water,—so small as presumably to be put to bed at 6 o'clock, for it may not be visited after that hour, has been sung by the Grasmere laureate. While your careful Englishman goes clambering over the golden-mossed rocks and far within the slippery recesses of Dungeon Ghyll, your serious American will sit him down amid the bracken and tranquilly watched by Lingmoor from across the vale, read "The Idle Shepherd-Boys," and the exquisite description of the scene in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Fenwick's Career." If he can recall Coleridge's lines about the "sinful sextons' ghosts," so much the better, and if he is of a "thorough" habit of mind, he will have read through Wordsworth's "Excursion" in preparation for this expedition to the Langdales and be annotating the volume on his knee.

There may be something a little naïve in this studious attitude in the presence of natural beauty, but the devotion is sincere. Many a tourist, English and American, comes to the Lake Country to render grateful homage to those starry spirits who have clustered there. Fox Howe, the home of

Dr. Arnold and dear to his poet son; The Knoll, home of Harriet Martineau: and the Dove's Nest, for a little while the abode of Mrs. Hemans, are duly pointed out at Ambleside, but not all who linger in that picture-book village and climb the hill to the church of St. Anne, standing serene with its square, gray, pigeon-peopled tower, know that Faber was a curate there in the vouthful years before he "went over to Rome." He lived hard by in what is said to be the oldest house in Ambleside, once a manor-house of distinction.—that long, low, stone building with small, deep-set windows and the cheery touches of color given by the carefully tended flowers about the doors. "A good few" people thought he was not "just bright," our landlady told us, "because he would be walking with his head down, busy at his thoughts," vet Wordsworth said that Faber was the only man he knew who saw more things in Nature than he did in a country ramble. Bowness cherishes recollections of the gav. audacious doings of Professor Wilson (Christopher North) and Troutbeck plumes itself on having been the birthplace of Hogarth's father. Keswick, where Shelley once made brief sojourn. holds the poet-dust of Southey and of Frederic Myers, and in Crosthwaite Vicarage may be found a living poet of the Lakes. Canon Rawnsley,—a name to conjure with throughout the district whose best traditions he fosters and maintains.

Opposite Rydal Mount, at Nab Cottage, dwelt for the closing years of his clouded life the darling of the dalesfolk, "Li'le Hartley," firstborn son of Coleridge,—that boy "so exquisitely wild" to whom had descended something of his father's genius crossed by the father's frailty. Hartley's demon was not the craving for opium, but for alcohol. After a sore struggle, that crippled but did not destroy, he rests in Grasmere churchyard, his stone bearing the inscription: "By Thy Cross and Passion." It was from Nab Cottage that another soul of high endowment, menaced by the opium lust, De Quincey, took a bride, Margaret, a farmer's daughter, who made him the strong and patient wife his peril needed. They dwelt in Dove Cottage at Townend, Grasmere, the hallowed

garden-nest where Wordsworth and his wife and his sister Dorothy,—that ardent spirit the thought of whom is still "like a flash of light,"—had dwelt before. Wordsworth's later homes at Allan Bank, the Grasmere Rectory, and even at Rydal Mount are less precious to memory than this, where he and Coleridge and Dorothy dreamed the great dream of vouth together. Thither came guests who held high converse over frugal fare,—among them Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," and that silent poet, the beloved brother John. It was a plain and thrifty life that Dove Cottage knew, with its rustic little rooms and round of household tasks, but thrift took on magic powers in the Lake Country a century ago. Amazing tales are told of the "Wonderful Walker," schoolmaster of Buttermere and curate of Seathwaite, the Pastor of the "Excursion," but his feats of economy might be challenged by the oldtime curate of Patterdale, who, on an income of from sixty to ninety dollars a year, lived comfortably, educated his four children and left them a tidy little fortune. Such queer turns of fate were his that he published his own banns and married his father

Most of those for whose sake the Lake Country is hallowed ground lived a contemplative, sequestered life akin to that of the mediaeval monks, the scholars and dreamers of a fighting world, but Coniston, on the edge of Lancashire, is the shrine of a warrior-saint, Ruskin, whose last earthly home, Brantwood, looks out over Coniston Water, and whose grave in the quiet churchyard, for which Westminster Abbey was refused, is beautifully marked by a symbolically carven cross quarried from the fine green stone of Coniston Fells. In the Ruskin Museum may be seen many heart-moving memorials of that hero life, all the way from the abstracts of sermons written out for his mother in a laborious childish hand to the purple pall, worked for him by the local Linen Industry he so eagerly founded, and embroidered with his own words: "Unto This Last."

Not in any roll-call of the men of letters who have trodden

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the Cumbrian Hills should the poet Gray be forgotten. The first known tourist in the Lake Country, he was delighted with Grasmere and Keswick but Borrowdale, plunged deep amid what the earliest guide-book, that of West in 1774, was to describe as "the most horrid romantic mountains," turned him back in terror.

Yet Wordsworth, for all his illustrious compeers, is still the presiding genius of these opalescent hills and silver meres. It is to him, that plain-faced man who used to go "booing" his verses along these very roads, that multitudes of visitants have owed

"Feelings and emanations—things which were Light to the sun and music to the wind."

It is good for the soul to follow that sane, pure life from its "fair seedtime" on the garden terrace at Cockermouth, where the murmuring Derwent gave

"Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind, A foretaste a dim earnest, of the calm That Nature breathes among the hills and groves,"

through the boyhood at Hawkshead—that all-angled little huddle of houses near Esthwaite Water—a boyhood whose inner growth is so marvelously portrayed in "The Prelude," on through the long and fruitful manhood of a poet vowed,

"Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high, Matins and vespers of harmonious verse,"

to the churchyard beside the Rotha, where Wordsworth and his kin of flesh and spirit keep their "incommunicable sleep."

"Blessing be with them, and eternal praise!"

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An excellent edition of Border ballads is English and Scottish
Popular Ballads, edited by Helen Child Sargent and George L.
Kittredge, price \$3.00. (This collection is edited from the great
collection of Francis James Child which was published in ten parts,
from 1882-1889, and which gives every extant version of every
ballad.) In the abridged edition are to be found the following ballads
relating to Carlisle: The Marriage of Sir Gawaine; The Boy and
the Mantle; Kinmont William; The Lochmaben Harper; Hobbie
Noble; Dick o' the Cow; Bewick and Graeme; William of Cloudesley,
Clem o' the Clough, and Adam Bell.

Of the many other collections of Border ballads, the following will be found useful: Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1765 (modern reprint may be had for \$.60); Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1802-1893 (reprinted in Moxon's Standard Poems); Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1858; The Boys Percy, Sidey Lanier, \$2.00; Gummere, Old English Ballads, \$1.25; Border Ballads, A. Lang; Ritson's English Songs and Ballads, 1792 (third edition 1877, revised by W. Carew Hazlitt); Border Ballads, Graham R. Tomson (Canterbury Poets \$.40, a useful edition for general reading).

Jacobite Songs and Ballads, edited by Gilbert S. Macquoid (Canterbury Poems, \$.40) contains the following ballads: Carlisle Yetts; The Mayor of Carlisle; Jemmy Dawson; Bonny Prince Charlie. See also Aytoun's Lay's of the Scottish Cavaliers, \$.40.

II-THE LAKE COUNTRY

Guide to the Lakes, Wordsworth; The Bridal of Triermain, Sir Walter Scott; Literary Associations of the English Lakes. Canon Rawnsley; Ruskin and the English Lakes, Canon Rawnsley; Months at the Lakes, Canon Rawnsley; Lake Country Sketches, Canon Rawnsley; Helvellyn, Sir Walter Scott (in Complete Poetical Works) Fresh Fields, John Burroughs (In Wordsworth's Country); Wordsworth's Grave, William Watson; English Lake District (Highways and Byways Series). A. G. Bradley, \$2.00; Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets, DeQuincey (in his collected works); Wordsworth, F. W. H. Myers (English Men of Letter Series), \$40; The English Lake District as interpreted in the poems of Wordsworth, William Knight (out of print but to be found in many libraries); Wordsworth's complete poems, with introduction by John Morley, with notes explaining the circumstances under which the various poems were written, \$60; Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, edited by William Knight, 2 vols., \$1.50 each; Dorothy Wordsworth, Edmund Lee, \$1.25.

For lives of the chief literary figures associated with the Lake district see the English Men of Letters Series and other biographies.



Charles Darwin*

By John M. Coulter

Professor of Botany in the University of Chicago.

THE name of Darwin once suggested very different things to different people. To some it stood for a teacher of most dangerous views, views that were entirely inconsistent with religion; and this opinion is found as a tradition even to this day. To others it stood for a teacher who revolutionized not only biological science, but all science, and whose work introduced a new epoch in human thought. The latter view has stood the test of time, and although all his conclusions may be discarded, the spirit of Darwin will remain as the spirit of the new age in scientific work. Never was there a mind more eager in its search for details, and at the same time more far-reaching in its grasp. Never was there a worker more forgetful of self and more eager for truth; so misunderstood and still so uncomplaining.

The personal qualities of the man were a delight to his friends, and no one came in contact with him who did not remain his friend. He was very retiring in disposition, but his kindliness and hospitality knew no stint. More cruelly and unjustly attacked than any scientific man of modern times, he never lost his sweetness of mind and never was betrayed into a retort. He felt that he was misunderstood and that time

*This is the first of a series of studies of famous Englishmen, which will appear in The Chautauquan during the months from December to May. The complete list in addition to the article upon Darwin, comprises: John Burns, the English labor leader, by Mr. John Graham Brooks, Dean Stanley, the noted Churchman, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell.

would explain; and he was too busy to concern himself with immediate opinion. He was seeking for truth, and was satisfied that if he could establish it his own reputation made little difference. In fact, the fame that came to him in the midst of his work was a genuine surprise, something that never was a part of his ambition and that he regarded as probably a temporary flurry that would soon blow over.

This great simplicity of character and transparent honesty was one of Darwin's charms. With a mind always open to the truth from whatever source it came, he was the first and keenest critic of his own conclusions, more anxious than any one to have them overthrown if they could be proved to be contrary to the facts. It is little wonder that his scientific colleagues came to love and trust him, and before his death he received in full measure the expression of their esteem.

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12. 1800; and was named Charles Robert Darwin, although the middle name does not appear on the title pages of his books. His grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, was one of the most notable and original men of his age; and his father, who was a physician, was a man of marked character and ability. We know little of Darwin until he entered Edinburgh University. having had his preparatory course at the Shrewsbury Grammar School. He seems to have made no very brilliant record at Edinburgh, and certainly did not discover himself. It was when he went to Cambridge University, and came under the influence of Professor Henslow, professor of botany, that he was stimulated and developed. Darwin's description of Professor Henslow shows him to have been a worthy teacher of a worthy pupil, a man singularly apt to teach, capable of understanding and directing the tastes of his pupils.

It was at Cambridge that Darwin determined his life work, and his interest in natural history was so marked that Professor Henslow offered him the opportunity of a voyage around the world in the Beagle, a ship whose name has become very famous in science. In 1831 the expedition started,

with a young naturalist on board, twenty-two years of age, destined to revolutionize scientific thought.

The voyage lasted nearly five years, and this extended survey of plants and animals and human beings opened to Darwin's mind the problems of his life and suggested their solution. He returned to England convinced that the plants and animals of today are the modified descendants of earlier forms, and that he had a clue to an explanation of the changes. It was characteristic of Darwin that these ideas were elaborated for more than twenty years before he published them. As Dr. Asa Gray has said in his charming book entitled "Darwiniana:"

Offering fruit so well ripened on the bough; commending the conclusions he had so thoroughly matured by the presentation of very various lines of facts, and of reasonings close to the facts, it is not so surprising that his own convictions should at the close of the next twenty years be generally shared by scientific men.

After this long voyage, from the effects of which Darwin became an invalid for the remainder of his life, he married and settled down to a very quiet life in the little hamlet of Down, in Kent, "in a plain but comfortable house, in a few acres of pleasure ground, a pleasantly old-fashioned air about it, with a sense of peace and silence."

It is interesting to note the evolution of his own tastes as recorded in his "Life" in the following passage:

Up to the age of about thirty all kinds of poetry—the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley—afforded me lively pleasure. Shakespeare was my delight, principally his historical plays, when I was a schoolboy. Painting also, and above all music, gave me agreeable sensations. Now, and for some years past, I cannot endure reading a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare and have found him so boring that he disgusted me. I have also lost my taste for painting and music. Music generally made me think strongly upon the subject of my work instead of giving me the pleasure of relief. I have still some taste for beautiful scenery, but the sight of it does not any longer give me the exquisite pleasure which I once found in it. On the other hand, novels which are works of imagination,

even those that have nothing remarkable about them, have for some years afforded me prodigious relaxation and pleasure, and I often bless the race of novelists. A large number of novels have been read aloud to me, and I love them all, even if they are only middling, especially if they end well. A law ought to be passed forbidding them to end badly.

Soon after Darwin's return from his voyage around the world, there appeared his book entitled "Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the countries Visited during the Voyage of the Beagle." The title is voluminous, as was the custom at that time, but this is one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. The narrative has even been put in simple language as a book for children. In his early years Darwin was full of enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature, and his descriptions were in a style far removed from the ordinary conception of the style of an unemotional, technical scientific man. A good example is the following taken from his description of Bahia:

When quietly walking along the shady pathways and admiring each successive view, I wished to find language to express my ideas. Epithet after epithet was found too weak to convey to those who have not visited the intertropical regions the sensation of delight which the mind experiences. I have said that the plants in a hothouse fail to communicate a just idea of the vegetation, yet I must recur to it. The land is one great, wild, untidy, luxuriant hothouse, made by Nature for herself, but taken possession of by man, who has studded it with gay houses and formal gardens. How great would be the desire in every admirer of nature to behold, if such were possible, the scenery of another planet! Yet to every person in Europe it may be truly said that at the distance of only a few degrees from his native soil the glories of another world are opened to him. In my last walk I stopped again and again to gaze on these beauties, and endeavored to fix in my mind forever an impression which at the time I knew sooner or later must fail. The form of the orange tree, the cocoanut, the palm, the mango, the tree fern, the banana, will remain clear and separate; but the thousand beauties which unite these into one perfect scene must fade away; yet they will leave, like a tale heard in childhood, a picture full of indistinct but most beautiful figures.

The first formal announcement of Darwin's doctrine of

"Natural Selection" was attended by a remarkable circumstance. He had sketched his doctrine as early as 1830, and between that time and its announcement had shown it to a few scientific friends who were made familiar with it. In 1857, he received from Alfred Wallace, then traveling in the Malay Archipelago, a letter enclosing a strikingly similar paper on the same subject, and requesting Darwin to have it read before the Linnean Society. Darwin's action was very characteristic, for he proposed to have this rival paper published at once, in advance of his own. That he had a similar paper of his own so long in preparation was known only to a few; but these few insisted that his paper should appear along with that of Wallace. So upon the same day, June 1, 1858, there were read in the Linnean Society of London two papers from the opposite quarters of the globe, both advocating the same theory. Wallace was as generous as Darwin, for when he learned of the circumstance he urged Darwin to go forward, while he retired into the background.

It was in 1859 that the theory appeared fully presented in book form, under the title "Origin of Species." As some one has said, "it was like a firebrand thrown into a mass of inflammable material. It ran through editions of thousands in a few months. Advocates and opponents sprang up on all sides. Invectives and praises were showered upon the author from all quarters." Since Darwin's greatest fame rests upon this book, it is necessary to know what it teaches that could so startle the world.

The "Origin of Species" is nothing more than a formal statement of the theory which Darwin called "Natural Selection," but which is commonly called "Darwinism." Darwin did not originate the theory of evolution, as many persist in thinking; he simply explained how it was made possible by his theory of natural selection. The doctrine of evolution is as old as the record of human thought, and many philosophers and scientists, before Darwin and after him, have sought to formulate an explanation of it. They were all convinced that evolution is a fact, and they all tried to explain it.

It happened that Darwin's explanation attracted more popular attention than any that had preceded it, and this was a source of amused wonder to him. A brief statement of the theory of natural selection is as follows:

All believers in evolution urged that species of plants and animals are not permanent, dating from some specific act of creation and continuing unchanged indefinitely or until extinction. They believed that species begat species, as individuals begat individuals. Darwin's explanation of this may be given in the order in which it developed in his mind.

First he was impressed by the fact of the enormous overproduction of living forms. If a plant produces fifty seeds, and these fifty seeds produce fifty plants, each of which produces fifty seeds, and so on, in a few years the earth would be crowded full of this one kind of plant. In other words, the ratio of increase is immensely greater than any possible expression of it; and if it did express itself in connection with the many thousands of different kinds of plants and animals in existence, the result would be appalling. Darwin concluded that a fierce struggle for existence is going on among all organisms, a struggle for support, for standing room. Destruction must be the rule, and life the exception; for a very small fraction of the forms produced can live. In considering the "struggle for existence," Darwin very naturally inquired into the meaning of this enormous waste of life. What forms survive? Evidently those that are the best suited to their surroundings. If the seeds from one plant be germinated under the same conditions, the young plantlets will not be all alike, and a certain number of them will perish, Why? Some are better suited to their surroundings than others and survive. If they are better in any respect than their fellows, they must differ from them, and the range of this difference or variation within the limits of a single species is often very great.

Then came in the law of inheritance, which secures the propagation of these more favorable characters, and the beginning of a favored race. The variation begun increases from generation to generation, until presently it departs so far from the original parent stock as to be considered a new species.

This is Darwin's theory of natural selection stated in barest outline. That is, Nature selects certain forms best suited to the conditions in which they are living; the selecting agent is the "struggle for existence;" and the result is what Herbert Spencer called "the survival of the fittest," which of course involves the "destruction of the unfit." Dr. Asa Gray has summarized this doctrine clearly and beautifully by using the following figure:

Natural Selection is not the wind which propels the vessel but the rudder which, by friction now on this side and now on that, shapes the course. The rudder acts while the vessel is in motion, effects nothing when it is at rest. Variation answers to the wind: "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." Its course is controlled by natural selection, the action of which, at any given moment, is seemingly small and insensible, but the ultimate results are great.

The "Origin of Species" closes with some sentences that should be quoted, for they outline clearly the doctrine of the whole book.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth with reproduction; inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; variability; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and extinction of less improved Thus from the war of Nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity,

from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

Darwin recognized that very strong experimental support was given to his views by the operations of breeders of plants and animals. For generations, these breeders had been modifying plants and animals by artificial selection, and in many cases had produced forms so unlike the original stock that they might fairly be regarded as distinct species; certainly they would have been described as such had they been found in nature.

It is surprising to learn that the continuous series of observations and of volumes recording them, which followed the "Origin of Species" for nearly twenty-five years, came from an invalid, who could never work a full day, and for many days not at all. Darwin died April 19, 1882; but he had lived long enough to see well under way the revolution in scientific methods for which he was responsible, and to know of the affectionate regard in which he was held by all who really knew him and his work.

Following the "Origin of Species," there came naturally a series of volumes growing out of it, such as "The Descent of Man," "The Expression of Emotion in Man and the Lower Animals," "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants," etc. During his later years, Darwin turned his attention to the investigation of plants, and his volumes on carnivorous plants, climbing plants, cross-fertilization of orchids by insects, effects of cross and self-fertilization among plants, etc., form a fascinating series.

It must not be supposed that the explanation of evolution remains just where Darwin left it. He gave an impetus to the whole subject, and other explanations have been developed since, based upon far more accurate observations and experiments. It seems that evolution has too many sides to be satisfied with a single explanation, and that we need to put together the work of Darwin and of all who have followed him before we can hope to approach a solution of this great problem.

As Alfred Wallace has written:

However much our knowledge of nature may advance in the future, it will certainly be by following in the pathway Darwin has made clear for us; and for long years to come his name will stand for the typical example of what the student of nature ought to be. And if we glance back over the whole domain of science, we shall find none to stand beside him as equals; for in him we find a patient observation and collection of facts, as in Tycho Brahe; the power of using these facts in the determination of laws, as in Kepler; combined with the inspirational genius of a Newton, through which he was enabled to grasp fundamental principles, and so apply them as to bring order out of chaos and illuminate the world of life as Newton illuminated the material universe.

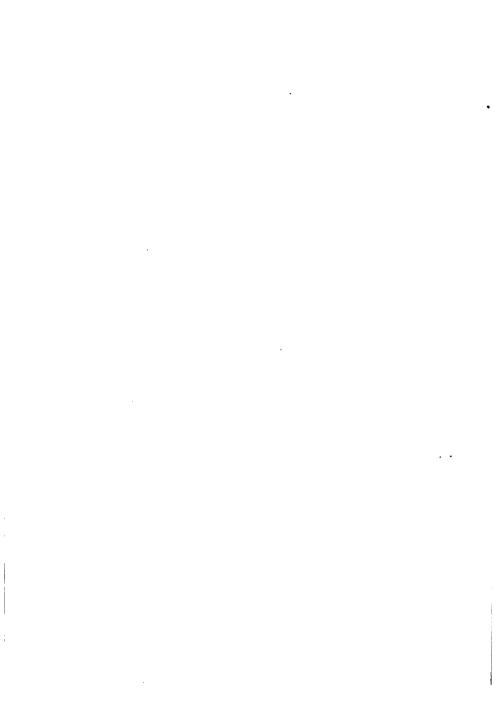
BIBLIOGRAPHY: Journal of Researches. The Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle \$2.00. Origin of Species, \$.60. Descent of Man, \$.60. Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, \$1.50.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

I. THE BORDER: I. What traces of Roman civilization are found at Stanwix? 2. What type of Roman settlement was made at Carlisle? 3. How did Carlisle distinguish itself under the first Edward? 4. What associations has the Castle with the later Edwards? 5. Describe the sojourn there of Mary Queen of Scots. 6. What is the tale of the Lochmaben harper? 7. What was the character of the border outlaws? 8. What were some of the most famous clans? 9. What are the characteristics of Naworth Castle? II. THE LAKE COUNTRY: I. What is the general character of Ullswater? 2. What are the greatest peaks of the Lake district? 3.

Ullswater? 2. What are the greatest peaks of the Lake district? 3. What is one of the finest coach drives in England? 4. Why is it said that the Lake Country has no history? 5. What British folklore clusters about the region? 6. What names are suggestive of ancient races in the Lake District? 7. What tragedies are associated with Helvellyn? 8. How fully is the region associated with Wordsworth? 9. What famous English men and women lived at Ambleside? 10. What rich associations had Dove Cottage at Grasmere?

DARWIN: I. What two views of Darwin have been held by different people? 2. How did he view other people's opinions of him and his work? 3. What inheritance and early training had he? 4. What opportunity came to him from Professor Henslow? 5. How long was the voyage in the Beagle and what results did he gain from it? 6. How does he describe the evolution of his taste for reading? 7. What incident occurred relating to his paper on "natural selecton?" 8. What was the immediate effect of his book "Origin of Species?" 9. How old is the doctrine of evolution? 10. State briefly Darwin's theory of natural selection. 11. What strong experimental support was given to his view? 12. What difficulties hampered Darwin throughout his life? 13. What books followed the "Origin of Species?"



A Holiday Greeting to Chautauquans

From Chancellor John B. Vincent

1906-07

Christmas comes but once a year. And it never comes alone. It is one in a beautiful procession of days. From Christmas Eve to New Year's Dawn nine holy days pass by. And we may sing our welcome in Milton's words:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres!

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so; And let your silver chime Move in melodious time.

And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow; And with your ninefold harmony Make up full consort to the angelic symphony."

Days gain their chief value not from historic memories but from present ministries. It is the fresh light of the Sun today that makes "today." It is the recognition in our own hearts of the Christmas <u>Fact</u> that makes real and attractive to us the story of Bethlehem and of Calvary and of Olivet.

Personal faith in the verities which the day commemorates is the only thing that can make its suggestions vital and valuable: God's boundless love, the Savior's aviding sympathy, the Holy Spirit's illuminating and transforming energy. All these are embraced in our thought concerning Christmas.

Let us therefore as true Chautauquans—people alive and alert, and with power of vision—give ourselves to the noble life suggested by Christmas Day: A world-vision from the angels' point of view; a self-surrender to all benevolent service—"peace, good will to men," and the rapture of a reverent recognition of

the Infinite and Eternal that brings to our lips the Song of Heaben: "Glorp to God in the Highest!"

Let us, one and all, begin our Christmas giving, by becoming each one of us a "Christmas gift" to Christ.

THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE XX CENTURY.

THE EIGHTH YEAR OF THE XX CENTURY.

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The Chautauqua Bells

"Think when the bells do chime 'Tis angel music."

-George Berbert.

Morning Bells: Pray for "a true life" and for

Courage.

Roonday Bells:—Pray for "a higher life" and for Love.

Vesper Bells: - Pray for "a complete life" and for

Dtrength.

Aight Bells: —Pray for "a restful life" and for

Contentment

The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

IV. Stage Properties and Costumes

By Carl H. Grabo

Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" Thus writes Sir Philip Sidney in his essay "A Defense of Poesie." Sir Philip's opinions upon the drama are of little interest to us save that incidentally they shed some light upon a subject so obscure that every ray is welcome. In view of other evidence we can assert that his question implies that, on some occasion in the theaters of his day, he had seen a stage door bearing the legend "Thebes." Why, we may ask, rephrasing the question, was "Thebes" painted on the door? And a further question presents itself, Where was the door?

The much discussed drawing of the Swan theater after the description of De Witte shows two doors. These are at the rear of the stage and open into the tiring room. Our brief discussion of the balcony showed, however, that at times the rear of the stage was cut off by a draw curtain suspended from the edge of the balcony. On such occasions the doors into the tiring room would be hidden by the curtain, and actors appearing on the front stage would, provided there were no other means of entrance, be obliged to emerge from the folds of the curtain. This would have been an awkward arrangement for it was frequently necessary for different groups to appear from opposite directions. For this reason and for a second, the explanation of which demands an understanding of the "Thebes" before mentioned, there is probability that there were usually more than the two exits shown in the sketch of the Swan theater. Whether there were three exits or four it is impossible to determine, nor can we say where they were placed. But however many and wherever situated, one thing four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

The stage seems, therefore, to have represented any place which the imagination of the author desired and the exigencies of plot demanded. As far as possible, locality was indicated by signs, stage properties, costumes, and by direct reference in the lines of the play, but at the best heavy demands were put upon the imaginations of spectators.

In our study of the Elizabethan playhouse and dramatic conditions it is well always to bear in mind this fundamental distinction between the stage of Shakespeare's time and the stage of today: Whereas our modern stage represents as concretely as possible a definite scene demanded by the action of the play, the Elizabethan stage was first of all a stage, that is, it did not pretend to convincing illusion; it was a platform from which actors narrated a moving tale aided at times by realistic stage properties in making the story vivid. But these accessories though called upon to assist were never permitted to interfere with the freedom of action which the play demanded. It is probable that many scenes had no definite location whatsoever; they were simply "places" and spectators called upon their imaginations to decide just where the action occurred.

It is a mistake, however, to assume that the Shake-spearian stage was the bare platform which it is sometimes said to have been. Some of its incongruities we have seen and others will arise in the course of our discussion. But though incongruities are apparent we must remember that stage managers strove for all the realistic affects that the limitations of the stage and a restricted outlay made possible. We have only to read Henslowe's Diary to perceive that considerable attempts were made at realistic staging. The properties he lists are many and varied. Their elaborateness and perfection are of course an uncertain matter, but we may infer some pains in their construction. The following partial list indicates the variety and completeness of the equipment of the Rose theater of which Henslowe was the proprietor:

One rock, one cage, one tomb, one hell mouth. One tomb of Guido, one tomb of Dido, one bedstead. Eight lances, one pair of stairs for Phaeton. Two steeples and one chime of bells and one beacon, One globe and one golden scepter. Two marchpanes, and the City of Rome, One golden fleece, two rackets, and one bay tree. One wooden hatchet, one leather hatchet. One wooden canopy, old Mahomet's head.

One lion skin, one bear's skin and Phaeton's limbs and Phaeton's

chariot and Argosse' head.

Neptune fork and garland.

One croiser staff, Kent's wooden leg. Jerosses head and rainbow, one little altar.

Eight visors, Tamberlayne bridel, one wooden mattock. Cupid's bow and quiver, the Cloth of the Sun and Moon.

One boar's head and Cerebus three heads.

One caduceus, two moss banks and one snake. Two fanes of feathers, Belendon stable, one tree of golden apples, Tantelus tree, nine iron targets.

One copper target, seventeen foiles. Four wooden targets, one greave armor. One sign for Mother Readcap, one buckler,

Mercury's wings, Tasso pictures, one helmet with a dragon, one shield with three lions, one elm bowl.

One chain of dragons, one gilt spear. Two coffins, one bull's head.

Three timbrels, one dragon in fostes. One lion, two lion heads, one great horse with his legs, one

sackbutt.

One wheel and frame in the siege of London.

One pair of wrought gloves.

One Pope's miter.

Three Imperial crowns, one plain crown. One frame for the heading in Black Jone.

One ghost's crown and one crown with a sun.

One black dog.

One caldron for the Iew.

Bedsteads, tombs, trees of apples, moss banks and the "pair of stairs for Phaeton" indicate some care in the staging of plays—enough surely to dispose of the statement that the Elizabethan stage was no more than a bare platform.

In our discussion of stage properties we must not forget, however, that we have no ground for believing that scenery was ever used. Tapestries or arrases were perhaps hung upon the wall at the rear of the stage for decorative purposes, but the first reference to "painted perspectives" occurs in 1656. They were at that time an innovation and were men-

84 Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote



Old Cut of early French Stage

Note the side entrances and what appears to be a curtain at the rear

of the stage.

tioned in the advertisement to the entertainment (an opera in disguise) as a special attraction.

The disposition of the properties upon the stage is a question which involves us again in the problem of dramatic or stage distance and incongruities incident thereto. How was it possible to remove such a property as a tree when placed upon a front stage that lacked a drop curtain? In our modern productions a change in scene is heralded by the drop curtain and a few minutes' pause during which the former stage setting is replaced by the properties necessary to the new location. In the Elizabethan playhouse one of two methods was possible: The new properties might be brought on openly when needed or might be placed in position at the beginning of the play. The former method involved, necessarily, some incongruous interruption; the latter involved the presence of unnecessary properties during the scenes in which they were not used. In this latter case the audience, we must assume, ignored the properties until such time as the

action of the play demanded their use. We have no reason for believing such an effort of the imagination at all impossible to the Elizabethan audience.

It is probable that the most elaborate use of stage properties was made upon the rear stage, which by reason of its draw curtain and also by reason of its nearness to the property room (if we may assume such a place) was better fitted for elaborate stage setting than was the front stage. We may suppose that the play proceeded without interruption upon the front stage until such time as a scene with some elaborate properties was demanded. These had been put in place upon the rear stage behind the curtain. At the proper moment the curtain was drawn disclosing the new scene of action. The rear stage was particularly suited to represent interiors and was used chiefly, no doubt, for banquet and bed-chamber scenes which demanded tables, chairs, and bedsteads, appurtenances which would have been much in the way on the front stage. Upon the conclusion of a rear stage scene we may imagine the curtain as drawn and the properties replaced



The Early French Stage: The Hotel de Bourgogne
Certain similarities to the English stage of Shakespeare's time are
to be noted.

by such as were necessary for the next rear stage scene. The action of the play proceeded uninterruptedly, meanwhile, upon the front stage.

The size of the rear stage and the use made of it are questions which are still open to dispute. We have scanty evidence on which to construct theories and consequently scholars are not agreed on several points. One elaborate theory which deserves comment is the "alternation" theory. This explains the staging of a play as in alternate front and rear stage scenes. It is difficult to make such a theory fit many plays and the sensible explanation of rear stage scenes would seem to be that they occurred only occasionally. was obviously desirable to have the greater part of the action as near the front of the stage as possible so that all the spectators might hear the actors readily. Rear stage scenes aimed at scenic effects and their chief value was in the sudden disclosure of a situation such as the revelation of Hermione posing as the statue in the "Winter's Tale." The surprise once created we may imagine the actors gradually moving to the front stage in order to make themselves better heard, but still maintaining the same location in the imaginations of the spectators. The flexibility of the Elizabethan stage cannot too often be insisted upon.

The function of the balcony has been previously mentioned but its use in connection with the rear stage scenes was not satisfactorily and conclusively explained. Nor can it be as yet, though various hypotheses can be advanced. A previous stage direction may be here requoted and the explanation attempted. "He draws a curtain and discovers Bethseba and her maid—David sits above." The discovery of Bethseba implies we have said the use of the rear stage and the "above" we must suppose to mean the balcony. How could an actor sitting in the balcony see other actors beneath the balcony? We must believe either that the audience accepted the incongruity without question or that the characters upon the rear stage, moved, when disclosed, to the front stage where they were readily seen by both the spectators and actors in the

balcony. The latter explanation seems the more plausible in view of the desirability of front stage scenes.

Before we dismiss the problem of stage properties we should mention briefly several points of stage mechanism which are of interest. The doors into the tiring house were often made to play their part as castle gates and perhaps as entrances to tombs or caves. Trap doors of which there were possibly two-one in the front and one in the rear stage—also were called into use in such plays as "Macbeth" where a disappearing caldron is needed. The superstructure to the tiring house was probably used at times to lower machines by means of which the gods and goddesses of classical plays might descend to mingle with mortals. A number of stage directions indicate the existence of some mechanism above the stage. "The cloth of the Sun and Moon" mentioned in the list of stage properties we may believe to have been a painted representation of the firmament such as was used in the mystery plays. This cloth was probably suspended above the rear portion or hung from the rear walls of the stage. The use of such draperies was traditional. Black cloths, too, were used in draping the theater when a tragedy was to be presented.

In a modern representation of a play many elaborate and artistic effects are gained by the skilful use of electric and calcium lights. In Shakespeare's time any attempt at lighting would have been ruinous save at the court masques in which expense was a minor consideration. At the public playhouses, therefore, performances were given in the afternoon and never at night. If a night scene was to be indicated, lighted torches were brought on the stage and were sufficient representation. The audience we may suppose drew upon its imagination to supplement the magnificent poetry of the fifth act of the "Merchant of Venice" where Lorenzo and Jessica in the moonlight attempt each to "outnight" the other.

The staging of a play was, we have seen, a business full of incongruities. We should expect the costuming to be equally as peculiar and economical. This does not, however, appear to have been the case. Costumes were costly: Henslowe's accounts indicate that for an elaborate costume made of silk, velvet and gold lace more was often expended than for the original play for which the costume was designed. When due allowance is made for the purchasing value of money in Elizabethan times (variously estimated at from six to seven times that of today) the cost for a single elaborate costume appears to have been as high as six or seven hundred dollars—a considerable amount even in these days of lavish expenditure.

A few items from Henslowe's inventory will show the care taken in the costuming:

One mauve gown of calico for the Queen.

One carnival hat.

Five pairs of hose for the clown, five jerkins for them.

One pair of yellow cotton sleeves, one ghost's suit and one ghost's bodice.

One hat for Robin Hood, one hobby horse,

One murrey jerkin and one white leather jerkin.

Two leather antique coats with bases for Phaeton. Four friars' gowns and four hoods for them and one fool's cap, coat, and bauble.

One Senator's gown, one hood, and five Senators' capes. One suit for Neptune.

Six green coats for Robin Hood and four knaves' suits.

Two white shepherd's coats and two Danes suits and one pair of Dane hose.

One black satin doublet laid thick with black and gold lace.

One great peach color doublet with silver lace. One red scarlet cloak with silver buttons.

One white and orange tawney scarf, spangled.

Dido's robe.

One yellow satin gown embroidered with silk and gold lace for women.

One orange tawney velvet gown with silver lace for women.

In the days of Garrick, at a time when Shakespeare was considered a great dramatist but somewhat unpolished a gifted barbanian—Shakespearian roles were played by actors attired in the costume of the day-knee breeches, shoes with buckles, wigs, rapiers, and three cornered hats. Hamlet must indeed have presented a melancholy sight under such conditions. The entries in Henslowe indicate much greater care in consistent and appropriate costuming in Elizabethan times than in succeeding eras. There was probably no archæological exactness as in the best modern plays, but some care was undoubtedly taken. Danish suits are mentioned and other entries show costumes deemed appropriate to Turks and Italians. Different peoples were dressed in different costumes and it is of small importance whether or not these distinctions were exact. They at any rate served their purpose with the spectators.

We may conclude then that the Shakespearian stage presented many incongruities, traditional and unavoidable. The stage was not intended to create a perfect illusion; the audience could never forget that it was a stage. Stage properties and costumes were, however, as elaborate and accurate as circumstances would permit.

Christmas Carols and Christmas Superstitions

By Harriet K. Ransford

A LL who have read Washington Irving's fascinating volume "The Sketch Book," will remember the interesting account there given of the Christmas festivities at Bracebridge Hall. Christmas customs and Christmas festivities are, many of them, of immemorial antiquity. Christmas was, of course, originally a pagan festival, which the early Christian church made use of for religious purposes. Many of the quaint customs which have come down to us are, therefore, of no religious significance, but they are doubly interesting because of their pagan origin.

Of the religious observances connected with Christmas none is more interesting than the singing of carols through the streets early on Christmas morning. The singers went from house to house, rendered their music, and accepted the refreshments or money offered by the householders. Carols of this sort related to the nativity and were cheerfully religious in their nature. There was, however, anoher type of carol; this was sung usually to a dance tune and described the

bringing in of the boar's head, or celebrated some other aspect of the Christmas feast. The carol printed upon the cover of this, the December Chautauquan, belongs to this latter class of compositions. It is first found in the book of "Christmasse Carolles" printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, in a form which differs somewhat from the version we have used. The modified version is one which, for many years has been sung at Queen's College, Oxford, in which place the "words are sung," says Hone, "to the common chant of the prose version of the psalms in Cathedrals."

A part of a middle English Christmas carol of a sacred nature is here produced in the quaint old spelling of its time. It is a very pretty poem:

Thys ender nygth I saw a sygth as day And ever among A maydyn song: by by baby lullay Thys vyrgyn clere wythowtyn pere unto hur son gane sing:

My son my lorde my father dere syth all ys at thy wyll, I pray the son graunte me a bone yff hyt be ryght & skylle: that chylde or man may ever come be mery on thys day, to blys them bryng & I shall syng by by baby lullay.

My mother shene
of hevyn quene
yor askyng shall I spede,
so that the myrth
dysplease me nott
yn wordys nor in dede,
syng what ye wyll
so that ye fullfyll
my ten commaundements ay,
ay yaw for to please
let them nott sesse
to syng baby lullay.

In that interesting and valuable work entitled "Popular Music of the Olden Times" by W. Chappell is an extended and scholarly selection of ancient English songs, carols and ballads. Accompanying the words of these are modernized versions of the original music. Many of these old airs are very quaint and beautiful. Some still serve as the basis for modern songs. Perhaps the most famous and certainly one of the oldest songs which has come down to us is the "Ballad of Green Sleaves," to which reference is made in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." This beautiful melody, supposedly of Irish origin, has served for various songs of widely different character in different periods of English history. Originally a love song, it today serves in a modernized version as a Christmas carol, and is sung in churches on Christmas morning. Because of its beauty and its interesting history, it is here reproduced with the modern words. (See following page.) Those who wish to trace its history and read it in its various versions may do so in the work of Mr. Chappell to which reference has been made.

Christmas legends and superstitions have been collected by John Ashton in a large handsomely bound volume entitled "A righte Merrie Christmas!!!" This volume is a mine of quaint and out-of-the-way information. The customs relating to Christmas throughout the various parts of England have here been collected with a careful hand. From the vast collection of curious information which he has made we can make but a few selections. One is in connection with the famous Glastonbury Thorn, which is supposed to blossom on Christmas day (old style) contrary to the habits of other thorn trees. Mr. Ashton gives the following account:

THE GLASTONBURY THORN

Even the vegetable world contributed to the wonders of Christmas, for was there not the famous Glastonbury Thorn which blossoms on old Christmas day? Legends say that this was the walking staff of Joseph of Arimathæa, who, after Christ's death, came over to England and settled in Glastonbury where, having planted his staff in the ground, it put forth leaves, and miraculously flowered on the festival of the Nativity; and it is a matter of popular belief, not always

followed out by practice, that it does so to this day. The fact is that this thorn, the *Crataegus praecox*, will, in a mild and suitable season, blossom before Christmas. It is not a particularly rare plant. Aubrey thus speaks of it in his "Natural History of Wiltshire."

"Mr. Anthony Hinton one of the Officers of the Earle of Pembroke, did inoculate, not long before the late civill warres (ten years or more), a bud of Glastonbury Thorne, on a thorne, at his farm house, at Wilton, which blossoms at Christmas, as the other did. My mother has had branches of them for a flower-pott, several Christmasses, which I have seen. Elias Ashmole, Esq., in his notes upon Theatrum Chymicum, saies that in the churchyard of Glastonbury grew a walnut tree that did putt out young leaves at Christmas, as doth the King's Oake in the New Forest. In Parham Park, in Suffolk (Mr. Boutele's), is a pretty ancient thorne, that blossoms like that at Glastonbury; the people flock hither to see it on Christmas Day. But in the rode that leades from Worchester to Droitwiche, is a black thorne hedge at Claves, half a mile long or more, that blossoms about Christmas day, for a week of more together. Dr. Ezerel Tong sayd that about Rumly-March, in Kent, are thorns naturally like that near Glastonbury. The Soldiers did cutt downe that near Glastonbury: the stump remaines."

Several trees which are descended by cutting from the Holy Thorn still exists in and about Glastonbury. One of them, of somewhat scanty and straggling growth, occupies the site of the original thorn, on the summit of Weary-all-Hill. Another, a much finer tree, compact and healthy, stands on private premises, near the entrance of a house that faces the abbott's kitchen. These descendants of the Holy Thorn inherit the famous peculiarity of the tree

The Gentlemen's Magazine for 1753, has the following in its "Historical Chronicle" for January. "Quainton in Buckinghamshire, Dec. 24. About 2000 people came here this night, with lanthorns and candles, to view a black thorn which grows in the neighborhood, and which was remembered (this year only) to be slip from the famous Glastonbury thorn, that it always budded on the 24th, was full blown the next day, and went all off at night; but the people, finding no appearance of a bud, 'twas agreed by all that Decemb. 25, N. S. could not be the right Christmas Day, and, accordingly refused going to Church, and treating their friends on that day, as usual: at length the affair became so serious that the ministers of the neighboring villages, in order to appease the people, thought it prudent to give notice that the old Christmas Day should be kept holy as before."

Another very ancient and interesting superstition relates the supposed devotion exhibited by oxen on Christmas Eve:



Ancient Representation of the Nativity

THE OX AND THE ASS

According to Mr. Brand, "a superstitious notion prevails in the western part of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas-eve, the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees, as in the attitude of devotion; and that (which is still more singular) since the alteration of the style, they continue to do this only on the eve of old Christmas-day. An honest countryman living on the edge of St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me, October 28, 1790, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the above, and, watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, make 'a cruel groan like christian creatures.' I could not but with great difficulty keep my countenance: he saw, and seemed angry that I gave so little credit to his tale, and, walking off in a pettish humour, seemed to 'marvel at my unbelief.' There is an old print of the Nativity, in which the oxen in the stable, near the Virgin and the child, are represented upon their knees, as in a suppliant posture. This graphic representation has probably given rise to the above superstitious notion on this head." 'Mr. Brand refers to "an old print" as if he had only observed one with this representation; whereas, they abound, and to the present day the ox and the ass are in the wood-cuts of the Nativity on our common Christmas carols. Sannazarius, a Latin poet of the fifteenth century, in his poem "De Partu Virginis," which he was several years in composing, and twenty years in revising, and which chiefly contributed to the celebrity of his name among the Italians, represents that the Virgin wrapped up the new-born infant, and put him into her bosom; that the cattle cherished him with their breath, an ox fell on his knees, and an ass did the same. He declares them both happy. promises that they shall be honored at all the altars in Rome, and apostrophizes the Virgin on occasion of the respect the ox and the ass have shown her. To a quarto edition of this Lann Poem, with an Italian translation by Gori, printed at Florence in 1740, there is a print inscribed "Sacrum monumentum in antiquo vitro Romae in Museo Victorio." from whence the preceding engraving is presented. as a curious illustration of the obviously ancient mode of delineating the subject."*

*From "The Every-Day Book," by William Hone.

Representative English Paintings The Slave Ship

By W. Bertrand Stevens.

[Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in London in 1775, the son of a barber and hairdresser of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. At the age of fourteen he became a student of the Royal Academy, ten years later an Associate, and in 1802 a full Academician. He died in 1851 and is buried in St Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

Not the least of the many treasures of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is Turner's "Slave Ship." Easily the most striking canvas in the room set apart for British paintings, it is enjoyed by thousands who hardly know of its companion piece, "Mouth of the Seine—Quilleboeuf."

The names of Turner and of Ruskin are inseparable. Ruskin championed the cause of the young landscapist at a time when all England was openly scoffing at his daring innovations. Ruskin's somewhat partisan discussion of the "Slave Ship" has been called by Armstrong "one of the purplest of his purple patches." He says:

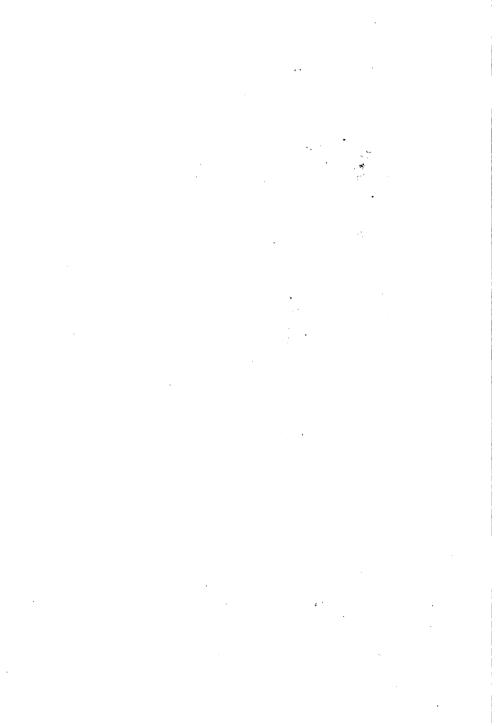
I think the noblest sea that Turner ever painted and, if so the noblest ever painted by man, is that of the "Slave Ship." It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after a prolonged storm, but the storm is partly lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light. I believe, if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. The color is absolutely perfect, not one false or morbid line in any part, or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition, its drawing as accurate as fearless; its tones as true as they are wonderful, and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea.

On the other hand Mr. George Innes, Jr., the American painter thinks it "the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever The color is harsh, disagreeable and discordant." opinion divergence of is most discouraging. The fatal habit of relying on books for the enjoyment of pictures will inevitably prove the victim's undoing when he is confronted by such violently opposed criticisms as these. Such dependence on the thoughts of others is not due to a lack of esthetic appreciation but rather to the failure to seek with persistent effort the message that art has for each and every one of us. The highest form of art is not that which easily pleases our fancy but that which requires study and consideration for its full enjoyment. Let us then be guided. neither by the overkeen enthusiasm of the partisan, nor by the reactionary criticism of less emotional critics. Let us first seek our inspiration from the picture itself.

The "Slave Ship" was entered in the exhibition of 1840 as "Slavers Throwing Overboard the Dead and Dving. Typhoon Coming on." Armstrong says of the picture: "In bigness of conception and concentrated vigor of design it will bear comparison with anything Turner ever did." is obvious that the artist's interest was focused on the painting of the sea and sky and they are, perhaps the most admirable that art has ever given us. But he failed absolutely to depict the horror the subject suggests-not from inability, but from a deliberate disregard of reason. The details in the foreground—the floating bodies in chains and the grotesque sea-monsters seem absurd. But this portion of the picture need not disturb us; let us accept it for what it is—a perfectly frank excuse for the painting of a glorious sky and sea. The "Slave Ship" is one of the finest examples of Turner's magnificent coloring; The colors are not natural—Turner's never are—but their brilliancy and fine harmony convince us that Mr. Ruskin's enthusiasm has not led him far afield when he places Turner in his group of "seven great colorists of the world"-Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, Correggio, and Sir Joshua Reynolds completing the group.



The Slave Ship. By J. M. W. Turner. In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



"In Peril of Change"

C. F. G. Masterman's Essays on Social Problems

By Henry Ingraham

THE fiasco of British arms in the Boer War did much toward checking a jingo imperialism of which Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his imitators were the chief exponents. Other writers whose earlier protests had been unheeded and whose more pacific utterances had been unregarded, came, in the ensuing calm, to a hearing. English ideals of empire and English ideals of imperial poetry have been subjected by this new school to some scathing criticism. So radical is the change in popular taste that it is now possible for Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the brilliant essayist, to chant a requiem over Mr. Kipling in terms which excite merely our amusement at the critic's cleverness. Mr. Chesterton begins a recent article upon "The End of Imperial Poetry" unkindly, thus:

The English Imperialist poetry of the later nineteenth century which came to an end recently when Mr. Rudyard Kipling printed the remarkable poetical line,

"But here is shame completer still,"

was a poetry of great historical and of considerable literary importance.

The best account of the reaction which permits such an estimate of Mr. Kipling to excite our half-indifferent amusement is to be found in a recent volume of essays by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman entitled "In Peril of Change." Mr. Masterman, who is one of the younger members of the present Liberal Parliament, is obviously an ardent anti-imperialist and an equally ardent "nationalist," if such a term may be employed of a patriotic Englishman passionately solicitous for the happiness and well-being of the little England of the British Isles. Mr. Masterman is, as well, a sympathetic student of social problems, a man of fine literary taste, and the master of an eloquent style.

From this interesting combination of talents has resulted a volume which both from a literary and sociological point of view is one of the most noteworthy of recent years. The diverse nature of its contents may be inferred from a partial list of titles: "After the Reaction," "June in England," "The Burden of London," "The New Revolution," "The Blasphemy of Optimism," "Chicago and Francis," "The Challenge of Time," "Of Death and Pity," "The Religion of the City," "In Peril of Change," and a series of sympathetic studies of such men as Henley, Gissing, and Frederic Myers.

Though diverse in subject, these essays have a fundamental unity which justifies their collection in one volume under the generic title, "In Peril of Change," for they deal not only with the dead and the passing order of things, but as well prophetically and rather hopelessly with the uncertain order of tomorrow. The imperialism which brought on the Boer War, which speculated in the Rand mines, and which found its best expression in the blood bespattered writings of Mr. Kipling, arouses in Mr. Masterman only the fiercest contempt. For the British Empire even at its best he has but this to say in the eloquent essay entitled "In Dejection near Tooting," a vivid albeit disheartening picture of that London suburb composed of alms-houses, prisons, hospitals and the rest of the melancholy apparatus of our modern civilization:

From the turnip fields of Tooting I apprehended the British Empire and something of its meaning; why we always conquered and never assimilated our conquests; why we were so just and so unloved. Amidst alien races we have brought rest and security, order out of chaos, equality of justice, a patient service of rectitude which is one of the wonders of the world. Yet there is not one among these alien peoples who would lift a finger to ensure the perpetuation of our rule, or shed a tear over its destruction. For the spirit of that Empire—clean, efficient, austere, intolerably just—is the spirit which has banished to these forgotten barrack-prisons and behind high walls the helpless young and the helpless old, the maimed, the restless, and the dead.

But the older England is ceasing to be. The present age is one of transition. The land system, the church, and the religion of the people—the three fundamental elements of the existing order—are disintegrating, and society no longer guided by the ideals of thirty years ago, is drifting, undirected, to some new system of economics and religion. It is to meet this new and doubtful regime that Mr. Masterman would summon the best efforts of a patriotic nationalism, a nationalism which serves England best by endeavoring to solve the many disheartening social and economic problems presented by the industrial system of the twentieth century.

It is no attractive picture that Mr. Masterman paints of present-day England. The old rural England has almost disappeared; the country gentleman has sold his estates to the promoter of stock companies and the rich American; the English peasant has been lured to the city and become the artisan and the factory hand. The crops are harvested by city dwellers, who for a few weeks in the summer and autumn leave their city slums for the brief industry of the fields. "June in England" contains a picture of this new method of agriculture:

And the harvest is reaped by nomadic hordes, lured out for a season from the slums of the cities, blinking in dull wonder at the strange world of sunshine and silences to which they have been conveyed. So first at fruit-picking and later at hop harvest, the litter of their encampments is manifest in the day, and the lights of their revelry shine far into the night. The casual laborers of the lowest depths of the cities are spewed out over our green land riotous and rejoicing. The old inhabitants, secure in the pride of ancient heritage, gaze dismally at the pandemonium.

And again:

Far to the northward, as the shadow creeps over the valley, one can almost discern the great lights streaming up behind the hills. In a momentary picture appears the vision of the labyrinth of lamplit streets, the crowded thoroughfares, the crowded warrens and tenements, the restless life of those who have gone.

So in this June, with the magic of its passing hours,

Time, which changes all good and evil things, fashions from the ruins of the old a new England.

The new life which has displaced the old rural life of England is a gray, dreary life, with low horizons and material ideals. The monotony if it becomes something of a night-mare:

The stuff is homogeneous, woven of drab buildings and a life set in grey. Lay down an interminable labyrinth of mean two-storied cottages. Pepper the concoction plentifully with churches, school-buildings, and block-dwellings of an assorted variety of ugliness. Cram into this as much laboring humanity as it will hold, and then cram in some more. Label with any name, as Stepney or Kentish Town. You

have in essence the particular ghetto that you desire.

Beyond this ring the blotch we term London sprawls into still more unknown and desolate regions whose life is clogged and heavy owing to their distance from the central heart. On the one side, in a lop-sided and monstrous outgrowth, the city spreads out into vast shadowy suburbs of the laboring classes, stretching over the marshland below the level of the sea. Here are districts so far removed from the place of work as to have become mere gigantic dormitories. Man rises up a great while before day to go forth to his work and to labor until the evening. The whole margin of life of the laborer disappears in the transit. The scuffle into the city, the prolonged and arduous journey, the scuffle out again, the hastily wolfed-up meal, curtailed sleep, represent the home life of the people To these forgotten, nameless regions apart from the inhabitants themselves and the occasional forlorn dust-collector, "no man comes, nor hath come, since the making of the world."

Again:

North, east, south, and west the aggregation is silently pushing outwards like some gigantic plasmodium: spreading slimy arms over the surrounding fields, heavily dragging after them the ruin of its desolation. And Tooting and East Ham and Plumstead and Silvertown, are born into a world which shows no joy at their advent. Humanity staggers at the vision of the next generation; uninvigorated by the influx of the country life, ravaged by the diseases of overcrowding in dwelling and area, dulness, vacuity of labor, and lust for artificial excitement: dead to the faiths which once provided a tangible background to existence.

The reader agrees with Mr. Masterman in his verdict: "There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. Please God, after its destruction there shall be nothing like it again."

There is little spiritual life to compensate for the dreary physical surroundings. The poor of London are not interested in religious things, a fact conclusively proved by the investigations of Mr. Booth and Mr. Masterman. The slum dwellers, it is true, manifest a certain interest in the charities with which rival Christian organizations endeavor to bribe attendance at church, but their reasons for so doing are far from spiritual. The church, says Mr. Masterman, must preach and practice both economic justice and human fellowship before it can regain its hold on the masses of the poor. Yet the author's conclusion is not altogether hopeless:

We may be very confident that the time of frost and present cold will break before the warmth of another spring. The Church by neglect of its election and high calling may prolong the misery and increase the confusion for a time. But no human wilfulness or weakness can for ever delay the restitution of all things and the triumph of the end. A new dawn will one day illuminate the vastness and desolation of the city. Each solitary life of its millions, perishing, as it seems, unheard and alone, is destined at last to find the purpose of its being in union with the Infinite, alike its origin and its goal.

"In Peril of Change: Essays written in time of tranquility." \$1.50 net. Published 1905 by B. W. Huebsch, New York.





De Quincey's First Meeting With Wordsworth

No lover of the English Lake District can fully appreciate all of its subtle claims until he has wandered through it under the genial guidance of De Quincey. In his "Reminiscences of the Lakes and the Lake Poets" the author tells in most naïve fashion how during his student days at Oxford his intense admiration for Wordsworth's work developed in him a sense of awe toward the poet's personality which held him back from making his acquaintance. The meeting finally came about, when, Coleridge being detained in London, De Quincey offered to escort Mrs. Coleridge and the children to their new home in Keswick. As the stage approached Grasmere De Quincey and the boys rested themselves by running down hill:

When all at once we came, at an abrupt turn of the road, in sight of a white cottage, with two yew-trees breaking the glare of its white walls. A sudden shock seized me on recognizing this cottage, of which, in the previous year, I had gained a momentary glimpse from Hammersar, on the opposite side of the lake, I paused, and felt my old panic returning upon me; but just then, as if to take away all doubt upon the subject. I saw Hartley Coleridge, who had gained upon me considerably, suddenly turn in at the garden gate. This motion to the right at once confirmed me in my belief that here at last we had reached our port; that this little cottage was tenanted by that man whom, of all the men from the beginning of time, I Wordsworth face to face. * * * *

Never before or since can I reproach myself with having trembled at the approaching presence of any creature that is born of woman excepting only, for once or twice in my life, woman herself. Now, however, I did tremble; and I forgot, what in no other circumstances I could have forgotten, to stop for the coming up of the chaise, that I might be ready to hand Mrs. Coleridge out. Had

Charlemagne and all his peerage been behind me, or Caesar and his equipage, or Death on his pale horse, I should have forgotten them at that moment of intense expectation, and of eyes fascinated to what lav before me, or what might in a moment appear. Through the little gate I pressed forward; ten steps beyond it lav the principal door of the house. To this, no longer clearly conscious of my own feelings, I passed on rapidly; I heard a step, a voice, and, like a flash of lightning I saw the figure emerge of a tallish man, who held out his hand and saluted me with most cordial expressions of welcome. The chaise, however, drawing up to the gate at that moment, he (and there needed no Roman nomenclator to tell me that this he was Wordsworth) felt himself summoned to advance and receive Mrs. Coleridge. I, therefore, stunned almost with the actual accomplishment of a catastrophe so long anticipated and so long postponed, mechanically went forward into the house. A little semivestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what neight be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was-a perfect and unpretending cottage window. with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses, and in the summer and autumn with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. However, I saw sufficiently to be aware of two ladies just entering the room, through a doorway opening upon a little staircase. The foremost, a tallish young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner. This was Mrs. Wordsworth, cousin of the poet, and, for the last five years or more, his wife. She was now mother of two sons and a daughter; and she furnished a remarkable proof how possible is is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain-to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements.

A Glimpse of Ruskin at Brantwood*

But if you are expected you will hardly have time to look round. for Brantwood is nothing if not hospitable. The honored guest,and all the guests are honored there.—after welcome, is ushered up a narrow stair, which betrays the original cottage, into the 'turret It had been the professor's until after his illness, and he papered it with naturalistic pansies, to his own taste, and built out at one one corner a projecting turret to command the view on all sides, with windows strongly latticed to resist the storms; for Ruskin can say with Montaigne. 'My house is built upon an Eminence, as its Name imports, and no part of it is so much exposed to the Wind and Weather as that.' There is old fashioned solid comfort in the way of furniture; and pictures.— a Dürer engraving, some Prouts and Turners, a couple of old Venetian heads, and Meissonier's 'Napoleon' over the fireplace,—a picture which Mr. Ruskin bought for one thousand guineas, showed for a time at Oxford, and hung up here in a shabby little frame to be out of the way. It gives you a curious sense of being in quite a new kind of place.

If you are a man, you are told not to dress; if you are a lady, you may put on your prettiest gown. They dine in the new room, for the old dining-room was so small that one could not get round the table. The new room is spacious and lofty compared with the rest of the house; it has a long window wth thick red sandstone mullions—there at last is a touch of Gothicism—to look down the lake, and a bay window opens on the narrow lawn sloping steeply down to the road in front, and the view of the Old Man. The walls, painted 'duck egg,' are hung with old pictures: The Doge Griti, a bit saved from the great Titian that was burnt in the fire at the ducal palace in 1557; a couple of Tintorets; Turner and Reynolds. each painted by himself in youth; Raphael by a pupil, so it is said: portraits of old Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin, and little John and his "boo hills." There he sits, no longer little, opposite; and you can trace the same curve and droop of the eyebrows (a Highland trait?) prefigured in the young face and preserved in the old, and a certain family likeness to his handsome young father. * * * * *

A Brantwood dinner is always ample; there is no asceticism about the place; nor is there any affectation of 'intensity' or of common-room cleverness. The neat things you meant to say are forgotten,—you must be hardened indeed to say them to Mr. Ruskin's face; but if you were shy, you soon feel that there was no need for

*From The Life and Work of John Ruskin, in 2 vols. by W. G. Collingwood, by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



shyness; you have fallen among friends; and before desert comes in, with fine old sherry—the pride of your host, as he explains—you feel that nobody understands you so well, and that all his books are nothing to himself.

It is not a mere show, this kindliness and consideration. Two young visitors once staying at Brantwood with Mr. Ruskin alone, mistook the time and appeared an hour late for dinner. Not a hint or sign was given that might lead them to suspect their error; their hungry host was not only patient, but as charming as possible. Only next they learned from the servants that the dinner and the master had waited an hour for them.

Soon after nine Mr. Ruskin comes in with an armful of things that are going to the Sheffield museum and while his cousin makes his tea and salted toast, he explains his last acquirements in minerals, eager that you should see the interest of them; or displays the last studies of Mr. Rooke or Mr. Fairfax Murray, copies from Carpaccio or bits of Gothic architecture.

Then, sitting in the chair in which he preached his babysermon, he reads aloud a few chapters of Scott or Miss Edgeworth, or, with judicious omissions, one of the older novelists; or translates, with admirable facility, a scene of Scribe or George Sand. When his next work comes out you will recognize this evening's reading in his allusions and quotations perhaps even in the subjects of his writing, for at this time he is busy on the articles of 'Fiction, Fair and Foul.'

After the reading, music; a bit of his own composition, 'Old Eegina's Rocks,' or 'Cockle-hat and Staff;' his cousin's Scotch ballads, or Christy Minstrel songs; and if you can sing a new ditty, fresh from London, now is your chance. You are surprised to see the Prophet clapping his hands to 'Camptown Races,' or the 'Hundred Pipers,'—Chorus given with the whole strength of the company; but you are in a house of strange meetings.

About half-past ten his day is over; a busy day that has left him tired out. You will not easily forget the way he lit his candle,—no lamps allowed, and no gas,—and gave a last look lovingly at a pet picture or two, slanting his candlestick and shading the light with his hand before he went slowly upstairs to his own little room, literally lined with the Turner drawings you have read about in 'Modern Painters.'

In the morning you may be waked by a knock at the door, and 'Are you looking out?' And pulling up the blind there is one of our Corniston mornings, with the whole range of mountains in one quiet glow above the cool mist of the valley and lake. Going down at length on a voyage of exploration, and turning in perhaps at the

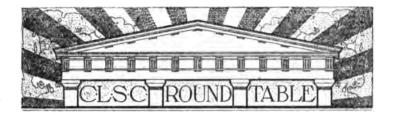
first door, you intrude upon the Professor at work in his study, half sitting, half kneeling at his round table in the bay window, with the early cup of coffee and the cat in his crimson arm-chair. There he has been working since dawn, perhaps, or on dark mornings by candlelight. Like Montaigne, he does not pass the night in his study, but he takes 'to-day' by the forelock. And he does not seem to mind the interruption; after a welcome he asks you to look round while he finishes his paragraph and writes away composedly.

At breakfast, when you see the post-bag brought in, you understand why he trys to get his bit of writing done early. The letters and parcels are piled in the study, and after breakfast, at which, as in old times, he reads his last written passages,—how much more interesting they will always look to you in print!—after breakfast he is closeted with an assistant, and they work through the heap.

After luncheon, if letters are done, all hands are piped to the moor. With billhooks and choppers the party winds up the wood paths, the professor first, walking slowly, and pointing out to you his pet bits of rock-cleavage, or ivied trunk, or nest of wild strawberry plants. * * * * —and so you come out on the moor.

There great work goes on. Juniper is being rooted up; boggy patches drained and cultivated; cranberries are being planted, and oats grown; paths engineered to the best points of view; rocks bared to examine the geology,—though you cannot get the professor to agree that every inch of his territory has been glaciated. These diversions have their serious side, for he is really experimenting on the possibility of reclaiming waste land; * * * And so you take your pick with the rest, and are almost persuaded to become a companion of St. George. Not to tire a new-comer, he takes you away after a while to a fine heathery promontory where you sit before a most glorious view of lake and mountains. * *

And so you go in to tea and chess, for he loves a good game of chess with all his heart. He loves many things you have found. He is different from other men you know, just by the breadth and vividness of his sympathies, by power of living as few other men can live, in admiration, hope, and love.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE
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MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, Executive Secretary.

OUR STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE

The enthusiasm which circles and individual readers are showing in their study of Shakespeare is evidence of the poet's wide appeal to human nature. Shakespeare is so great that while he is profound he is also simple. Even persons of quite limited culture may come to have a very true appreciation and enjoyment of his work simply by reading and re-reading the plays, without knowing a word of the vast literature relating to them. It may be well for us to bear this in mind as we study the four plays assigned for our reading this year. It is quite worth while to know what the great scholars think about Shakespeare, and whether or not we agree with them, by getting their varied points of view we shall find new sources of pleasure in our study of the great poet. Such acquaintance with Shakespearian literature in a greater or less degree will be possible to many readers, but let us remember that after all the essential thing is to let Shakespeare bring us his own message. Never mind if the old fashioned meaning of many words is not quite clear. Get what help you can from notes, but even these are not indispensable. Study Shakespeare's great characters as he presents them. Observe their development, their reaction upon one another and the skill with which he portrays the fundamental qualities

of human nature. Read the plays until they become so familiar that you realize that a door into a new world has been opened to you.



THE CLASS OF 1907

The following selections from letters written by members of the class of 1907 to the class treasurer, Mrs. J. C. B. Stivers suggest the enthusiasm which is widespread throughout the class. Both circles and individual readers are showing a live interest in class affairs and members are invited to write the class officers, whose addresses will be found in the class directory in the October Round Table. Many members will be particularly interested in writing to the treasurer, for they will want to contribute something however small to the class funds, so that they may feel that the banner, the class room in Alumni Hall and any other enterprises of the class have been fostered by the good will and the friendly gifts of Then a friendly letter to the secretary will be very welcome, reporting progress as to the reading, and from these letters other members of the class will learn through THE CHAUTAUQUAN how class spirit grows and flourishes apace.

CHICAGO, ILL.: I presume this letter finds you at Chautauqua where I should so much enjoy being, but business is such that I cannot have that treat this year. Please give my kindest greetings to any of the 1907 class who remember me, and tell them I have appreciated very highly the honor they conferred in continuing me as a vice-president. I have always read of the class activities with much interest and shall plan if possible to be present and graduate in 1907.

Erie, Pa.: I read alone, indeed I do not know whether there is another 1907 reader in the city. As I am a school teacher, I do not always have time to read each day, but I do what I can and then devote a certain amount of time Sunday afternoon to making up what I failed to get during the week. The reading so far has proved so interesting that I have no trouble in getting through the work. In regard to answering the questions, after I finish a book, I answer the questions. If I fail to answer all, I re-read the book. I send every good wish for our class' success.

SUGAR GROVE, PA.: Enclosed find four dollars from Lottsville C. L. S. C. for Alumni Hall. We have changed our place of residence and I have had to read alone since March. I do not expect to get to Chautauqua for more than a day or two. I am going to try for a circle here, but if I don't succeed I shall read alone.

CLARION, PA.: I am sure I miss a very great deal that is derived from being a member of a C. L. S. C. Circle, being a solitary reader. But even if a circle cannot be formed in the vicinity the solitary reader is most richly rewarded for all effort. A few weeks ago I met a lawyer of Greensburg, Pa., who should have passed through the Golden Gate with this year's class. I tried to tell him how much he had missed by not being with his class. He replied that the education and helpfulness, and delight of the course had been so valuable to him that he had considered the diploma of minor importance though he would gladly have been at Chautauqua on Recognition Day if he could have arranged for it. Of course I gave him a cordial invitation to graduate with us next year. To those who have not begun we can only say do not hesitate to be come a solitary reader, if need be, for in the language of the business man "it pays."



A CORRECTION

In Special Supplementary Course No. 3 published on page 250 of the October Round Table, a change has been made in the third book entitled "English Lakes in the Poems of Wordsworth," by William Knight, which is out of print. Instead the following poems by Wordsworth are required:

The Prelude; Lines on Tintern Abbey; Ode on Immortality; Ode to Duty; The Green Linnet; Lucy; The Kitten and the Falling Leaves; The Daffodils; Michael. The following sonnets: On the Beach at Calias; Upon Westminster Bridge; The World's Ravages; To the River Duddon (no.34); After Thought.



A WORDSWORTH CALENDAR

During the first month of the New Year we take up the study of Wordsworth and visit the Lake District in our Reading Journey. A living acquaintance with the poetry of Wordsworth is quite essential to our enjoyment of these studies, and the following Wordsworth calendar of daily reading may be found useful. The calendar begins with December fifteenth so it precedes as well as accompanies the period in which we study the poet and the shorter poems can easily be read and reread. Mr. F. W. H. Myers says of Wordsworth's sonnets that they are the finest collection which any English poet has to show and those who have access to the Golden Treasury edition of selections from Wordsworth will find

sixty of the finest of these as chosen by Matthew Arnold. In the complete edition of Wordsworth, with introduction by Morley, the sonnets are scattered through the book since the arrangement is chronological.

December:

15—Five Poems on Lucy.
16—The Two April Mornings.
17—The Tables Turned.
18—To H. C. (six years old.)
19—The Farewell.
20—To M. H.
21—She was a Phantom of Delight.
22—The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.
23 — Upon Westminster Bridge.
24—It is a Beauteous Evening.
25—I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.
26—Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.
27—The Green Linnet.
28—The Solitary Reaper.
20—To the River Duddon (no.

34) After Thought. 30—Toussaint L'Ouverture. 31—Ode to Duty.

January:

I—Ode on Immortality.

2—The World is too Much with Us.

3—The Happy Warrior.

4—To the Cuckoo.

5—Tintern Abbey.

6—Michael.

7—An Evening of Extraordinary Beauty.

8—Resolution and Independence.

9—The Prelude, Book I.

II—The Prelude, Book II.

II—The Prelude, Book IV.

I3—The Prelude, Book IV.

I3—The Prelude, Book V.

I4—The Recluse.



A SHAKESPEARE GAME

Literary diversions are always in order as closing features of a Chautauqua Circle program and Shakespeare quotations will doubtless furnish much of the recreative side of such meetings during the coming weeks. Some of the circles may be interested to extend their knowledge of the plays still further by the use of the admirable little Shakespeare Game published by the Shakespeare Club of Camden, Maine. Miss Jessica Lewis, herself a member of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1900, will be glad to furnish full particulars. The game which costs fifty cents, is well constructed and has already made itself useful to a large number of households. This sort of diversion gives both the older and younger members of the family a chance to measure their wits against each other during the long winter evenings.

CHAUTAUQUA IN THE PHILIPPINES

For many years the C. L. S. C. has been represented in the army and navy. Perhaps it is a cavalry officer who writes that he carries the books and magazines in his saddle bags and so is late sometimes with his reports because writing is inconvenient! Or, perchance, it is from on board a man-of-war that the next report comes—a ship's surgeon touching at points in both hemispheres whence he sends his messages to Chautauqua. Now it is a letter from an army Chaplain in the Philippines, Chaplain S. J. Smith, a member of the Class of 1908. His letter best tells its own story:

"This is not my first tour of service in the Philippines. So, when the order came, stating when the regiment would sail for this far away land of the wild Moros, I began to organize a system of reading and study. As this is such a vicious climate on books I did not care to expose my entire library to the test, and knowing something of the Chautauqua reading I included it in the course which

I laid out; I have never been sorry that I did so.

"Besides the regular religious work, Bible school and two services on Sunday, with one or more services during the week; also entertainments, social evenings, lectures, 'Round Table talks,' etc. an army Chaplain has several military duties, among which are the following: He has charge of the school for enlisted men and garrison children, he is Post Treasurer, which includes the charge of the Post Bakery, and is also the Post Librarian. Almost daily the Chaplain visits the hospital and guardhouse; and the number of men who seek his advice is often large, * * * * and some of the matters in which they seek advice would keep a Philadelphia lawyer busy.

"Our regiment, the Nineteenth Infantry, has three stations, with headquarters and six companies at Parang (an old Spanish garrison which is being remodelled into a modern regimental Post) four companies at Malabang, some twenty miles up the coast, and two companies at 'Camp Vicars' on Lake Lanoa. I try to make frequent visits to these posts holding services and giving illustrated lectures, using the stereopticon. These visits are always greatly appreciated

by both officers and enlisted men.

"I think what I have written will give you some idea of my surroundings and the conditions under which I do the Chautauqua reading. I rise between five and six every morning, take my exercise, then look over my fifteen year old son's lessons for the day, as I am taking him through special courses, then I take up the 'required reading' and go over as much of the work as possible in the time that I can give to it each day. I am trying to catch up the back reading as my last year's books were greatly delayed in reaching me.

"The articles on 'The Spirit of the Orient' are very helpful as

"The articles on "The Spirit of the Orient' are very helpful as I am doing a great deal of reading and thinking along the lines followed by the writer. I am trying to learn more about the Asiatic at close range. We have the Chinaman, the Jap and the East Indian right here in our midst; and among them are some thinking and

intelligent men.

"A few days ago I approached a group of Chinamen who were listening to one of their number reading from a Hong Kong paper. In my pigeon Spanish I inquired of the one who was reading 'What is the news from home?' To my surprise he answered in very good English, 'The people in my part of China are working hard for schools, for they are beginning to realize that the only true kind of government is that in which the people have an intelligent voice. *

* * Time nor space will not permit or I could write a long article on what those thinking Chinamen said to me on that occasion * * *

"Another word about the Chautauqua reading and I must close. Our mail comes to us several weeks late, even the news in Manila papers is from five days to two weeks old before we get it, and the sparks we catch over the wire are so meager that we are unable to form very clear ideas of what really is being done in the homeland until we have been a back number for sometime. When the papers arrive from the States I usually look them over, but before I draw may conclusions upon matters in general, I always consult The Chautauquan and one or two other solid magazines. The books of the Course are so well written that they give us 'exiles' a good opportunity for suggestive review away out here

'In the land of happy dreams, Peaceful, pleasant Philippines.

so that when we return to 'God's Country,' as the soldiers call the

dear Home land, we shall not be so far behind after all.

"I am enclosing a few marked views which you may use if you care to do so. The 'Brass Seller' is a common sight in most of these Moro provinces; this picture shows a corner of the old Spanish Fort in the background. The Chapel and reading room is the old native house which I am very glad to get for the purpose for which it is used—chapels and reading rooms seem to come very slowly, therefore, we are thankful for whatever comes to hand. When completed this will be one of the finest posts and most sightly places in the Philippines."



NOTES

All members of the Pioneer Class are asked to report to the Secretary, Miss May Wightman, .242 Main St., Pittsburg, Pa., the names of any of their classmates who have died recently or who have changed their addresses and have not been to Chautauqua in the last few years, so as to have these correctly recorded on the class register. If each member of '82 will make a point of seeing others and making sure that the Secretary has accurate addresses it will greatly facilitate plans for the Twenty-Fifth anniversary next summer.

In a bound volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the year 1882 which contained the list of '82 graduates and which was kept in Pioneer Hall a record was made of all deaths which were reported. This volume disappeared from the Hall several years ago and was doubtless borrowed by some member who forgot to return it. If this reminder reaches the one who has it and he or she will notify

the secretary it will be a great favor.



Post Hospital, Parang, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, Three Hundred Feet Above the Sea.



Reading Room, Chapel and Amusement Hall for Army Post at Parang, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.



Moros Selling Brass. Front Yard of Chaplain's House, Parang,.
Mindanao, Philippine Islands.



Head of Column of Graduates of '06 Waiting to Pass Through the Golden Gate, at Chautauqua, New York.

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS

OPENING DAY-October 1. BRYANT DAY-October 1. Special Sunday — November, second Sunday. MILTON DAY-December 9. COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday. LANIER DAY-February 3. SPECIAL SUNDAY — February, second Sunday. Longfellow Day - February SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23. Addison Day-May I.

Special Sunday-May, second Sunday. INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY-May 18. Special Sunday-July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY - August, first Saturday after first Tuesday. St. Paul's Day-August, sec-

ond Saturday after first Tuesday.

RECOGNITION DAY - August. third Wednesday.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES

"We study the Word and the Works of God." "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst." "Never be Discouraged."

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY

FIRST WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUOUAN: "The Border."

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters I and II. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Act I. SECOND WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUOUAN: "The Lake District."
Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters III and IV. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Act II. THIRD WEEK

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters V and VI. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Act III. FOURTH WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: English Men of Fame: Darwin.

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. VII and VIII. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Acts IV and V.

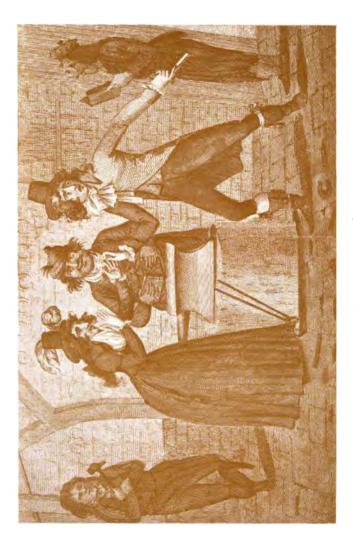
SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

The Travel Club programs for this month take up the Lake District very much in detail and program comittees may find suggestions there which they will prefer to use instead of the following.

FIRST WEEK

Oral Reports: Definition of the following architectural terms: nave, chancel, choir, transept, apse, triforum, cerestory, capital, pier, buttress, bay, cloister, groin, oriel, reredos, spandrel, vaulting. Discussion: Architectural features of Carlisle Cathedral. (See

Carlisle by M. Creighton; Carlisle in Bell's Cathedral series and articles in encyclopedias.



Grenta Green-Striking the Iron While It's Hot. From an old cut. (See "The Border" in the Reading Journey.)

Readings: Ballads relating to Carlisle or other border ballads. (See Bibliography: A number of ballads will be found in The Warner Library of the World's Best Literature and many school libraries have collections.)

Study of Macbeth, Act I.

Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth,

WEEK SECOND

Map Review: The Western and Southern Lake Region with reference to its associations. (See Required Reading, Baedeker's Great Britain; De Quincey's Recollections of the Lakes; books by Rawnsley and any other available material).

Paper: Wordsworth's boyhood and youth (see his life by Myers or

other biography or encyclopedia articles).

Oral Reports with selected readings descriptive of Wordsworth's youth, from The Prelude: Books I, II, IV, V, and XII.

Literary estimates of Wordsworth: (See books referred to in Literary Leaders of Modern England.)

Study of Macbeth, Act II.

Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth.

Discussion of "In Peril of Change." (See this magazine.) Map Review: The Northeastern Lake Region: Ullswater, Helvellyn, etc. (See tenth program under Travel Club for associations of this region).

Reading: Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.

Character Study: Dorothy Wordsworth. (See Life by Edmund Lee and her Journals edited by William Knight and Wordsworth's descriptions of her in The Prelude Books XI, XII, and XIV.)

Readings: Selections from The Recluse, the lines describing his home and sister; The Farewell, written when he went away to bring Mrs. Wordsworth home.

Quotations from Wordsworth: Descriptive of nature. Study of Macbeth, Act IV.

Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth.

FOURTH WEEK

Book Review: Darwin's "A Naturalist's Voyage."

Reading: Selections from The Descent of Man on the origin of the Human Species; or from Darwin's Life and Letters. (See

the Warner Library or the books themselves.)

Paper: Personal traits of Darwin (see article on Darwin in the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature; also his life and letters by his son and numerous magazine articles. These can readily be found by reference to Poole's Index.)

Reading: Selections from article on "The Stage for which Shake-speare Wrote" in this magazine.

Study of Macbeth, Acts IV and V. Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth.

THE TRAVEL CLUB

The Travel Club programs are prepared for clubs and graduate Circles which are specializing upon the Reading Journey articles. They are numbered consecutively beginning with the October number. There are from two to four programs each month.

In the Round Table for this month will be found a Wordsworth "Calendar"—giving a number of the most important of his poems, arranged, in general, on a chronological basis. In the following programs many others are suggested because of their associations with special features of the Lake District. The edition of Wordsworth's poems with an introduction by John Morley is especially recommended. The English Globe Edition, \$1.75, contains a chronology of the poems. An American reprint, the Astor edition, can be secured for sixty cents. Both contain full notes describing the circumstances under which the poems were written.

SEVENTH PROGRAM

Reading: Ballads relating to Carlisle (see Bibliography at end of article on The Border).

Discussion: Architectural features of Carlisle Cathedral (see Carlisle by M. Creighton; also Encyclopedia articles on Carlisle; Baedeker, and books on architecture already referred to).

Reading: Uhland's Ballad on The Luck of Eden Hall (see Longfellow's poems), Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham

Castle.

Roll-call: Items of interest relating to Cuthbert, Bede, Archdeacons Paley and Percy, Moss Trooping and other allusions in the article on The Border.

Review with Selections: Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

EIGHTH PROGRAM

Map Review: The Western Lake Region from Cockermouth to Coniston Water. (See Reading Journey; also Baedeker; De-Quincey's "Recollections of the Lakes;" works by Canon Rawnsley, and any others available.)

Paper: Wordsworth's boyhood and youth. (See life by F. W. H.

Myers or other biography.)
Oral reports with selected readings relating to Wordsworth's youth:

The Prelude, books I, II, IV, V and XII.

Readings: Yew Trees (referring to Borrowdale); Sonnet (34) to the River Duddon; Sonnet to the River Derwent; Description of the Derwent in Prelude, Bk. I.
Reading: Selection from The Falls of Lodore by Southey.

Character study: Southey and his relations with Wordsworth (see bibliography).

Roll-call: Quotations from Wordsworth descriptive of child life.

NINTH PROGRAM

Map Review: The Southeastern Lake Region, Windermere. Rydal Water, Grasmere, etc.

Paper: Wordsworth's Life at Grasmere. (See Life of Wordsworth by Myers; DeQuincey's Recollections; Life of Coleridge, etc.)

Readings: Selections from Essays by Francis Jeffrey. (These will be found in many libraries. They are his contributions to the Edinburgh Review, 1807-14, and contain the famous attacks on Wordsworth. Libraries which haven't the essays may have bound volumes of the Edinburgh Review. See also the Athenæum Press series of selections from Jeffrey. They will be found in college libraries.

Paper: Dorothy Wordsworth. (See Life by Edmund Lee and her Journals edited by William Knight and Wordsworth's description of her in The Prelude. Books XI, XII and XIV.)

Readings: Selections from some of the following poems: The Recluse, the lines describing his home and his sister Dorothy; The Farewell, written when he went away to bring Mrs. Wordsworth home; The Wishing Gate; the Green Linnet; The Kitten and the Falling Leaves; Resolution and Independence; The Brothers; Michael. (These last six poems relate to

Grasmere and vicinity.)
Roll-call: Quotations from Wordsworth referring to the spiritual

life

TENTH PROGRAM

Map Review: The Northwestern Lake Region—Ullswater, Helvellyn, etc. (The Daffodils, The Somnambulist, Fidelity, Airey Force Valley, Brothers Water, The Pass of Kirkstone and the Excursion, Bk. II, last part, beginning "through the dull mist," etc., relate to this region. In Faber's "Poems" No. 88 he describes Grisedale Tarn as a place for a hermitage. See also Christabel and The Knight's Tomb by Coleridge.)

Paper: Wordsworth at Rydal Mount (see above references). Readings: Selections from some of the following poems: The Redbreast, The Cuckoo Clock, The Longest Day, An Evening of Extraordinary Beauty, The Clouds, The Mountain Echo, associated with Rydal; Sonnets on Wansfell and Ambleside, Sonnet November, 1815, referring to Langdale Pikes; The Idle Shepherd Boys or Dungeon-Ghyll Force.

Character Study: Wordsworth and Coleridge. (See lives of both men, Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, also description of Coleridge in the last part of stanzas written in Wordsworth's

pocket copy of The Castle of Indolence.)

pocket copy of The Castle of Indolence.)
Roll-call: Literary Estimates of Wordsworth. (See Ward's English Poets, Vol. IV; Hours in a Library, "Wordsworth's Ethics," Third Series, Leslie Stephen; Poetic Interpretation of Nature, J. C. Shairp; Among my Books, Lowell; French Revolution and the English Poets, A. E. Hancock; Essays in Criticism, Second Series, Matthew Arnold; Literary Studies, Walter Bagehot; Appreciations, Walter Pater.)

Pending: Maryorial Verses by Matthew Arnold (See in Warner)

Reading: Memorial Verses by Matthew Arnold. (See in Warner Library of World's Best Literature or in Collection of Arnold's

poems.)

SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

1. Who was the venerable Bede? 2. For what was Jemmy Dawson celebrated? 3. Who were the Moss-troopers? 4. What were Paley's "Evidences" and Percy's "Reliques?" 5. Who wrote "The Luck of Eden Hall?" 6. Who is described by Wordsworth as a man whose "daily teachers had been woods and rills?" 7. Who was Lob-lie-by-the-fire?" 8. How has Faber gained world-wide fame? 9. Of what magazine was Christopher North editor?

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

"Chautauqua represents the true and healthy relationship of literature and life to one another. Its students are scholars who are at the same time men and women deeply involved in the business of living."—Phillips Brooks.

Fragments of animated conversation could be heard on every hand as the members of the Round Table lingered before taking their places—"I can't understand how Posthumous should have supposed—" "Yes, but you see Shakespeare wanted—" "Now my idea of the Queen was-" "Well our circle discussed it from both points of view and we decided—" Then the members dropped into their seats. "I can see," laughed Pendragon, "that it may be difficult to settle all your problems today, but we will get in as many brief reports as we can. All these letters," he continued, indicating a mound on the table in front of him, "and my conversation with delegates, indicate that enthusiasm is at a high pitch. One circle president remarks sententiously, 'Most of the members are taking hold; some are lazy—and are missing it.' Some report that the quiz method helps to keep up the laggards—some that the 'credit system,' dividing the circle into groups and awarding points for work accomplished, is a simple and effective piece of machinery. The striking thing about it is the individuality of the Circles. You are all aiming at the same result, but are achieving it in different ways. Let each delegate who feels moved to speak try to give some suggestions not offered by others. For this reason it will be quite in order to speak without being called upon.

"First, however, let me remind you that the individual readers are an important part of our membership, and let me read you this letter from a very isolated one in Arizona; she says:

"'I don't think I could have been so contented here through the long dreary days if I did not have my books. They are certainly friends. I would go and get my first year books, 1878 and 1879, and they would bring back the years that have gone and I could live over the happy days I have spent at Lake Chautauqua. The first two years that we were here my daughter taught in the country about five miles away. In the morning I would see her riding over the desert and when I could not see her white horse any longer I knew I was alone until she returned in the evening."

"I am sure," commented Pendragon as he laid the letter aside, "that you will all want to give this fellow Chautauquan 'absent treatment' and cheer her with the consciousness of a friendly thought atmosphere surrounding her. The quest of health has taken her to this region very far from her home and it is Chautauqua's privilege to help such courageous souls to hold their own."

"Before we call for reports perhaps I may allude once more to these letters from other circles. Occasionally I note between the lines some problems, and I fancy you who are here may sometimes encounter similar difficulties. What, for instance, is to be done with the member who talks too much? Certainly such a member in the president's chair is fatal to the circle, because the meeting is in danger of becoming a monologue."

"I suggest," interposed an Ohio member, "that it would be well to establish a time limit. Such things generally happen in the informal circle and the safest way out is to have a few rules regarding discussions and let the President hold things with a firm hand. Have it understood that one object of the Circle is to bring out the thoughts of many minds, and when the President enters into the discussion he also should be subject to the same restrictions. This plan has kept our circle out of trouble in spite of the fact that several of us are rather fond of talking!"

"There are eleven of us," said the delegate from Houghton, New York, responding to a nod from Pendragon. "We meet every week and have been reading the text of 'Cymbeline,' assigning the characters to the different members and the leader of this part of the program brings out qualities of style and traits of character by means of questions. Our program committee of two members assigns the program a week in advance and we usually have papers prepared on the work covered in the English Government and the Chautau-quan articles. A member explains references to English history."

"Here is a letter," said Pendragon, "which shows the evolution of Chautauqua in a small Nebraska town. The Secretary, Mr. Hansen, represented his circle at Chautauqua two years ago. He says, 'We are starting out on our year's reading in splendid shape and have twenty-eight members in our regular Chautauqua Circle, fifteen in a new circle consisting entirely of young people, and a club of older ladies with a membership of twelve. This is the outcome of our Chautaugua Circle organized here five years ago. You may be sure that our Circle is a permanent organization, as we could not and would not get along without it here in Hildreth, for we enjoy our reading and discussions very much as well as the good social times we have together. We make a point of the discussion of current events, having a leader and each bringing some contribution. We think the first articles in THE CHAUTAUOUAN fine'." "I confess." commented Pendragon," that it always stirs me to read such a report as this. The small towns remote from libraries and other means of culture particularly need Chautaugua's help and the bright young men and women who seize the opportunity have an influence on the community which it is not easy to estimate. Some day we shall hear most probably of a public library in the town."

News Summary.

October 1.-Lieutenant F. P. Lahm of United States Cavalry wins James Gordon Bennett cup in balloon race from Paris to England. The Danish Parliament is opened by King Frederick in person.

3.—The Cuban insurgents begin to disarm and disband without

signs of opposition to the provisional government.

14.—The Octobrists are endorsed by Premier Stolypin as the

government party of Russia.

15.—The Chilean cabinet resigns. . . . Prince Alexander von Hohenlohe, having been rebuked by Emperor William for his "tactlessness" in publishing the recollections of his father, the late Chancellor, resigns as district governor in Alsace-Lorraine.

7.—The congress of the Constitutional Democrats in Russia

meets at Helsingfors, Finland. 8.—China enters a protest against the continued control by the

Japanese of the Manchurian telegraph lines.

9.—Governor Taft makes public a proclamation of amnesty to all Cuban rebels. . . . Newfoundland officials decide to enforce strictly the fishing laws and to revoke all concessions hitherto granted to Americans.

19.—Hurricane sweeping Cuba, Florida and Central America

causes great destruction.

21.—M. Clemenceau becomes premier of France.

29.—House of Lords, by overwhelming majority, votes to change the Educational Bill previously passed by the House of Commons.

DOMESTIC

October 2.—Charles E. Magoon, governor of the Canal Zone, is appointed Provisional Governor of Cuba by President Roosevelt.

19.—Standard Oil Company is found guilty in Ohio of a con-

spiracy in restraint of trade.

21.-Dr. A. T. West of Princeton is selected as President of the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

23.—President Roosevelt announces changes in the Cabinet to take effect on the retirement of Messrs. Moody and Shaw: To be Secretary of the Treasury, George B. Cortelyou of New York, now Postmaster General; to be Postmaster General, George Von L. Meyer of Massachusetts, now ambassador to Russia; to be Attorney General, Charles J. Bonaparte of Maryland, now Secretary of the Navy; to be Secretary of the Navy, Victor H. Metcalf of California, now Secretary of Commerce and Labor; to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Oscar S. Straus of New York.

28.—Railroad train plunges over trestle at Atlantic City; seventy

passengers are killed.

29.—Standard Oil Company is fined \$5,000 in Ohio for violation of conspiracy law.

OBITUARY

October 9.—Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada, of the Anglican Church, 91. Adelaide Ristori, the celebrated Italian actress, 85.

15.—Rev. Samuel Jones, the evangelist, 59.

16.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, 80,

31.—Judge J. E. Gary of Chicago who presided at the trial of the Haymarket rioters in 1886.

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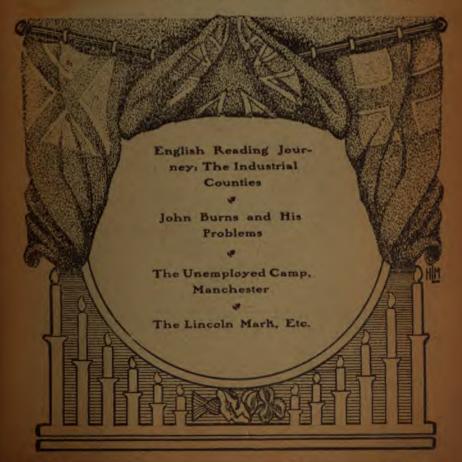
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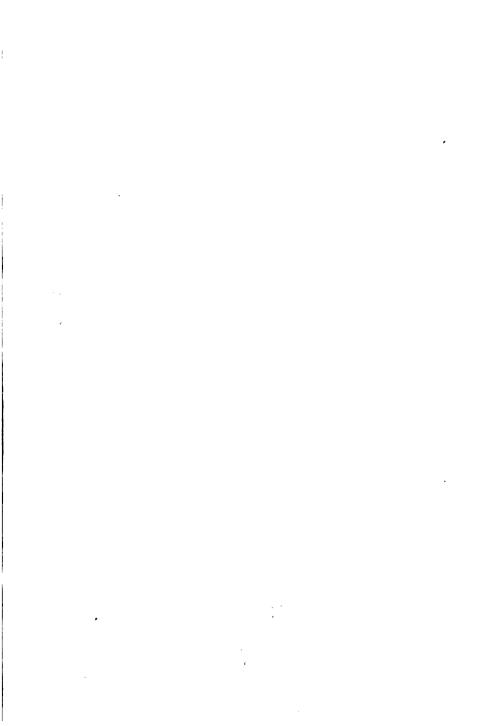
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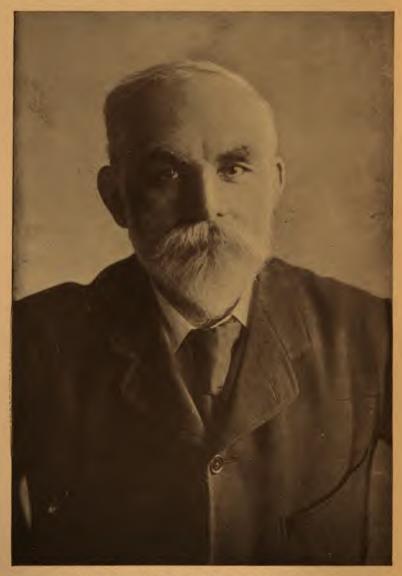
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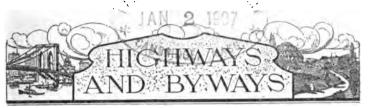




John Burns, the Noted English Labor Leader. See John Burns and His Problems, by John Graham Brooks, page 198.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. XLV. JANUARY, 1907. No. 2.



E have discussed the meaning and lessons of the November elections, and in common with most impartial and progressive observers, we expressed the opinion that the results throughout the country evidenced a popular determination to continue the struggle against monopolistic greed, political corruption and corporate lawlessness. "No reaction" was the mandate of the voters, "no reaction, and no suspension of the activity of the general and state governments under the anti-trust, anti-discrimination and antigraft laws."

The national administration is clearly of the same opinion. It has no intention of "resting on its laurels." The suit instituted by the department of justice against the Standard Oil Trust is momentous in its direct and indirect implications. The step is graver even than was the government's attack on the Northern Securities Company, or railroad merger is 1902. In that case only two competing lines were involved, and the "device" of a holding company was new and uncertain as to legality. Moreover, the "merger" had not had any practical effects—that is, rates had not been raised and the power to restrain trade had not actually been exercised.

With the Standard Oil Trust the situation is entirely different. The combination is the oldest in the country; it is the "premier trust," and has undergone two reorganizations. It embraces about seventy-five constituent corporations, some of which have maintained an apparent inde-

pendence. It claims, and has claimed all along, that it has conformed to the letter and spirit of the national anti-trust law and the trust laws of all the states in which it operates. It has pointed out that, if its methods and form of organization and divided distribution are illegal, it shares this illegality with the steel trust, the tobacco trust and a score of other great combinations. It controls 90 per cent. of the oil business of the United States, and its financial power is enormous.

The government alleges that it is an unlawful combination in restraint of trade and competition, and asks the court for a decree dissolving the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the stock of which has been exchanged for the stock of the many constituent companies, and if it is successful in the proceedings instituted in St. Louis, each of the latter corporations will be compelled to do business on its own account, without any agreement with any other oil corporation.

A battle royal is looked for, for the trust has the best legal talent at its command and the trust law is admittedly vague in certain of its provisions. The department of justice is fully aware of the magnitude of the task it has undertaken, as well as of the fact that the form and stock arrangements of all other trusts are "on trial" along with those of the oil combination. It has, however, made a searching inquiry into the whole situation and appears to be confident that the courts will sustain its contentions, as it sustained it in the merger case and the cases of the great railroad joint-traffic associations.

The law is sweeping in its provisions as interpreted in previous notable decisions, it applies to every agreement, contract, arrangement and device that tends to destroy or limit competition or even to place the combined corporations in a position where they can, if they choose, control output, distribution and prices and prevent competition in commerce between the states. Many statesmen, lawyers and writers have advocated the revision and amendment of this statute and it is understood the administration itself is not really

satisfied with it. As long, however, as it stands in its present form, the President is bound to enforce it without fear or favor. We cannot have one law for the small trusts and another for the big ones, one policy in administering and applying the law for the weak and another for the strong.

In Ohio, it will be remembered, the Standard Oil Company of that state has recently been convicted of violation of the state anti-trust law. Other suits are pending against it in that state and elsewhere. All of these will now be prosecuted with special vigor. The struggle with monopoly has entered upon a new phase in the United States.

S. A.

Child Labor and Interstate Commerce

Senator A. J. Beveridge of Indiana has drafted a bill prohibiting the labor of children under 14 years of age. He does not expect Congress to enact it into law at the present or any near session, but he believes it to be sound in legal theory and useful from an educational point of view. He hopes it may stimulate appropriate state action, especially where the anti-child labor legislation is defective and inadequate by plainly indicating a less pleasant alternative—federal interference.

How can the federal government reach and control factories, stores, laundries, sweatshops, etc., in the states? Is it not the exclusive function of the states, under their police power, to safeguard health and morals? Is not Congress, in legislating on child labor and all similar matters limited to the territories, the District of Columbia and dependencies?

As far as direct regulation is concerned, the power of Congress is so limited. But Senator Beveridge would deal with the evil indirectly—under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. The bill applies to railroads, steamships and other common carriers, and provides that these shall not transport or accept for transport of any establishment that employs children under 14. The carrier

must require an affidavit from every shipper and in relation to every shipment to the effect that he employs no child labor of the prohibited sort.

In other words, the doctrine of the meat inspection law and the pure food law is applied by Mr. Beveridge, in all seriousness, to the question of child labor. The welfare of the country, he holds—and rightly, is affected by child labor, the physical, mental and moral vigor of its future citizens depending upon the prevention of undue and reckless exploitation of the labor of immature beings.

The question, however, is whether the power to regulate interstate commerce includes the power to forbid shipments of goods on grounds totally unconnected with the commerce itself and affecting production alone? The answer is distinctly doubtful. It has been pointed out that, if Congress can, under the commerce clause, prohibit child labor indirectly, it can regulate marriage and divorce indirectly, by prohibiting the transportation of persons who have not complied with a given federal law of marriage and divorce. A hundred similar strained and fantastic applications might be suggested. It is certain that the "commerce clause" was not intended to cover and justify every case in which the general welfare is endangered by some act of commission and omission. On the other hand, it is impossible to say dogmatically where proper application of the commercial clauses stops. The courts are bound to construe and apply the clause "reasonably," and reasonableness is something that changes with conditions, needs and sentiments.

At any rate, the Beveridge bill should spur the states to fuller performance of their duty in the premises. In a country so rich, powerful and prosperous as this the abuse of child labor is a discreditable and intolerable vice.

E MA

Leading Men on the Reform Movement

"President Roosevelt," said Dr. Washington Gladden, the eminent clergyman recently in an address, "has a harder



Archbishop of Canterbury, Leader of Church Opposition to Education Bill.



Augustine Birrell, Minister of Education and Author of the Education Bill.

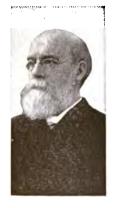


Duke of Devonshire, One of the Few Progressives in the House of Lords.

ENGLISHMEN PROMINENT IN CURRENT POLITICS



Senator A. J. Beveridge,
Author of a Child
Labor Bill.



Washington Gladden Social Reformer.



Dr. Felix Adler, Who Justifies the Social Unrest of the Day.

THREE AMERICANS OF PRESENT INTEREST



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Liberal Party. "Yes I was wrong to threaten him with the whip. The dear creature must be led, not driven. Still—this isn't quite the way I meant to come!"—From Punch.

fight before him than Lincoln had." The issue in the civil war, he went on to explain, was clear and definite, and the solution simple. The great issue of our day is complex and many-sided, and we cannot hope for a short conflict and easy victory.

At the same time as these remarks were being published and commented upon, other leaders of thought were explaining different phases of the agitation now in progress. Prof. Felix Adler, head of the Ethical Culture Society of New York, emphasized the serious nature of the grievances of the discontented classes. It was not envy, jealousy, or any other ignoble sentiment, he said, that was prompting the demand for industrial reforms; it was a sense of injustice, of essential dishonesty in the methods of acquiring and distributing wealth. Men were not objecting to inequality, to reward of superiority; they were objecting to artificial, unfair, unnecessary inequality, to reward of cunning and fraud.

President J. G. Schurman of Cornell, in discussing the ethics of business, warned the great capitalists that the wage system must be reorganized. He said:

The masses of wage-earners are, I believe, today in angry revolt against the vast inequalities which the present economic system produces. Shall the end be socialism, revolution, or what?

For, remember that these discontented classes may easily constitute the majority of our voters, and that in this republic policies are determined by the vote of the majority.

Workmen must be made partners in the great productive and distributive industries; coöperation must replace the present relation of master and wage-laborer. Wealth must be "nationalized" in the sense of diffusion and wide distribution, and monopoly checked and abolished.

This is the familiar industrial gospel of Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of the Federal Circuit Court at Chicago. He advocates the "peopleizing" of corporations and industries. In a recent speech he showed what the people had to complain of in the law and practice of corporations with unusual clearness and force. To quote:

The cause of the people's discontent is in the fact that throughout the years since Lee's surrender the great new life was becoming incorporated. No pains were taken by the states that gave them birth to make these corporations media through which the people at large might transmute their individual savings into permanent property interests.

No pains were taken to furnish the worker with a medium through which he might with reasonable safety transmute a part of his day's profits into a permanent prop-

erty interest.

No pains were taken to interest either workers or people as proprietors at all, the one instrumentality in which the new industrial life had embodied itself having been left, though state created, a mere shell, under whose roof and behind whose walls every form of treachery, and nearly every form of theft were given free rein. This is the great black sin of the times in which we live.

Judge Grosscup went on to show that the people's money was being used by banks to swell the corporation influence. He advised restraining the evil along the lines of German corporation laws, which prevent stock-watering and fraud in corporate activity, and he advocated among other things, the policy of making workmen investors in the stocks of the companies employing them. The "magic of property" must be appealed to; the "disinherited" must be made proprietors.

Race Deterioration in England Once More

A committee of the Fabian (Socialist) Society of Great Britain, in view of the persistent discussion of "race deterioration," physicial degeneracy through a low birth-rate among the worthiest and soundest classes, and the fecundity of the unfit and ignorant, appointed a committee some time algo to investigate the question scientifically. A formal report is to be prepared, but in the meantime Mr. Sidney Webb, the well-known author and sociologist, has published a summary of the committee's findings. It is shown that in Ireland the birth-rate has not declined materially In England and Scotland, among the Irish and the Jewish immigrants, there is likewise no decline of natality, religion ap-

parently operating as a preventive of deliberate checks. For the rest of the population of the country, the following results are recorded:

1. The decline in the birth rate is not merely the result of the alteration in the age of the marrying population or in the proportion of married women. 2. It is not confined to the towns. 3. It is exceptionally marked where the inconvenience of children is specially felt. 4. It is most noticeable in places inhabited by the servant-keeping class. 5. It is much greater in that section of the population which gives proof of thrift. 6. It is due evidently to some cause which was not appreciably operative 50 years ago. It is principally, if not entirely, the result of the deliberate action of married people.

A general and uniform decline in the birth-rate, such as is witnessed is France (where the most recent statistics show a further fall of the birth-rate in spite of an increase in the number of marriages) does not necessarily involve deterioration. That occurs when the shiftless, incompetent and reckless multiply at the expense of the careful, vigorous and thrifty.

The Fabian committee's findings have revived the discussion of causes and remedies for the evil. It is admitted that the struggle for existence, the dread of poverty and destitution, the uncertainty and irregularity of employment, involuntary idleness, and the like on the one hand, and the growing love of ease and comfort, the weakening of religious sanctions in many quarters, and the diffusion of education and reading on the other, account for the phenomenon, and great industrial and moral changes are the product of slow, evolutionary processes. The Fabian committee will favor such measures as feeding of the children of the poor (a bill for such feeding is pending in Parliament) in the public schools, industrial and technical education for all in addition to elementary instruction and even, perhaps, the recognition by the state of maternity as an honorable service to society meriting reward. The opponents of the Socialistic philosophy attack such proposals as tending to weaken parental responsibility, encouraging dependence, destroying individual initiative—in short, as calculated to injure the race instead of improving it. Thus the controversy turns in a circle, and no progress is made.

Sept.

The Lords and the Commons in England

Twenty years ago there was a great popular movement in Great Britain in favor of "mending or ending the House of Lords." Will this cry be renewed today, when "the lords," are again in opposition to the Commons, again resisting the reforms of a Liberal government?

We have followed the education bill through its various stages in the Commons. As it stands now, "reconstituted" by the upper house, it is radically different, "inadmissibly" different from the measure which the Liberal government feels bound to pass. It makes religious instruction in the school compulsory and strengthens denominationalism. The minister of education has declared that no compromise is possible. Does this mean that if the Lords stand by their bill the government will dissolve Parliament and "appeal to the country"?

Not necessarily, it seems. This course has been considered and found inexpedient and dangerous, as it might establish a precedent for dissolution in consequence of the defeat of a government bill by the upper house. The cabinet it is reported, will wait and add more and more counts to the indictment of the Lords by the democratic and modern spirit.

There are other bills on the Liberal program which the House of Commons has passed or soon will pass by large majorities. Among these are: The trades disputes bill, demanded by all the unions of British workmen, which safeguards union funds, enlarges the right of combination for strike purposes and extends the right of peaceable picketing and boycotting; the bill to abolish plural voting in national elections (as it has been in local) and establish the "one man, one vote" principle; the bill extending the scope of the act



A Foreign View of England.

Peace on Earth—but War on the Water.—From Ulk.

for accident insurance in industry, and the bill to relieve agricultural tenants.

All these measures are strong and popular with large sections of the electorate. The government would doubtless feel certain of success and vindication in another general election if the Lords should reject all of them. It may reject one or two, accept one and amend the rest. In that event, the outcome of another election might not be so certain.

At any rate, the Lords are not at all humble and apologetic in this present attitude. They deny that they are opposing the will of the people in opposing that of the Commons majority. They point to the Irish Home Rule issue, on which the people sustained them and claim that on several other occasions they, and not the Commons, voiced the na-

tional sentiment. They do not arrogate to themselves the power of obstructing and defeating popular legislation; what they insist on is their right to prevent hasty decisions and errors, to ascertain, or force the government to ascertain whether a given legislative proposal that is supposed to be popular really is favored by the majority of the nation. This view of the function of the upper house is modest in theory but very far-reaching in practice. The presumption is that the majority of the elected representatives express the will of the majority of the electors. If this is to be disregarded, disagreement on every important bill may lead to a dissolution of parliament. This would paralyze government and legislation.

Some of the Lords perceive this and are said to favor the adoption of a referendum law under which disputes between the two houses would be submitted to the voters for direct action. This would render general elections unnecessary to settle such disputes and save time, energy, and expense. However, the suggestion is too radical, and no one seriously believes it will be acceptable to the upper house.

News Notes

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND

England has recently been much aroused by the tactless manner in which the Government has sought to repress the agitation in behalf of woman's suffrage. On October 23, the day on which Parliament reopened, a number of prominent women, leaders in the suffrage movement, invaded the House of Commons and proceeded after the manner of the following account published in The Labour Record: "The first part of the proceedings was conducted in the most decorous and approved manner. Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethrick Lawrence first approached one of the Liberal Whips and asked him to put a question to the Prime Minister. There was a large number of women outside the House, they told him, waiting to know whether there was any hope for them this session; would he in the Plural Voting Bill, or in any other way, give to them what they were asking—their enfranchisement? The Liberal Whip was gone away but a little time, and then he returned to them with a negative. 'Does he hold out any hope to us for other sessions?' they asked, but the Whip shook his head. 'That is the last word you have to say?' 'It is.'

"With that the two women returned to the outer lobby What

"With that the two women returned to the outer lobby. What was the use of decorous conduct? It was futile. The time for

drastic action was come-action which would shock the decorous,

respectable world into attention.

"The particular convention which it was decided to break was the immaculate sanctity of the men's House of Commons. First Mary E. Gawthorpe got up on one of the seats and addressed the astonished crowd. The women formed up round her, but the police dragged her down. Then Mrs. Despard (sister of General French) took her turn, then Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, then others. All as they spoke were hustled out with rough hands and bundled into the street. There they started to hold a meeting of protest, And it was there that the arrests took place."

Those arrested by the police were the leaders of the demonstration and were all women of some note and influence. Chief among them was Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, a daughter of Richard Cobden. Notwithstanding their position and refinement the ladies arrested were roughly treated by the police and were not given very

civil treatment at their trial in the police court.

The police magistrate bound ten of the prisoners over to keep the peace. They refused to furnish surety and were consequently committed to prison for two months. Some were later released upon the advice of physicians who announced that confinement was detrimental to their health. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, however, remained imprisoned and much agitation resulted in the effort to release her. The Times was flooded with letters from prominent writers, including George Meredith and Bernard Shaw. As a result of these exertions Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson was finally released and we may assume that her unnecessary martyrdom did much to further the cause for which she suffered. A quotation from Mr. Shaw's letter to The Times sufficiently indicates the attitude of thoughtful Englishmen towards the Government's blunder:

"As a taxpayer, I object to having to pay for her bread and cocoa when her husband is, not only ready, but apparently even anxious to provide a more generous diet at home. After all, if Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is not afraid, surely, the rest of us may pluck up a little. We owe something to Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, both as one of our most distinguished artist craftsmen and as a most munificent contributor in crises where public interests have been at stake. If Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson must remain a prisoner whilst the Home Secretary is too paralyzed with terror to make that stroke of the pen for which every sensible person in the three kingdoms is looking to him, why on earth cannot she be imprisoned in her own house? We should still look ridiculous, but at least the lady would not be a martyr. I suppose nobody in the world really wishes to see one of the nicest women in England suffering from the coarsest indignity and the most injurious form of ill-treatment that the law could inflict on a pickpocket. It gives us an air of having lost our temper and made fools of ourselves, and of being incapable of acting generously now that we have had time to come to our senses. Surely there can be no two opinions among sane people as to what we ought to do.

"Will not the Home Secretary rescue us from a ridiculous, an intolegable and incidentally a revoltingly spiteful and unmanly

situation?"

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crease of its membership to 200, a redistribution of seats, and the eligibility of women for election.

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Declining Birth-rate in Lancashire—The annual report of Dr. Sergeant, medical officer of the administrative county of Lancashire, issued recently, states that the birth-rate is the lowest ever recorded, and bears unfavorable comparison with the rate for England and Wales. The decline has been continuous during the past eleven years, but, although of serious import, it is pointed out that the declining birth-rate ought not to raise fears that the future prosperity of the country is jeopardized. Low birth-rate not infrequently means better developed and healthier children.

Deaths from Wild Beasts in India—Statistics relating to the destructiveness of wild animals and snakes in India in 1905 are summarized by the *Times of India*. Two thousand and fifty-four human beings are reported to have been killed, as against 2,157 in the previous year. Of these 48 were killed by elephants, 153 by wolves, 401 by leopards, and 786 by tigers. The mortality from snake bites decreased from 21,880 in 1904 to 21,797. Supplies of the lancets designed by Sir Lauder Brunton for the treatment of potash were distributed in Bombay and the Central Provinces, and in several cases the treatment is said to have been successful.

It is announced that penny postage has been established between the United States and New Zealand.

From Punch

There is, we fear, no such thing as gratitude. The offer of the Bishops to improve the Education Bill has only called forth abuse from the supporters of that measure.

Legal Intelligence—"Much soap is bought by the bar."—Daily Telegraph.

Chicago must look to its laurels. The Strand Magazine publishes the following advertisement of a Maker of Pickles: "During the year of 1905, 126,000 visitors passed through our plant."

Extract from Winter Program of "The Sheffield Neighbour Guild:

"Ambulance Class—For Reading Shakespeare and other Plays."

During the Recess a room in the House of Commons, which was previously looked upon as the property of the House of Lords, has been turned into a smoking room. Is this, we wonder, the beginning of the end, and will the House of Lords itself ultimately be converted into a restaurant for the use of the Members of the other House?



The Industrial Counties* I Lancashire

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

E all know Liverpool,—but how do we know it? The Landing Stage, hotels whose surprisingly stable floors, broad beds and fresh foods are grateful to the sea-worn, the inevitable bank, perhaps the shops. Most of us arrive at Liverpool only to hurry out of it, to Chester, to London, to the Lakes. Seldom do the beguilements of the Head Boots prevail upon the impatient Americans to visit the birth-places of its two queerly assorted lions, "Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. 'Emans," of whom the second would surely roar "as gently as any sucking dove." Yet we might give a passing thought to these as well as to the highhearted James Martineau and to Hawthorne, our supreme artist in romance, four of whose precious years the country wasted in that "dusky and stifled chamber" of Brunswick street. And hours must be precious indeed to the visitor who cannot spare even one for the Walker Fine Art Gallery, where hangs Rossetti's great painting of "Dante's Dream."—the Florentine, his young face yearning with awe and grief, led by compassionate Love to the couch of Beatrice who lies death-pale amid the flush of poppies.

But the individuality of Liverpool is in its docks-

^{*}This is the second group of articles in a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in The Chautauquan from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Counties and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles for December were "The Border" and "The Lake Country."

over six miles of serried basins hollowed out of the bank of the broad Mersey, one of the hardest worked rivers in the world,-wet docks and dry docks, walled and gated and quaved. From the busiest point of all, the Landing Stage. the mighty ocean liners draw out with their throngs of wearied holiday-makers and their wistful hordes of emigrant home-seekers. And all along the wharves stand merchantmen of infinite variety, laden with iron and salt, with soap and sugar, with earthenware and clay, with timber and tobacco, with coal and grain, with silks and woolens and, above all, with cotton,-the raw cotton sent in not only from our own southern plantations, but from India and Egypt as well, and the returning cargoes of cloth spun and woven in "the cotton towns" of Lancashire. The life of Liverpool is commerce; it is a city of warehouses and shops. The wide sea range and the ever-plying ferry-boats enable the merchant princes to reside well out of the town. So luxurious is the lot of these merchants deemed to be that Lancashire has set in opposition the terms "a Liverpool gentleman" and "a Manchester man," while one of the ruder cotton towns, Bolton adds its contribution of "a Bolton chap." This congestion of life in the great port means extreme poverty as well as of riches. The poor quarters of Liverpool have been called "the worst slums in Christendom," yet a recent investigation has shown that within a limited area, selected because of its squalor and misery, over five thousand pounds a year was spent in drink. The families that herd together by threes and fours in a single dirty cellar, sleeping on straw and shavings, nevertheless have money to spend at "the pub," precisely the same flaring, gilded ginshop today as when Hawthorne saw and pitied its "sad revellers" half a century ago.

While Liverpool has a sorry preëminence for high death-rate and for records of vice and crime, Manchester "the cinder-heap," may fairly claim to excel in sheer dismalness. The river Irwell, on which it stands, is so black that the Manchester clerks, as the saying goes, run down to it



Sketch Map of Lancashire

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every morning and fill their ink-pots. Not only Manchester but all the region for ten miles around is one monster cotton factory. The towns within this sooty ring, tall-chimneved Bolton, Bury that has been making cloth since the days of Henry VIII. Middleton on the sable Irk. Rochdale whose beautiful river is forced to toil not for cotton only, but for flannels and fustians and friezes, bustling Oldham, Ashtonunder-Lyme with its whirr of more than three million spindles, Staley Bridge on the Tame, Stockport in Cheshire, Salford which practically makes one town with Manchester, and Manchester itself all stand on a deep coal-field. miners may be seen, of a Sunday afternoon, lounging at the street corners, or engaged in their favorite sport of flying carrier pigeons, as if the element of air had a peculiar attraction for these human gnomes. If the doves that they fly are white, it is by some special grace, for smut lies thick on wall and ledge, on the monotonous ranks of "workingmen's homes," on the costly public buildings, on the elaborate groups of statuary. One's heart aches for the sculptor whose dream is hardly made pure in marble before it becomes dingy and debased.

Beyond the borders of this magic coalfield, above which some dark enchantment binds all humanity in an intertwisted coil of spinning, weaving, bleaching, printing, buying, selling cotton, are various outlying collieries upon which other manufacturing towns are built,—Warrington, which at the time of our Revolution supplied the Royal Navy with half its sail-cloth; Wigan, whose tradition goes back to King Arthur, but whose renown is derived from its seam of cannel coal, calico Chorley, Preston of warlike history and still the center of determined strikes, and plenty more.

The citizens of the cotton towns are proud of their grimy bit of the globe, and with good reason. "Rightly understood," said Disraeli, "Manchester is as great a human exploit as Athens." The swift industrial growth, the vast business expansion of all this region are to be counted among the modern miracles of progress, barren



East Window of Furness Abbey, Lancashire. Photo. Walmesley Bros., Ambleside.



The Quadrant, Liverpool

of beauty and joy as their present stage may seem to be. The heroes held in memory here are plain workingmen whose mechanical inventions resulted in the English spinningmill,-John Kay of Bury, James Hargreaves of Blackburn, Samuel Crompton of Bolton, and Sir Richard Arkwright, a native of Preston, who began his career as a barber's apprentice and won his accolade by an energy of genius which virtually created the cotton manufacture in Lancashire. The battle legends are of angry mobs and smashed machinery, of garrisoned mills and secret experiments and inventors in peril of their lives. The St. George of Lancashire is George Stephenson, the sturdy Scotchman, who in 1830, constructed that pioneer railway between Liverpool and Manchester.—a road which had to perform no mean exploit in crossing the quaking bog of Chat Moss. Fanny Kemble, when a girl of twenty-one, had the ecstacy of a trial trip with Stephenson himself. She tells with fairytale glamour how "his tame dragon flew panting along his iron pathway" at "its utmost speed, thirty-four miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies." Wonder of wonders, this "brave little she-dragon" could "run with equal facility backwards or forwards." This trip took place at the end of August, preliminary to the final opening on September fifteenth, an occasion whose triumph was marred by a fatal mischance, in that a stray dragon ran over a director who was innocently standing on the track. For a patron saint of today, Manchester need go no further than to the founder of the Ancoats Brotherhood, that cheery philanthropist reminding one of Hawthorne's friend who brightened the dreary visages he met "as if he had carried a sunbeam in his hand," for the disciples of the Beautiful, the followers of the Golden Rule, are full of courage even here among what the poet Blake would designate as "dark Satanic mills." From out the dirt and din, shricking engines, roaring furnaces, clattering machinery, chimneys belching smoke by day and flame by night, blithely rises the song of their Holy War:

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"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

But this, though the modern reality of South Lancashire, is not what the tourist goes out to see. From Liverpool to Furness Abbey is his natural and joyful route. He steams at full speed up this richest, most prosperous and well-nigh most unattractive part of England; he has left the Mersey, the county's southern boundary, far behind; he crosses the Ribble, which flows through the center of Lancashire, and the Lune, which enters it from Westmoreland on the north and soon empties into Morecambe Bay. He has come from a district close-set with factory towns and scarred with mine shafts and slag heaps into the sweet quietude of an agricultural and pastoral region. But still above and beyond him is Furness, that northernmost section of Lancashire lying between Cumberland and Westmoreland and shut off from the rest of the county by Morecambe Bay and the treacherous Lancaster sands. High Furness is a part of the Lake Country, claiming for Lancashire Coniston Lake and one side of Windermere, which lies on the Westmoreland border. Its Cumberland boundary is the sonnetted Duddon. Low Furness, the peninsula at the south of this isolated strip, has a wealth of mineral deposits, especially iron. The town Barrow-in-Furness, which in 1846 consisted of a single hut, with one fishing-boat in the harbor, has been converted by the development of the mines, into a place of much commercial consequence. Yet the lover of poetry will visit it not for its steel works, figuring so tragically in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," nor for its shipbuilding yards and boasted floating docks, nor for the paper works which take in a tree at one end and put it out as boxes of dainty stationery at the other, but in order to reach by a boat from Peele Pier, Wordsworth's Peele Castle"standing here sublime," that old island fortress which the poet's dream has glorified with "the light that never was on sea or land."

But it is to Furness Abbey that the throngs of sightseers come, and well they may. Its melancholy grace is one of the treasures of memory. It was thither that Wordsworth as a school-boy, for Hawkshead is within the limits of Furness, would sometimes ride with his fellows. The "Prelude" holds the picture, as he saw it over a century ago, of

"the antique walls
Of that large abbey, where within the Vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour built.
Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured arch,
Belfry, and in ages, and living trees;
A holy scene! Along the smooth green turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland peace
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness."

We lingered there for days, held by the brooding spell of that most lovely ruin. Hour upon hour we would wander about among the noble fragments which Nature was so tenderly comforting for the outrages of His Rapacity Henry VIII. Harebells shone blue from the top of the broken arch of the tall east window, whose glass was long since shattered and whose mullions wrenched away. Grasses and all manner of little green weeds, had climbed up to triforium and clerestory, where they ran lightly along the crumbling edges. Ivy tapestries were clinging to the ragged stone surfaces. Thickets of nightshade mantled the sunken tombs and altar steps. Ferns nodded over the fretted canopies of the richlywrought choir stalls and muffled the mouths of fierce old gargoyles, still grinning defiance at Time. In the blue overhead, which no roof shut from view, a seagull would occasionally flash by with the same strong flight that the eyes of the Vikings, whose barrows once dotted the low islands of this western coast, used to follow with sympathetic gaze. Wrens had built their nests in plundered niche and idle capital. The rooks, arraying themselves in sombre semicircle along some hollow chancel arch, cawed reminiscent vespers. And little

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boys and girls from Barrow, joyous mites of humanity not yet smelted into the industrial mass, tried leaping-matches from the stumps of mossy pillars and ran races through nave and cloister. The wooden clogs of these lively youngsters have left their marks on prostrate slab and effigy, even "the stone abbot" and "the cross-legged knight," much to the displeasure of the custodian, a man who so truly cares for his abbey, the legal property of the Duke of Devonshire, that he has purchased two of the chief antiquarian works upon Furness in order that he may thoroughly acquaint himself with its history. It was he who told us that many of the empty stone coffins had been carried away by the farmers of the neighborhood to serve as horse-troughs and that in their barn walls might be seen here and there sculptured blocks of red sandstone quite above the appreciation of calves and heifers. He told how he had shown "Professor Ruskin" about the ruins and how, at Ruskin's request, Mrs. Severn had sent him from Brantwood seeds of the Italian toad-flax to be planted here. He lent us his well-thumbed folios. West's "Antiquities of Furness," and Beck's "Annales Furnessienses," so that, sitting under the holly-shade in the Abbey Hotel garden, with a "starry multitude of daisies" at our feet, we could pore at our ease over that strange story, a tale of greatness that is told, and now, save for those lofty ribs and arches so red against the verdure, nothing but a tale. Our readings would be pleasurably interrupted toward the close of the afternoon by the advent of tea, brought to us in the garden, and the simultaneous arrival of a self-invited robin.

> "Not like a beggar is he come But enters as a looked-for guest, Confiding in his ruddy breast."

We tossed crumbs to him all the more gaily for the fancy that his ancestors were among the pensioners of the abbey in the day of its supremacy. For the monks of Furness maintained an honorable reputation for hospitality from that mid-thirteenth-century beginning, when the Gray

Brothers from Normandy first erected the grave, strong simple walls of their Benedictine foundation in this deep and narrow vale, to the bitter end in 1537. Meanwhile they had early discarded the gray habit of the Benedictines for the white of the Cistercians and their abbot had become "lord of the liberties of Furness," exercising an almost regal sway in his peninsula, with power of life and death, with armed forces at command and with one of the richest incomes of the kingdom under his control. With wealth had come luxury. The buildings, which filled the whole breadth of the vale, had forgotten their Cistercian austerity in a pro-Within "the strait enclosure," enfusion of ornament. compassing church and cloisters, the little syndicate of whitevested monks not only chanted and prayed, transcribed and illuminated manuscripts, taught the children of their tenants and entertained the stranger but planned financial operations on a large scale. For outside this, the holy wall, was another, shutting in over threescore acres of fertile land which the lay brothers, far exceeding the clerical monks in number, kept well tilled. Here were mill, granary, bake house, malt kiln, brewery, fish-pond, and beyond stretched all Furness where the abbey raised its cattle, sheep and horses, made salt, smelted its iron, and gathered its rents.

Few of the monastic establishments had so much to lose, but Furness was surrendered to the commissioners of Henry VIII with seemingly no resistance. The Earl of Sussex reported to his greedy master that he found the Lord Abbot "of a very facile and ready mynde," while the prior, who had been a monk in that house for fifty years, was "decrepted and aged." Yet it may be noted that of the thirty-three monks whom Sussex found in possession, only thirty signed the deed of surrender. On the fate of the three history is silent, save for a brief entry to the effect that two were imprisoned in Lancaster Castle. There is no record of their liberation. The monks who made their submission were granted small pensions. The abbot received the rectory of Dalton, so near the desecrated abbey that he might have heard, to

his torment, the crash of falling towers. But there is room to hope that in those cruel dungeons of Lancaster two men died because they would not cringe. We do not know, and it was in vain we hunted through the moonlight for the ghost of that mysterious thirty-third, who, too, might have a gallant tale to tell.

The region abounds in points of interest. Romney the painter is buried in the churchyard of Dalton, his native place. Beautiful for situation is Conishead Priory, "the Paradise of Furness," once a house of the Black Canons and now a much-vaunted Hydropathic, for in the stately language of the eighteenth-century antiquary, Thomas West; "Æsculapius is seldom invited to Furness, but Hygeia is more necessary than formerly."

Near the banks of the Duddon stands Broughton Tower, with its legend of how the manor, in possession of the family from time immemorial, was lost by Sir Thomas Broughtonand this was the way of it. In 1487 Lambert Simnel, claiming to be the son of the murdered Clarence, sailed over from Ireland, where he had been crowned by the sister of Richard III, to dispute the new throne of Henry VII. Among his supporters were the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel of Oxfordshire, and Lord Geraldine with an Irish force, but it was the general of his two thousand Burgundian mercenaries, "bold Martin Swart," who is credited with having given name to Swarthmoor, where the invaders encamped. Sir Thomas ioined them with a small body of retainers and, in the crushing defeat that followed, was probably left dead upon the field. But legend says that two of the English leaders escaped,-Lord Lovel to his own house in Oxfordshire, where he hid in a secret chamber and perished there of hunger, and Sir Thomas to his faithful tenantry, who for years concealed him in their huts and sheepfolds, and when he died, whitehaired, wrapt him in his own conquered banner and gave him a burial worthy of his race.

But our associations with Swarthmoor were of peace and not of war. Our pilgrimage thither was made for the

sake of Mistress Fell of Swarthmoor Hall and of George Fox, her second husband, who established hard by what is said to be the first meeting-house of Friends in England. Ouitting the train at Lindal, a few miles above the abbey, we found ourselves in the rich iron country, "the Peru of Furness." It must be the reddest land this side of sunset. Even the turnips and potatoes, we were told, come red out of the ground. I know that we tramped amazedly on, over a red road, past red trees and buildings, with a red stream running below, and the uncanniest red men, red from cap to shoe, rising like Satan's own from out the earth to tramp along beside us. The road was deeply hedged, airless and viewless, and we were glad when we had left three miles ' of it behind us, though the village of Swarthmoor at which we had then arrived proved to be one of those incredibly squalid English villages that make the heart sick. Between wide expanses of sweet green pasture, all carefully walled in, with strict warnings against trespass, ran two or three long, parallel, stone streets, swarming with children and filthy beyond excuse. The lambs had space and cleanliness about them,—soft turf to lie upon, pure air to breathe, but the human babies crawled and tumbled on that shamefully dirty pavement, along which a reeking beer wagon was noisily jolting from "public" to "public." Farther down our chosen street, which soon slipped into a lane, there were tidier homes and more sanitary conditions. Yet even Swarthmoor Hall, the fine old Tudor mansion which rose across the fields beyond, had a somewhat uninviting aspect. There were broken panes in the windows, and the cows had made the dooryards too much their own. The present proprietors, who, we were assured, value the old place highly and had refused repeated offers for it from the Society of Friends, rent it to a farmer. The housekeeper, not without a little grumbling, admitted us, and showed us about the spacious rooms with their dark oak panelling, their richly carven mantels, their windows that look seaward over Morecambe Bay and inland to the Coniston mountains. The hall which Judge

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Fell, that wise and liberal man, tolerant beyond his time, allowed the Friends to use for their weekly meetings, is a room of goodly proportions, with flagged floor and timbered roof. In the dining-room window stands a simple deal desk once belonging to George Fox, but that upper door through which he used to preach to the throng in orchard and meadow is now walled up. As we, departing, looked back at the house, large, plain, three-storied, covered with grey stucco, we noted how right up on the chimney, in the alien fellowship of the chimney-pots, flourished a goodly green yew, sown by passing wind or bird. The housekeeper, who had waxed so gracious that she accompanied us for a few steps on our way, said she had lived in Swarthmoor thirtyfour years and had always seen the yew looking much as it did now, but that an old man of the neighborhood remembered it in his boyhood as only finger-long. It had never, so far as she could tell, been provided by mortal hand with earth or water, but grew by some inner grace, a housetop sign and signal.

Many hallowed memories cluster about that old Elizabethan mansion. It was in 1632 that Judge Fell brought thither his bride, Margaret Askew, sixteen years his junior. She was a descendant of Anne Askew, who, a beautiful woman of twenty-four, thoughtful and truthful, had been burned as a heretic, one of the closing achievements of the reign of Henry VIII. "I saw her," reports a bystander, "and must needs confess of Mistress Askew, now departed to the Lord, that the day before her execution, and the same day also, she had on an angel's countenance, and a smiling face; though, when the hour of darkness came, she was so racked that she could not stand, but was holden up between two serjeants."

It was then that the Lord Chancellor,—who, previously, when even the callous jailer had refused to rack the delicate body further, had thrown off his gown and worked the torture-engine with his own hands,—offered her the king's par-







don if she would recant, receiving only the quiet words: "I came not thither to deny my Lord and Master."

It is not easy for us who read to echo the prayer of her who suffered:

"Lord, I Thee desyre,
For that they do to me,
Let them not taste the hyre
Of their inyquyte."

No wonder that Margaret Fell, with such a history in her heart, should have lent a ready ear to the doctrines of the "Children of Light," as the people dubbed them, the "Friends of Truth," as they called themselves, the "Quakers," whose prime contention was for liberty of conscience.

She had been married twenty years when George Fox first appeared at Swarthmoor Hall, where all manner of "lecturing ministers" were hospitably entertained. Three weeks later, Judge Fell, a grave man not far from sixty, was met, as he was riding home from circuit, by successive parties of gentlemen, "a deal of the captains and great ones of the country," who had come out to tell him that his family were "all bewitched." Home he came in wrath, but his wife soothed him as good wives know how,—had the nicest of dinners made ready and sat by him, chatting of this and that, while he ate.

"At night," says her own account, "George Fox arrived; and after supper, when my husband was sitting in the parlor, I asked if he might come in. My husband said yes. So George walked into the room without any compliment. The family all came in, and presently he began to speak. He spoke very excellently, as ever I heard him; and opened Christ's and the Apostles practices. * * * If all England had been there, I thought they could not have denied the truth of these things. And so my husband came to see clearly the truth of what he spake."

The next First-day the meeting of the Friends was held at Swarthmoor Hall on Judge Fell's own invitation, though he himself went, as usual, to "the Steeplehouse." The spirit of persecution was soon abroad and one day, when the Judge was absent on circuit, Fox, while speaking in the church, was set upon, knocked down, trampled, beaten, and finally whipped out of town. On Judge Fell's return, he dealt with the Friend's assailants as common rioters. He held, however, his mother's faith to the end, never becoming a member of the Society. He died in the year of Cromwell's death, 1658, and was buried by torchlight under the family pew in Ulverston Church. "He was a merciful man to God's people," wrote his widow, adding that, though not a Friend, he "sought after God in the best way that was made known to him."

Meanwhile Margaret Fell had become a leader among the Children of Light. Twice she wrote to Cromwell in behalf of their cause and again and again to Charles II, with whom she pleaded face to face. Now that her husband's protection was withdrawn, persecution no longer spared her, and she, like Fox and many another of the Society, came to know well the damp and chilly dungeons of Lancaster Castle,—that stern prison of North Lancashire which may be viewed afar off from the ominous height of Weeping Hill.

"Thousands, as toward you old Lancastrian Towers, A prison's crown, along this way they passed, For lingering durance or quick death with shame, From this bare eminence thereon have cast Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers Shed on their chains."

Refusing, as a Quaker must needs refuse, to take the oath of supremacy, Mistress Fell stood her trial in 1663, her four daughters beside her. Her arguments irritated the judge into exclaiming that she had "an everlasting tongue" and he condemned her to imprisonment for life, with confiscation of all her property to the Crown. But after some five years of Lancaster's grim hospitality she was released, and forthwith set out on a series of visits to those English jails in which Quakers were immured. It was not until eleven years after Judge Fell's death that she married George Fox. The courtship is summarized in Fox's "Journal:" "I had

seen from the Lord a considerable time before that I should take Margaret Fell to be my wife; and when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer from God thereto." Yet after the marriage, as before, they pursued, in the main. their separate paths of preaching, journeying, and imprisonment. It was seven years before illness brought Fox to Swarthmoor, which had been restored to the family, for a brief rest. About a quarter of a mile from the mansion. stood a dwelling-house in its three or four acres of land. This modest estate Fox purchased and gave it "to the Lord, for the service of his sons and daughters and servants called * And also my ebony bedstead, with Ouakers. painted curtains, and the great elbow-chair that Robert Widder sent me, and my great sea case with the bottles in it I do give to stand in the house as heirlooms, when the house shall be made use of as a meeting-place, that Friends may have a bed to lie on, a chair to sit on, and a bottle to hold a little water for drink." He adds: "Slate it and pave the way to it and about it, that Friends may go dry to their meeting. You may let any poor, honest Friend live in the house, and so let it be for the Lord's service, to the end of the world."

A deep hawthorne lane, winding to the left, led us to that apostolic meeting-house, wellnigh hidden from the road by its high, grey, ivy-topped wall. We passed through a grass outer court into an inner enclosure thickset with larches, hollies, and wild cherry. The paths are paved. Luxuriant ivy curtains porch and wall and clambers up over the low tower. Above the door is inscribed:

Ex dono G. F., 1682.

The meeting-room within is of Quaker plainness, with drabtinted walls. The settees are hard and narrow, though a few "at the top" are allowed the creature comforts of cushions. Only the posts are left of the ebony bedstead, but two elbow-chairs of carven oak, a curiously capacious and substantial traveling chest, and a Bible still are shown as

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Fox's personal belongings. The Bible is a black-letter folio of 1541, the Treacle Bible, open at the third chapter of Jeremiah, where, in the last verse, comes the query: "Is not there any tryacle in Gylyad?"

But Lancashire has other saints no less holy than those dear to Protestant and Quaker memory. Surely martyrs, irrespective of the special phase of the divine idea for which they gladly give up their bodies to torture and to death, are the truest heroes of history.

"For a tear is an intellectual thing, And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King, And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow."

This remote county, especially the north with its perilous bogs and rugged fells, clung to the mother faith. Many of its old families are still Catholic; many a Tudor mansion can show its "priest-hole" from which, perhaps, some hidden Jesuit had once been dragged to the dungeon or the scaffold. We journeyed up from Manchester on a sunny afternoon, for love of one of these, to the beautiful valley of the Ribble, rich in manifold traditions. Our time was short, but we climbed to the keep of Clitheroe Castle, ruined for its loyalty to Charles I, and viewed that wide prospect whose most impressive feature is the witch-storied stretch of Pendle Hill. On that long level range the famous witches of Lancashire used to hold their unseemly orgies. hooting and yowling about Malkin Tower, their capital stronghold, whose evil stones have been cast down and scattered. Peevish neighbors they were at the best, ready on the least provocation to curse the cow from giving milk and the butter from coming in the churn, but on Pendle Hill the broomstick battalion was believed to dance in uncouth circle about caldrons seething with hideous ingredients and to mould little wax images of their enemies who would peak and pine as these effigies wasted before the flames, or shudder with fierce shoots of agony as redhot needles were run into the wax? What were honest folk to do? It was

bad enough to have the bride-cake snatched away from the wedding-feast and to find your staid Dobbin all in a lather and dead lame at sunrise from his wild gallop, under one of these "secret, black and midnight hags," to Malkin Tower, but when you were saddled and bridled and ridden yourself, when the hare that you had chased and wounded turned suddenly into your own wife panting and covered with blood, when your baby was stolen from the cradle to be served up in the Devil's Sacrament of the Witches' Sabbath, it was time to send for one of King James' "witchfinders." So the poor old crones, doubled up and corded thumb to toe, were flung into the Calder to see whether they would sink or swim, or sent to where the fagot-piles awaited them in the courtyard of Lancaster Gaol, or even-so the whisper goes-flung into their own lurid bonfires on Pendle Hill. But still strange shadows, as of furious old arms that scatter curses, are to be seen on those heather-purpled slopes, and from the summit black thunder-storms crash down with supernatural suddenness and passion.

Our driver was a subdued old man, with an air of chronic discouragement. He met the simplest questions, about trains, about trees, about climate, with a helpless shake of the head and the humble iteration: "I can't say. I'm no scholard. I never went to school. I can't read." He eyed Pendle Hill, standing blue in a flood of sunshine, with obvious uneasiness, and asked if we thought there really were "such folk as witches." As we drove up the long avenues of Stonyhurst, our goal, that imposing seat of learning seemed to deepen his meek despondency. He murmured on his lofty perch: "I never went to school."

Stonyhurst, the chief Catholic college of England, was originally located at St. Omer's in France. Over sea to St. Omer's the Catholic gentry of Elizabethan times used to send their sons. There the exiled lads vainly chanted litanies for England's conversion, their church door bearing in golden letters the fervent prayer: "Jesu, Jesu, converte Angliam, fiat, fiat." The Elizabethan sonneteer, William

Habington, who describes "a holy man" as one who erects religion on the Catholic foundation, "knowing it a ruinous madness to build in the air of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schism," was a St. Omer's boy. Nineteen of those quaintly-uniformed lads, blue-qoated, red-vested, leather-trousered, afterwards died on the scaffold or in prison, usually as Jesuit priests who had slipped into England against Elizabethan law.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the strong feeling against the Jesuits led to their banishment from France and finally to the temporary suppression of the order, the school began its wanderings,—from St. Omer's to Bruges, to Liège, and at last, in 1794, from Liège to England, where one of the alumni presented the homeless seminary with the fine estate of Stonyhurst. In this secluded, healthful situation there now stands a prosperous college, with dormitories for two hundred students, with well-equipped academic buildings, a preparatory school and a great farm which of itself maintains the institution.

Stonyhurst has many treasures,—illuminated missals. Caxton editions, a St. John's Gospel in Gaelic script said to have been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert, relics of "Blessed Thomas More," original portraits of the Stuarts. including the winsome picture of Bonny Prince Charlie as a child,—but the object of our quest was a little manuscript volume of Robert Southwell's poems. Of course the porter knew nothing about it, though he strove to impart the impression that this was the only matter in the universe on which he was uninformed, and "the teaching fathers" were still absent for their summer holiday; but a gentle old lay brother finally hunted out for us the precious book, choicely bound in vellum and delicately written in an unknown hand, with corrections and insertions in the young priest's own autograph. This Stonyhurst manuscript gives the best and only complete text for the strange, touching, deeply devotional poems of Father Southwell,—the text on which Grosart's edition rests. It is supposed that they were written

out for him by a friend while he lay a prisoner in the Tower and that in the intervals between the brutalities of torture to which his most sensitive organism was again and again subjected, he put to his book these finishing touches,—only a few months and weeks before he was executed at Tyburn by a blunderer who adjusted the noose so badly that the martyr "several times made the sign of the Cross while he was hanging."

Our eyes filled as we deciphered the faded Elizabethan script:

"God's spice I was, and pounding was my due; In fading breath my incense savored best; Death was the meane, my kyrnell to renewe; By loppynge shott I upp to heavenly rest.

"Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose;
It was no death to me, but to my woe;
The budd was opened to lett out the rose,
The cheynes unloos'd to let the captive goe."

As we were driving on to Whalley, to pay our tribute of honor to yet one more shining memory, the summit of Pendle Hill suddenly wrapped itself in sable cloud, and its haunting vixens let loose upon us the most vehement pelt of rain, diversified with lightning-jags and thunder-crashes, that it was ever my fortune to be drenched withal. One of the Lancashire witches is buried in Whalley church-yard under a massive slab which is said to heave occasionally. I think I saw it shaking with malicious glee as we came spattering up the flooded path, looking as if we had ourselves been "swum" in the Calder.

Whalley Church, one of the most curious and venerable parish churches of England, shelters the ashes of John Paslew, last abbot of Whalley. Upon the simple stone are cut a floriated cross and chalice, with the words Jesu fili dei miserere mei. Only the fewest traces, chief of which is a beautiful gateway with groined roof, remain of this great abbey, one of the richest in the north of England, charitable, hospitable, with an especially warm welcome for wandering

Its walls have been literally levelled to the minstrels. ground, like those of the rival Cistercian foundation at Sawlev. a few miles above. But the "White Church under the Leigh," believed to have been originally established by the missionary Paulinus in the seventh century, preserves the abbey choir-stalls, whose crocketed pinnacles tower to the top of the chancel. Their misereres are full of humor and spirit. An old woman beating her husband with a ladle is one of the domestic scenes that tickled the merry monks of Whalley. We could have lingered long in this ancient church for its wealth of fine oak carving, its pew fashioned like a cage, its heraldic glass and, in the churchyard, the three old, old crosses with their interlacing Runic scrolls, one of which, when a witch read it backward, would do her the very often convenient service of making her invisible. But we had time only for the thought of Abbot Paslew, who, refusing to bow to the storm like the Abbot of Furness, had raised a large body of men and gone to arms for the defense of the English monasteries against the royal robber. He was a leader in the revolt of 1537, known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. The Abbot of Sawley, William Trafford, old jealousies forgotten, took the field with him. But monks were no match for Henry VIII's generals, the rebellion was promptly crushed, the Abbot of Sawley was hanged at Lancaster, and Abbot Paslew was taken, with a refinement of vengeance, back to Whalley and gibbeted there, in view of the beautiful abbey over which he had borne sway for thirty years. The country folk had depended upon it for alms, for medical aid, for practical counsel, for spiritual direction, and we may well believe that, as they looked on at the execution, their hearts were hot against the murderers of him who, when he grasped the sword, had assumed the title of Earl of Poverty. The mound where he suffered is well remembered to this day.

The flying hours had been crowded with impressions, tragic, uncanny, pitiful, and we had yet, in going to the station, to run the gauntlet of a tipsy town, for it was a

holiday. We had found Clitheroe drinking, earlier in the afternoon, and now we found Whalley drunk. One unsteady individual, wagging his head from side to side and stretching out a pair of wavering arms, tried to bar my progress.

"Wh-where be g-goin'?" he asked.

"To the train," I answered curtly, dodging by.

He sat down on the wall and wept aloud.

"T-to the tr-train! Oh, the L-Lord bl-bless you! The g-good L-Lord bl-bless you all the w-way!"

And the last we saw and heard of him, he was still feebly shaking his hands after us and sobbing maudlin benedictions.



Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, the Depository of Southwell's Poems



Lichfield Cathedral, Lichfield, Staffordshire



Furness Abbey, Arcade Leading to Cloister Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Kneeling Bishop, by Chantry, Lichfield Cathedral.

II. Cheshire

Drayton the poet once took it upon him to assure Cheshire that what was true of Lancashire was true also of her:

"Thy natural sister shee—and linkt unto thee so That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth goe."

From that great backbone of England, the Pennine Range, both these counties fall away to the west but Cheshire quickly opens into Shropshire plain. At the northeast it has its share in the treasures of the deep coal-field

rent across by the Pennines, and here, too, are valuable beds of copper. In this section of the country cluster the silk towns, among them Macclesfield, the chief seat in England of this manufacture, and Congleton, whose character, we will trust, has grown more spiritual with time. For in 1617, one of the village wags tugged a bear into the pulpit at the hour of service and it was a full twelve-month before the church was reconsecrated and worship resumed. Indeed, the Congleton folk had such a liking for bear-baiting or bear-dancing or whatever sport it was their town bear afforded them, that when a few years later this poor beast died, it is told that

"living far from Godly fear They sold the Church Bible to buy a bear."

The old Cheshire, everywhere in evidence with its timber-and-plaster houses, distracts the mind from this new industrial Cheshire. We visited Macclesfield, but I forgot its factories, its ribbons and sarcenets, silks and satins and velvets because of the valiant Leghs. Two of them sleep in the old church of St. Michael, under a brass that states in a stanza ending as abruptly as human life itself:

> "Here lyeth the body of Perkin a Legh That for King Richard the death did die, Betray'd for righteousness; And the bones of Sir Peers his sone, That with King Henrie the fift did wonne In Paris."

I have read that Sir Perkin was knighted at Crecy and Sir Peers at Agincourt, and that they were kinsmen of Sir Uryan Legh of Adlington, the Spanish Lady's Love.

"Will ye hear a Spanish Lady,
How she wooed an Englishman?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, she had on."

This Sir Uryan was knighted by Essex at the siege of Calais, and it was then, apparently, that the poor Spanish lady, beautiful and of high degree, lost her heart. The Elizabethan ballad, whose wood-cut shows a voluminous skirted





Peele Castle, Lancashire Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Town Hall, Manchester



Runic Cross in Whalley Churchyard, Lancashire



Roman Remains, Chester



Market Place and old Stocks, Poulton, Lancashire



Penwortham Priory, Preston, Lancashire



Swarthmoor Hall, the Home of George Fox



Lower Peover Church, Cheshire



Unitarian Chapel, Knutsford, Cheshire, where Mrs. Gaskell is Buried

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A Cranford Home, Knutsford, Cheshire

dame entreating an offish personage in a severely starched ruff, tells us that she had fallen, by some chance of war, into his custody.

> "As his prisoner there he kept her; In his hands her life did lie; Cupid's bands did tie them faster By the liking of an eye.

"But at last there came commandment For to set all ladies free, With their jewels still adorned, None to do them injury."

But freedom was no boon to her.

"Gallant Captain, take some pity
On a woman in distress;
Leave me not within this city
For to die in heaviness."

In vain he urges that he is the enemy of her country.

"Blessed be the time and season That you came on Spanish ground;



The Trent and Mersey Canal. In the Potteries, Staffordshire. Photo. by Katharine Coman.

If you may our foes be termed, Gentle foes we have you found."

He suggests that she would have no difficulty in getting a Spanish husband, but she replies that Spaniards are "fraught with jealousy."

> "Still to serve thee day and night My mind is prest; The wife of every Englishman Is counted blest."

He objects that it is not the custom of English soldiers to be attended by women.

"I will quickly change myself,
If it be so,
And like a page will follow thee
Where e'er thou go."

But still he makes excuse:

"I have neither gold nor silver To maintain thee in this case,



Firing Ovens, the Potteries, Staffordshire



Street, Knutsford, Cheshire



Landing Stage, Liverpool



A Liverpool Dock

And to travel is great charges, As you know, in every place."

She puts her fortune at his disposal, but he has hit upon a new deterrent:

"On the seas are many dangers, Many storms do there arise, Which will be to ladies dreadful And force tears from watry eyes."

She implies that she would gladly die, even of seasickness, for his sake, and at that the truth breaks forth:

"Courteous lady, leave this folly;
Here comes all that breeds this strife:—
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife.

"I will not falsify my vow
For gold nor gain,
Not yet for all the fairest dames
That live in Spain."

Her reply, with its high Spanish breeding, puts his blunt English manners to shame.



The "Rose and Crown," Cheshire, Erected in 1641

"Oh how happy is that woman
I'hat enjoys so true a friend.
Many happy days God lend her!
Of my suit I'll make an end.

"Commend me to that gallant lady; Bear to her this chain of gold; With these bracelets for a token; Grieving that I was so bold.

"I will spend my days in prayer, Love and all her laws defy; In a nunnery I will shroud me, Far from any company.

"But e'er my prayer have an end,
Be sure of this,—
To pray for thee and for thy Love
I will not miss.

"Joy and true prosperity Remain with thee!" "The like fall unto thy share, Most fair lady!"



A Cheshire Cottage





This ballad, which Shakespeare might have bought for a penny "at the Looking-glass on London bridge" and sung to the tune of "Flying Fame," is still a favorite throughout Cheshire.

But we are driving from Macclesfield up into the Cheshire highlands,—velvety hills, green to the top, all smoothed off as trim as sofa-cushions and adorned with ruffles of foliage. Nature is a neat housekeeper even here in the wildest corner of Cheshire. What was once savage forest is now tranquil grazing-ground, and the walls that cross the slopes and summits, dividing the sward into separate cattleranges, run in tidy parallels. But most of the county is flat, so flat that it all can be viewed from Alderly Edge, a cliff six hundred and fifty feet high, a little to the west of Macclesfield. Along the Mersey, the Lancastrian boundary, rise the clustered chimneys of Cheshire's cotton towns. Yet cotton is not the only industry of this northern strip. The neighborhood of Manchester makes market-gardening profitable: potatoes and onions flourish amain; and Altrincham, a pleasant little place where many of the Manchester mill-owners reside, proudly contributes to their felicity its famous specialty of the "green-top carrot."

I suppose these cotton-lords only smile disdainfully at the tales of the old wizard who keeps nine hundred and ninety-nine armed steeds in the deep caverns of Alderly Edge, waiting for war. What is his wizardry to theirs! But I wonder if any of them are earning a sweeter epitaph than the one which may be read in Alderly Church to a rector, Edward Shipton, M. A.—it might grieve his gentle ghost, should we omit those letters—who died in 1630.

"Here lies below an aged sheep-heard clad in heavy clay,
Those stubborne weedes which come not of unto the judgment day.
Whilom hee led and fed with welcome paine his careful sheepe,
He did not feare the mountaines' highest tops, nor vallies deep,
That he might save from hurte his fearful flocks, which were his

To make them strong he lost his strengthe, and fasteth for their fare.

How they might feed, and grow, and prosper, he did daily tell, Then having shew'd them how to feed, he bade them all farewell."

Good men have come out of Cheshire. In the Rectory House of Alderly was born Dean Stanley. Bishop Heber is a Cheshire worthy, as are the old chroniclers, Higden and Holinshead. Even the phraseology of Cheshire wills I have fancied peculiarly devout, as, for instance, Matthew Legh's, in 1512.

"Imprimis, I bequeath my sole to almightie god and to his blessed moder seynt Mary, and to all the selectial company in heaven, and my bodi to be buried in the Chappell of Seynt Anne within the parish Church of Handley or there where it shall please almightie god to call for me at his pleasure."

The men of Manchester have on occasion, and conspicuously during the Civil War, approved themselves for valor. When the royalist garrison of Beeston Castle, the "other hill" of this pancake country, was at last forced to accept terms from the Roundhead troops, there was "neither meat nor drink found in the Castle, but only a piece of a turkey pie, two biscuits, and a live pea-cock and pea-hen."

Yet Cheshire is famed rather for the virtues of peace,—for thrift, civility and neighborly kindness. An early-seven-teenth-century "Treatise on Cheshire" says: "The people of the country are of a nature very gentle and courteous, ready to help and further one another; and that is to be seen chiefly in the harvest time, how careful are they of one another." A few years later, in 1616, a native of the country wrote of it not only as producing "the best cheese of all Europe," but as blessed with women "very friendly and loving, painful in labour, and in all other kind of housewifery expert."

The accepted chronicler of Cheshire womanhood, however, is Mrs. Gaskell. As we lingered along the pleasant streets of Knutsford—her Cranford—and went in and out of the quiet shops, we blessed her memory for having so delectably distilled the lavender essences of that sweet, old-fashioned, village life. She had known it and loved it all the way from her motherless babyhood and she wrote of it with a tender humor that has endeared it to thousands. Our first Knutsford pilgrimage was to her grave beside the old Unitar-

ian chapel, for both her father and her husband were clergymen of that faith. We had seen in Manchester—her Drumble—the chapel where Mr. Gaskell ministered, and had read her "Mary Barton," that sympathetic presentation of the life of Lancashire mill-hands which awoke the anger and perhaps the consciences of the manufacturers. She served the poor of Manchester not with her pen alone, but when our war brought in its train the cotton famine of 1862-3, she came effectively to their relief by organizing sewing-rooms and other means of employment for women. Husband and wife, fulfilled of good works, now rest together in that sloping little churchyard which we trod with reverent feet.

It must be confessed that Knutsford is becoming villaized. It has even suffered the erection, in memory of Mrs. Gaskell, of an ornate Italian tower, which Deborah certainly would not have approved. It was not May day, so we could not witness the Knutsford revival of the May-queen court. and we looked in vain for the Knutsford wedding sand. On those very rare occasions when a bridegroom can be found, the kith and kin of the happy pair make a welcoming path for Hymen by trickling colored sands through a funnel so as to form a pavement decoration of hearts, doves, true-love knots and the like, each artist in front of his own house. But no minor disappointments could break the Cranford spell, which still held us as we drove out into the surrounding country. How sunny and serene! With what awe we passed the timbered mansions of the country families! What green hedgerows! What golden harvest-fields! What pink roses clambering to the cottage-thatch! What gardens, and what pastures on pastures, grazed over by sleek kine that called to mind Miss Matty's whimsical old lover and his "six and twenty cows, named after the different letters of the alphabet."

Here in central Cheshire we ought not to have been intent on scenery, but on salt, for of this, as of silk, our smiling country has almost a monopoly. And only too soon the blue day was darkened by the smoke of Northwick, the prin-



Sketch Map of Cheshire and Staffordshire

cipal seat of the salt trade and quite the dirtiest town in the county. The valley of the Weaver, the river that crosses Cheshire about midway between its northern boundary, the Mersey, and its southern, the Dee, has the richest salt-mines and brine-springs of England. The salt towns, whose chimneys belch blackness at intervals along the course of the stream, are seen at their best, or worst, in Northwich, though Nantwich, an ancient center of this industry, has charming traditions of the village hymn that used to be sung about the flower-crowned pits, especially the "Old Brine," on Ascension Day, in thanksgiving for the salt. We tried to take due note of railways and canals, docks and foundries, and the queer unevenness of the soil caused by the mining and the pumping up of brine,—such an uncertain site, that the houses,

though bolted, screwed and buttressed, continually sag and sink. The mines themselves are on the outskirts of the town, and we looked at the ugly sheds and scaffoldings above ground and did our best to imagine the strange white galleries and gleaming pillars below. There was no time to go down because it had taken our leisurely Knutsford coachman till ten o'clock to get his "bit of breakfast." Dear Miss Matty would have been gentle with him, and so we strove not to glower at his unbending back, but to gather in what we could, as he drove us to the train, of the beauties by the way.

We left the salt to the care of the Weaver which was duly bearing it on, white blocks, ruddy lumps, rock-salt and table-salt, to Runcorn and to Liverpool. We put the brinepits out of mind and enjoyed the lovely fresh-water meres, social resorts of the most amiable ducks and the most dignified geese, which dot the Cheshire landscape. We had visited Rostherne Mere on our way out and caught a glint from the fallen church-bell which a Mermaid rings over those dim waters every Easter dawn. We paused at Lower Peover for a glimpse of its black-and-white timbered church, deeply impressive and almost unique as an architectural survival. Among its curiosities we saw a chest hollowed out of solid oak with an inscription to the effect that any girl who can raise the lid with one arm is strong enough to be a Cheshire farmer's wife. Sturdy arms they needs must have, these Cheshire women, for the valley of the Weaver, like the more southerly Vale of Dee, is largely given up to dairy farms and to the production of cheeses. A popular song betrays the county pride:

> "A Cheshire man went o'er to Spain To trade in merchandise, And when arived across the main A Spaniard there he spies.

"'Thou Cheshire man,' quoth he, 'look here,—
These fruits and spices fine.
Our country yields these twice a year;
Thou hast not such in thine.'

"The Cheshire man soon sought the hold, Then brought a Cheshire cheese. 'You Spanish dog, look here!' said he. 'You have not such as these.'

"'Your land produces twice a year Spices and fruits, you say, But such as in my hand I bear, Our land yields twice a day.'"

But the best songs of Cheshire go to the music of the river Dee. We have all had our moments of envying its heart-free Miller.

"There was a jolly Miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

Kingsley's tragic song of

"Mary, go and call the cattle home Across the sands of Dee."

reports too truly the perils of that wide estuary where "Lycidas" was lost. On the corresponding estuary of the Mersey stands Birkenhead, the bustling modern port of Cheshire, but it was at Chester that Milton's college mate had embarked for another haven than the one he reached.

Chester itself is to many an American tourist the old-world city first seen and best remembered. Liverpool and Birkenhead are of today, but Chester, walled, turretted, with its arched gateways, its timber-and-plaster houses, its gables and lattices, its quaint Rows, its cathedral, is the medieval made actual. The city abounds in memories of Romans, Britons, Saxons, of King Alfred who drove out the Danes, of King Edgar who, "toucht with imperious affection of glory," compelled six subject kings to row him up the Dee to St. John's Church, of King Charles who stood with the Mayor on the leads of the wall-tower now called by his name and beheld the defeat of the royal army on Rowton Moor.

As we walked around the walls,—where, as everywhere in the county, the camera sought in vain for a Cheshire cat,—we talked of the brave old city's "strange, eventful history," but if it had been in the power of a wish to recall any one hour of all its past, I would have chosen mine out of some long-faded Whitsuntide, that I might see a Miracle pageant in its medieval sincerity,—the 'tanners playing the tragedy of Lucifer's fall, perhaps, or the water-carriers the comedy of Noah's flood.

III Staffordshire

This is the Black Country par excellence,—a county whose heraldic blazon should be the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. It belongs to the central plain of England, save on the north-east, where the end of the Pennine chain breaks into picturesque highlands. Its gently undulating reaches are still largely given over to agriculture, but the bulk of its population, the most of its energy and wealth, are concentrated in the manufacturing towns that so thickly stud the surface over its two coal-fields. northern is the last of that long line of coal-measures running down from Lancashire; the southern is much larger, though not so workable, and extends across all South Staffordshire. Both north and south, iron in rich quantities is found with the coal, so that for many years Staffordshire controlled the iron trade of the world. Of late, South Wales and other regions are successfully disputing its supremacy.

We had, in previous visits to England, crossed Staffordshire several times by train, and memory retained an unattractive impression of netted railways, forests of factory chimneys, and grimy miners sweethearting with rough pitgirls under smoke and cinders. If we must enter it now, the occasion seemed propitious for a trial of the automobile, a mode of conveyance which we had deemed too sacrilegious for the Border and the Lake Country.

Toward ten o'clock on an August morning-for the chauffeur, like our Cheshire coachman, could not be hurried over his "bit of breakfast"—we tucked ourselves and a confiding Shrewsbury lady into a snug motor car, and away we sped through north-eastern Shropshire across the county In a gasp or two, the name Eccleshall glimmered through the dust that flew against our goggles. This little town has one of the finest churches in the county, but the frenzy of speed was on us and we tore by. Suddenly we came upon the Trent, winding along, at what struck us as a contemptibly sluggish pace, down Staffordshire on its circuitous route to the Humber. We tooted our horn and honked up its western side to the Potteries. Here the machine suffered an attack of cramps, and while it was groaning and running around in a circle and pawing the air, we had our first opportunity to look about us.

The region known as the Potteries, the chief seat of the earthenware manufactures of England, consists of a strip of densely populated land in this upper basin of the Trent, a strip some ten miles long by two miles broad, whose serried towns and villages give the aspect of one continuous street. Within this narrow district are over three hundred potteries, whose employes number nearly forty thousand, apart from the accessory industries of clay-grinding, bonegrinding, flint-grinding, and the like. It draws on its own beds of coal and iron, but the china-clay comes from Cornwall by way of Runcorn and the Grand Trunk Canal, while for flints it depends on the south coast of England and on France. Genius here is named Josiah Wedgwood. This inventor of fine porcelains, whose "Queens' ware" gained him the title of "Queen's Potter," was born in 1759 at Burslem, which had been making brown butter-pots as far back as the days of Charles I. When Burslem grew too small for his enterprise, Wedgwood established the pottery village of Etruria, to which the automobile passionately refused to take us. It dashed us into Newcastle-under-Lyme, where we did not particularly want to go, and rushed barking by Stoke-

under-Trent, the capital of the Potteries and also-though we had not breath to mention it—the birthplace of Dinah Mulock Craik. In the last town of the line, Longtown, our machine fairly balked, and the chauffeur with dignity retired under it. A crowd of keen-faced men and children gathered about us, while we ungoggled to observe the endless ranks of house-doors opening into baby peopled passages and, looming through the murky air, the bulging ovens of the china factories. At last our monster snorted on again, wiggling up the hill sideways with a grace peculiar to itself and exciting vain hopes of a wreck in the hearts of our attendant urchins. It must have been the Potteries that disagreed with it, for no sooner were their files of chimneys left behind than it set off at a mad pace for Uttoxeter, on whose outskirts we "alighted." like Royalty, for a wayside luncheon of sandwiches, ale, and dust.

Uttoxeter is no longer the idle little town that Hawthorne found it, when he made pilgrimage thither in honor of Dr. Johnson's penance, for the good Doctor, heart-troubled for fifty years because, in boyhood, he had once refused to serve in his father's stead at the market bookstall, had doomed himself to stand, the whole day long, in the staring market-place, wind and rain beating against his bared grey head, "a central image of Memory and Remorse." Lichfield, Dr. Johnson's native city, commemorates this characteristic act by a bas-relief on the pedestal of the statue standing opposite the three-pillared house where the greatest of her sons was born.

While our chauffeur, resting from his labors under the hedge, genially entertained the abuse of a drunken tramp who was accusing us all of luxury, laziness, and a longing to run down our fellowmen, my thoughts turned wistfully to Lichfield, lying due south, to whose "Queen of English Minsters" we were ashamed to present our modern hippogriff. I remember waking there one autumnal morning, years ago, at the famous old inn of the Swan, and peering from my window to see that wooden bird, directly beneath

it, flapping in a rainy gale. The cathedral rose before the mental vision.—the grace of its three spires; its wonderful west front with tiers of saints and prophets and archangels. "a very Te Deum in stone;" the delicate harmonies of color and line within; the glowing windows of the Lady Chapel; the "heaven-loved innocence" of the two little sisters sculptured by Chantry, and his kneeling effigy of a bishop so benignant even in marble that a passing child slipped from her mother's hand and knelt beside him to say her baby prayers. What books had been shown me there in that quiet library above the chapter-house! I could still recall the richly illuminated manuscript of the "Canterbury Tales," a volume of Dr. South's sermon with Dr. Johnson's rough, vigorous pencil-marks all up and down the margins, and, treasure of treasures, an eighth-century manuscript of St. Chad's Gospels. For this is St. Chad's cathedral, still his, though the successive churches erected on this site have passed like human generations, each building itself into the next.

St. Chad, hermit and bishop, came from Ireland as an apostle to Mercia in the seventh century. Among his first converts were the king's two sons, martyred for their faith. Even in these far distant days, his tradition is revered, and on Holy Thursday the choristers of the cathedral still go in procession to St. Chad's Well, bearing green boughs and chanting. A century or so ago, the well was adorned with bright garlands for this festival. The boy Addison, whose father was Dean of Lichfield, may have gathered daffodils and primroses to give to good St. Chad.

The ancient city has other memories. Farquhar set the scene of his "Beaux' Stratagem" there. Major Andrè knew those shaded walks. In the south transept of the cathedral is the sepulchre of Garrick, whose death, the inscription tells us, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." It may be recalled that Hawthorne found it "really pleasant" to meet Lady Mary Wortley Montague's tomb in the minster, and

that Scott asserts there to used to be, in "moated Lichfield's lofty pile," a monument to Marmion whose castle stood a few miles to the south-east, at Tamworth.

But the motor-car, full-fed with gasoline, would brook no further pause. As self-important as John Hobs, the famous Tanner of Tamworth whom "not to know was to know nobody," it stormed through Uttoxeter and on, outsmelling the breweries of Burton-on-Trent. Ducks, hens, cats, dogs, babies, the aged and infirm, the halt and the blind scuttled to left and right. Policemen glared out at it from their "motor-traps" in the hedges. A group of small boys sent a rattle of stones against it. Rocester! Only three miles away were the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Croxden. We would have liked to see them, if only to investigate the story that the heart of King John is buried there, for we had never before heard that he had a heart, but while we were voicing our desire, we had already crossed the Dove and whizzed into Derbyshire.

Dovedale was our goal. This beautiful border district of Derby and Staffordshire abounds in literary associations. Near Ilam Hall, whose grounds are said to have suggested to Dr. Johnson the "happy valley" in "Rasselas," and in whose grotto Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor," stands the famous Isaak Walton Inn. The patron saint of the region is the Gentle Angler, who in these "flowery meads" and by these "crystal streams" loved to

"see a black-bird feed her young, Or a laverock build her nest." Here he would raise his

"low-pitched thoughts above Earth, or what poor mortals love."

On a stone at the source of the Dove, and again on the Fishing-House which has stood since 1674 "Piscatoribus sacrum," his initials are interlaced with those of his friend and fellow-fisherman Charles Cotton, the patron sinner of the locality. In Beresford Dale may be found the little cave where this gay and thriftless gentleman, author of the second

part of "The Complete Angler," used to hide from his creditors. At Wootton Hall Jean Jacques Rousseau once resided for over a year, writing on his "Confessions" and amusing himself scattering through Dovedale the seeds of many of the mountain plants of France. In a cottage at Church Mayfield, Moore wrote his "Lalla Rookh," and near Colwich Abbey once stood the house in which Handel composed much of the "Messiah."

We did not see any of these spots. The automobile would none of them. It whisked about giddily half an hour, ramping into the wrong shrines and out again, disconcerting a herd of deer and a pack of young fox-hounds, and then impetuously bolted back to Uttoxeter. There were antiquities all along the way—British barrows, Roman camps, medieval churches, Elizabethan mansions, but the dusty and odoriferous trail of our car was flung impartially over them all.

We shot through Uttoxeter and went whirring on. A glimpse of the hillside ruins of Chartley Castle brought a fleeting sorrow for Mary Queen of Scots. It was one of those many prisons that she knew in the bitter years between Cockermouth and Fotheringay—the years that whitened her bright hair and twisted her with cruel rheumatism. She was harried from Carlisle in Cumberland to Bolton Castle in Yorkshire and thence sent to Tutbury, on the Derby side of the Dove, in custody of the unlucky Earl of Shrewsbury and his keen-eyed, shrewish-tongued dame, Bess of Hardwick. But still the poor queen was shifted from one stronghold to another. Yorkshire meted out to her Elizabeth's harsh hospitality at Sheffield, Warwickshire at Coventry, Leicestershire at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Derbyshire at Wingfield Manor and Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall, even at Buxton, where she was occasionally allowed to go for the baths, and Staffordshire at Tixall and here at Chartley. It was while she was at Chartley, with Sir Amyas Paulet for her jailer, that the famous Babington conspiracy was hatched, and anything but an automobile would have stopped and searched for that

stone wall in which a brewer's boy deposited the incriminating letters, read and copied every one by Walsingham before they reached the captive.

At Weston we jumped the Trent again and pounded on to Stafford, the shoemaker's town, where we came near knocking two bicyclists into a ditch. They were plainspoken young men and, addressing themselves to the chauffeur, they expressed an unfavorable opinion of his character. Stafford lies halfway between the two coal-fields of the county. Directly south some fifteen miles is Wolverhampton, the capital of the iron manufacturing district. We remembered that Stafford was the birthplace of Isaak Walton, but it was too late to gain access to the old Church of St. Mary's which has his bust in marble and, to boot, the strangest font in England. We climbed the toilsome heights of Stafford Castle for the view it was too dark to see, and then once more delivered ourselves over to the champing monster which spun us back to Shrewsbury through a weird, infernal world flaring with tongues of fire.

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In a number of novels written within the past few years the scenes are laid in Cheshire or Lancashire. Without passing upon the respective merits of these works, the following may be mentioned:

John Ackworth's "The Scowcroft Critics;" Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks' "God's Providence House" and "The Manchester Man;" M. E. Francis' "Maime o' the Corner;" James Marshall Mather's "Lancashire Idylls;" W. B. Westfall's "The Old Factory."



John Burns and His Problems*

By John Graham Brooks

ROM a humble machinist to a cabinet minister is the history of John Burns. With the miner John Wilson, I met Burns at a fateful date in his career. It was the Industrial Remuneration Conference in 1885 which brought together in London a noteworthy list of English statesmen, scholars, economists, and industrial magnates.

It was an honest attempt to throw light on social and industrial questions by an organized discussion on a scale that never had been attempted. I had known nothing of the coming man except that he had turned socialist. No figure at the conference attracted me like his. There was a luminous intensity in those grave dark eyes that held me with extraordinary fascination. Neither did his talk fall below the expectation which this appearance excited. He had already seen the difficulties in becoming a revolutionary socialist after the Marx type. His practical English sense saved him from this. He was nevertheless ardently socialistic and hotly impatient of all conventional reforms. It was the issue that brought him to the front at that conference. The day following my talk with him, I went with Frederic Harrison to the hall where he, with Sir Charles

^{*}This is the second in a series of studies of famous Englishmen which will appear in The Chautauquan during the months from December to May. The complete list comprises Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter, December; John Burns, the English labor leader, by Mr. John Graham Brooks, January; Dean Stanley, the noted Churchman, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell.

Dilke and Arthur Balfour, were to read papers. Harrison's contribution was a brilliant plea, in the Positivist spirit, to seek a remedy for social disorders in moralizing the well-to-do classes.

All the fire in the young socialist was kindled by this address. I can still hear the fine scorn in his rich voice as he repeated the phrase, "Moralize the rich! Moralize capital! Can you moralize the lion about to devour the lamb? Can you moralize Sir Thomas Brassey out of his yacht?" Directly in front of me sat a lady wearing a delicately plumed hat of latest fashion. As this last phrase hissed at the audience, all the plumage of this costly head-gear shook with emotion, doubtless of merriment. A friend whispered to me, "That is Lady Brassey." Nor was it the hat alone which bent before this orator. From the first sentence he held the audience like a harp on which he played at will. From that hour John Burns was a new figure before the English public. Quite apart from his special views, he was seen to possess both power and rare intelligence.

I note this incident because it was also a kind of turning point in his career. With the exception of his speech from the dock defending himself against the charge of rioting in Trafalgar Square, I doubt if he ever made a more effective appeal. He had a singular gift of detaching himself from his subject as if he were there to defend a cause, as his Trafalgar Square speech was a plea for the unemployed rather than for himself. If this was art, it was concealed as only a great artist could do it.

From this time on, either in Battersea or London, Burns was the bearer of heavy and definite responsibilities. His long service on committees for the unemployed subjected his practical energy to the severest tests. Here, too, began the discipline which taught him the great lessons which he has learned so well. He knows that socialism is politics—that the game can be played effectively only through political action. He learned, too, that politics is compromise and cannot win apart from those concessions which are anathema

to the doctrinaire socialist. In 1889 he took his seat in the London County Council and in the following summer led the famous Dock Strike with a success which made him the most popular man in that great city among two millions of people. It was doubtless owing to the extreme temperance of his daily life—touching neither tobacco nor liquors—that he was enabled to meet the terrible strain of that long contest.

In the County Council he began at once to fight for a "living wage" and shortened hours of labor. He insisted that all contractors working for the Council should be forced to recognize this higher standard of labor. "We will have no employer working for the city who does not deal with labor up to the standard of wages and hours that we fix." Note that John Burns will also "moralize the employer" as well as Mr. Harrison. The socialist will not, however, wait for persuasion or appeals to conscience. He will fix his higher standard by compulsion and enforce it with legal penalties.

That a city should do its own housekeeping directly instead of through contractors, as we do in our own cities sounds harmless enough. We let contractors bid against each other or form a ring and pretend to bid against each other. When the contract for sewer, schoolhouse, or city hall is secured, then the employer may hire whom he will at any price. Against this John Burns has set his face like flint. For nothing has he striven harder than to eliminate the private contractor and have the County Council hire its own labor with hours and wages fixed, not by competition, but by a "standard of income and of leisure which makes possible a decent family life."

This principle is strictly socialistic in the sense that it aims to make the city take profits rather than the individual employer. Thus the city must own the cars upon the streets and the boats upon the Thames. Gas, water and telephone are to pass from private to public hands and indeed innu-

merable activities hitherto in control of private persons and private corporations.

It is with this socialistic policy that we instinctively connect the name of John Burns. When he was elected to Parliament in 1892, he straightway began to urge the same policy upon the general government. He was as instantly a recognized power in Parliament as he was in the County Council. It was noted that he spoke but rarely and never without such care in preparation of his matter as to win the ear and respect of the entire house. He is to be sharply distinguished from the mere orator in this, that he always has in hand specific practical proposals for which he takes his full share of responsibility.

When first in Parliament his penetrating study of evils in the War Office at once won the respect of his present chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "Burns talks with the best of them, but he also acts with the best of them," was the praise he won. At this point we find him absorbed in the full active program of patient, step-by-step reforms, sanitation, decent tenements, changes in the prisons, employers' liability for accidents, dangerous trades, which the impatient and undisciplined socialist scornfully writes down as "plasters for wooden legs."

It is at this time, too, that one hears many of the old followers sound a critical and even contemptuous note against the "Idol of Tower Hill." I was in London at the end of Burns' first year in Parliament. Asking one of Burns' socialistic co-workers, I was amazed to hear him say, "Oh, John is sold out. He has become a fakir with the worst of them." I hasten to say that this was as unjust as it was untrue. I record it because it marks a tragic element inseparable from such a career. Hundreds of English socialists have the same bitter words on their lips.

The French socialist Millerand goes as minister into the cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau. He votes three times for measures that are not socialistic, because he has to meet the actual exigencies of party politics. He is called before

the party councils from which he is cast out as a "renegade to the cause." This is of course far more natural on the continent than in England, but even there if John Burns holds his own as a responsible minister without losing the sympathy of the Battersea workingman, two things will be proved: First, that he possesses constructive political talent almost of the highest order; second, that socialism is itself to become a rather commonplace branch of progressive politics.

It is certain that his real test is yet before him. His policy of "municipal trading" is still under judgment. There are features of it bright with promise and others full of doubt. If the policy succeeds, John Burns together with the Webbs will go down among the great names in English reform history.

The other test to which he must submit is separable from the first because of the life-long emphasis which Mr. Burns has put upon it: The question of the unemployed. No government has yet shown the slightest capacity to deal fundamentally and organically with this problem. Especially in England, the causes of out of work are so lost in far-off currents of world traffic that the sources of the trouble can neither be reached nor controlled. The root evil is that there is not work enough of a kind that all can do. Can government make it—not temporarily or for some stress in time or place, but as an ordered social policy? John Burns believes this possible. He has only contempt for the ordinary charity methods. Even of farm colonies he writes, "uneconomic, wasteful, in the future, as in the present and past, to be a futile remedy for their workless condition."

However meanly, work is now done because it pays. It is in some degree productive work; earning something beyond its cost. It will be easy to set the workless thousands at tasks which do not pay and which the whole body of tax payers must make good. This we have been doing for centuries. Can this masterful labor leader now employ the idle directly by the state and city and leave no huge deficit

for the public to make good? Can he use the workless to cut streets, restore waste lands, plant forests, build model tenements and avoid the thing he hates, "charity?" If the public has to "make good" it is still failure from the socialist point of view. The task of Hercules was as child's play to this. The probable truth is that society as now organized cannot furnish paying work for its submerged tenth, because these have become too inefficient to reach the paying standard.

It is, however, unfair to create difficulties at this point. The new Minister has made it clear that every national energy is to be directed toward a popular technical and scientific education that shall become a part of the whole English discipline, "leaving no coming child without a training that shall fit it fully for the new standards of our time." If any society can rise to this thought of universal compulsory education that shall leave every child under its influence until the seventeenth year, what a host of baffling difficulties would vanish! Child labor, much that is worst in our competition, sweating, the unemployed, one and all would get immeasurable relief. It is thus probably only fair to assume that this dream of "a decently educated race" is part and parcel of the larger plans he has at heart.

I have saved until the last what seems most distinctive and also most promising in his policy. To the inquiry, "What is the greatest political change you have observed in your career?" Gladstone is reported as saying, "The transfer of social questions into politics." It is to deepen and complete this change that Burns will give his full strength. With the stately succession of English statesmen, we instinctively connect the great strategy of foreign diplomacy. Bright, Cobden, Gladstone set themselves in their different ways against the dominance of these world issues, trying to fix the attention more and more upon the social and industrial needs of England. All that Burns has been and may become will be identified with this home politics: sanitation, adequate housing, reform of the poor laws, the unemployed,

hours and conditions of labor, education provisions and criminal procedure, agriculture, more equal taxes, are illustrations of the new "social politics."

It is perhaps less known that this "leader of mobs." as he was called in the eighties, lays the noblest stress upon definite moral responsibilities. As a preacher of temperance in its larger sense, he has few peers in England, Listen to recent words of his. Our foes, he says, "are not external, but of our own household. In out wasteful government, our boastful policies, our riotous appetites, our disthe warning of other regard of times lie In war, drink, betting, gambling we must seek the real cause for any difficulty there may be in our industrial instincts, physical endurance, mechanical ability. or consuming capacity. Let us repress our vices, chasten our lusts, discipline our pleasures, exalt our thoughts, and elevate to the greatest height of public approval the maker of things, the producer of wealth, whose place is now unworthily occupied by the financier, speculator and plutocrat. Let us give to the arts of peaceful industry what for ten years have been given to the disturbance of the world's peace and the shaking of our credit, and if not checked, the frittering away in vainglorious policies, the fine fettle of the best productive forces of the greatest industrial people of the world."

This was not fustian. It is the straight opinion of one who has practiced it before men in his daily life.

To set the spirit of this noble sobriety as an ideal before the workingmen of England—to embody it politically in the larger life of the country may fairly be written down as the aim of "honest John Burns."

REVIEW QUESTIONS: THE READING JOURNEY

I. What are the striking characteristics of Liverpool? 2. How does Manchester contrast with Liverpool? 3. What famous inventors are the heroes of this region? 4. How do Northern and Southern Lancashire differ? 5. What are the associations of Peele Castle? 6. What is the history of Furness Abbey? 7. What points of interest lie near to Furness? 8. What is the present state of

Swarthmoor Hall? 9. What relations had Judge Fell with the Quakers? 10. What unsavory memories cluster about Pendle Hill? 11. What has been the history of Stonyhurst? 12. What treasures does it contain? 13. What is the story of the Abbot of Whalley? 14. What is the story of the legend of the Spanish Lady? 15. For what service is Mrs. Gaskell remembered? 16. What are the industries of Cheshire? 17. What distinctive features has Chester? 18. Who is the most famous of the Staffordshire potters? 19. What was Dr. Johnson's penance? 20. Who was St. Chad? 21. What varied associations has Lichfield? 22. What memories cluster about Dovedale?

REVIEW QUESTIONS: JOHN BURNS.

I. Describe Mr. Burns' appearance at the Conference in 1885. 2. When did he become a member of the London County Council? 3. What was his relation to the great Dock Strike? 4. How did he begin his fight for the "living wage?" 5. How was this struggle socialistic? 6. What impression did he make upon Parliament? 7. How was the socialist attitude toward him changed? 8. What great questions is he facing at the present time? 9. Why is the question of the unemployed particularly difficult in England? 10. What are some of Burns' theories regarding this question? 11. What educational conditions might have influence upon the situation? 12. What are some of the questions which enter into the new "social politics?" 13. What does Burns say are the "foes" of England?

SEARCH QUESTIONS

I. Who was James Martineau? 2. What was the Massacre of Peterloo? 3. What poem commemorates the fate of Lycidas? 4. Who are the Rochdale Pioneers? 5. Of what famous poems was Mrs. Hemans the author? 6. Who was Rossetti? 7. Why is Bishop Heber very widely known? 8. Who was "The Cheshire Cat?" 9. Who was Karl Marx? 10. What views are held by the Positivists? II. Of what books is Frederic Harrison the author? 12. For what is Sir Thomas Brassey's yacht famous? 13. Who are the Webbs? 14. What was the cause of the Dock Strike of 1890?

End of February Required Reading, pages 145-205.



The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

V. The Staging of "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet"

By Carl H. Grabo

IN our brief study of stage conditions in Shakespeare's time some examination of typical plays is necessary to familiarize us with practical problems of stage management. Such detailed investigation can of course be interesting and enlightening only as we endeavor to visualize each situation of the play as suggested by the lines and by the meager stage directions. Comment upon the course of action cannot determine the staging as actually presented for the reason that several explanations are often possible in our insufficient knowledge of stage conditions. To raise a problem is, however, valuable exercise, for it puts dramatic technique at once upon its matter-of-fact material basis and disabuses us of critical affectations. We shall cease to talk of "inspiration." Instead we shall see practical difficulties as met by a practical playwright. Perhaps the differences of meaning suggested by the terms "playwright" and "dramatist" will serve to make our purpose clear. We shall here put the emphasis upon Shakespeare the playwright.

For our study the earliest editions of the plays selected, "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet," will be used. Editors subsequent to Shakespeare have introduced directions which are useful under modern stage conditions but which give a perverted notion of the stage presentations as managed by Shakespeare himself. Our purpose will be to visualize the production of the two plays under conditions peculiar to the Elizabethan stage.

"Macbeth" was first printed in the Folio edition of Shakespeare published in 1623 by Heminge and Condell, two actors who had been associated with Shakespeare in



the management of the Globe theater and who had access to the manuscript copies of his plays. These acting versions were the property of the Globe and their publication in full was a somewhat unusual action at a time when plays were but seldom considered as literature worthy of preservation. The publication of the plays is therefore excellent testimony to the widespread and continued interest of the public in Shakespeare and his work.

It is an interesting fact to be noted in an examination of the First Folio that act and scene divisions are indicated in some plays and in others are not. As a matter of stage management such division was seemingly of no importance and when indicated in the Folio it was probably out of deference to readers who may be supposed to have had some acquaintance with classical productions. There seems to be no attempt at uniformity, however.

"Macbeth" in the Folio of 1623 is divided into acts and scenes as in modern editions, but whereas modern editors attempt to define the location of each scene, in the First Folio no such attempt is made. The scene of action was the stage—not a "desert place" or Macbeth's castle. Where such accurate location is essential sufficient indication is supplied by the lines of the play.

An Act I, and scene I, the direction reads *Thunder and Lightning. Enter three* Witches. It would be interesting to know the methods by which thunder and lightning were indicated, but aside from this, the scene is of no interest from the point of view of stage setting. No properties seem to be required, nor is any particular location supposed.

Scene 2 bears the heading Alarum within, meaning within the tiring house at the rear of the stage. Thereupon enter Duncan and his nobles with the bleeding sergeant, or as the Folio reads, "Captain." Scene 3, with the direction Thunder reintroduces the witches and from the prophetic remark of the first scene we assume the place to be a heath. To them enter Macbeth and Banquo to hear the fatal and misleading prophecy of greatness. Without indication of any

change follows scene 4 between Duncan, his nobles, and Macbeth and Banquo. No stage properties seem to be required and we may suppose the action to move rapidly upon the front stage.

Scene 5 bears the simple direction Enter Macbeth's wife reading a letter. No particular location is necessary though we may assume the place to be Macbeth's castle. The following scene which bears the direction Hautboys and torches evidently suggests evening for otherwise the torches would be unnecessary. Yet it cannot be very dark for Duncan comments upon the beautiful situation of the castle beloved of the "temple-haunting martlet." The discussion serves to locate the scene with acccuracy. Duncan and his train are evidently before the castle of Macbeth. At the conclusion of the scene Lady Macbeth conducts Duncan into the castle and during the next few scenes we may assume the front and back stage to represent parts of the castle, the exact situation to be determined as occasion demands.

The determination of scene is illustrated in an interesting manner by the stage direction introducing the fatal dialogue of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth which leads to the murder. The direction reads: Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth. The purpose of this direction is, obviously, to set both the time and the place of the action. Dinner is about to be served in the banqueting hall. Duncan and his retinue have retired for the time being and in the interval Macbeth wrestles once more with himself before deciding upon the murder.

Act II, scene I, has the direction Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch before him, implying a night scene. From the lines we infer that Banquo is preparing for bed. We do not assume a bed chamber scene, however, for Banquo, shortly after the entrance of Macbeth, retires. Macbeth delivers a gloomy soliloquy and makes his exit upon the ringing of a bell. By the simplest of stage management we get the effect of ominous quiet, in the castle, at some late hour

of the night. The succession of monologues and dialogues free from all bustle serves to convey the desired impression. We need no stage setting whatsoever nor any accurate location of scene other than the lines supply.

Upon the magnificent dialogue of Macbeth with Lady Macbeth intrudes the direction *Knocks within*. The actors make their exit after Lady Macbeth has in a line made the location of the scene particularly accurate:

"I hear a knocking At the south entry."

The following scene introduces the Porter who serves a double dramatic purpose. First of all he relieves the gloom of the preceding scene and creates a lull which is admirable preparation for the rapid and dramatic scene which ensues. In the second place his monologue serves to give the illusion of elapsed time. Upon the entrance of Macbeth to Lennox we may understand by the line "Good morrow, noble sir," that the day has come, and feel that sufficient time has elapsed to make the greeting plausible. In the stage management of the Porter's scene nothing is required but the knocking at the stage door. Modern editions bear the direction *Open the gate*, at the conclusion of the soliloquy, but this is not to be found in the Folio.

The bustle attendant upon the conclusion of the scene is well conveyed by the frequent exits and entrances of the numerous characters. Lady Macbeth faints and, we may assume, is carried out, although the direction is not in the Folio. Scene 4 between Ross and an Old Man and Macduff has no definite setting. It serves to forward the action of the play by summarizing events, and creates, like the Porter's scene, the impression of elapsed time.

During the two acts which we have so far considered we have found no necessity for any stage setting or use of the back stage or balcony. Rapid movement and accurate lines have sufficed to create the desired illusion. Our interest is focussed upon the narrative of the play.

The first three scenes of Act III may likewise be pre-

sented upon the front stage without the aid of scenery. But with scene 4 we demand some accessories. We may readily assume that the back stage has been set with the banqueting table and that the curtain is drawn as the scene opens. The direction reads simply A banquet prepared. Chairs about the table are required, for Macbeth invites his guests to be seated and a little later the ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth's place. Incidentally the dialogue with the murderer indicates a possible bit of stage business in the scene preceding. The murderer states that Banquo lies "safe in a ditch." It is possible, therefore, that Banquo when killed was thrown into the trap, thus clearing the stage.

Scene 5 returns again to the heath we may assume, for the direction reads, *Thunder*. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate. Later a stage direction reads Music and a song within, indicating music within the tiring house doors. Scene 6, again, has no definite location, and we advance to the more elaborate scene which introduces Act IV.

The earlier scenes of the weird sisters do not seem to have required any stage apparatus. In this scene, however, considerable mechanism seems to be essential. A caldron, with perhaps a fire under it, is demanded, first of all; then some arrangement by which the apparitions appear and descend as the direction reads. For this latter a trap door in the stage would suffice if well managed. The apparitions might appear from the rear of the stage and descend in turn upon the mechanism contrived. More plausibly they appeared through the stage trap and descended in the same way. Between each descent and apparition there is an interval which would allow of any necessary preparation of the apparatus. The last show of eight kings must however, have appeared from the rear of the stage. It is hardly possible that the trap could have cared for so many and it is to be noted that there is no mention of the manner of exit. Probably the "show" merely filed in one entrance and out another. We shall not be far wrong, therefore, if we assign this scene to the back stage, convenient of access to the various apparitions. Moreover the removal of the mechanism as far as possible from the audience would tend to minimize disturbing imperfections in its operation. And lastly, it is not an impossible surmise that the direction The Witches dance, and then vanish means that the draw curtain was pulled quickly leaving Macbeth standing before it staring at nothing.

Act V presents a number of short active scenes none of which seems to demand any stage furnishings. Presumably they all occur on the front stage. They require little individual comment, but collectively they are an interesting evidence of the skill with which Shakespeare's plays were adapted to the stage conditions of his time. The rapid alternation of opposite forces, the bustle and noise, all aid in creating an atmosphere of war and discord. A modern presentation with a drop curtain between the scenes would destroy the flow of the action. Staged after the Shakespearean manner they would be highly effective.

A stage direction which appears in the last scene of the play in the First Folio is of interest here. At the point where Macbeth and Macduff make their exit fighting the Folio appends the direction Enter fighting and Macbeth slain. This is not copied by modern editors. If the direction is accurate it involves us in some trouble, for if Macbeth is slain upon the stage his body must be removed by Macduff, who appears shortly after with Macbeth's head. There is no mention in the Folio of such a disposition of the body.

"Macbeth" is perhaps not such an interesting problem in stage management as is "Romeo and Juliet," which we shall discuss next. But the gain in effectiveness made possible by unlocated scenes free from stage properties, and of freedom from waits between acts and scenes must be apparent to all. A little judicious stage management would in two instances have permitted the play to proceed without any delays whatsoever. This desired result could have been obtained by the simple use of a back stage curtained off from the front stage. In the majority of instances there was,

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however, no division at all between the parts of the stage. The entire stage became merely one place and the audience relied upon the lines of the play for a more definite direction whenever such a direction was necessary.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The study of the stage problems incident upon the presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" is complicated by the quarto editions of the play published many years before the Folio. The First Quarto published in 1597 was probably a pirated edition based upon notes taken by a reporter at public performances of the play. The text is very imperfect, but the stage directions are interesting from the fact that the reporter probably noted the stage mechanism in actual operation. The Second Quarto, much more complete in text and stage directions, was published in 1599. The play was also included in the Folio of 1623.

In neither the Quartos nor the Folio is there any division into acts and scenes. The action of the play proceeds uninterruptedly. Exact location of scene is, as in "Macbeth," indicated by the lines of the play, although stage properties have in this case an important part.

The first three scenes of the first act as divided in modern editions proceed upon the front stage. They require no accessories nor do they need to be accurately located. The entry of the masquers in scene 4, accompanied by torches indicates a night scene but again no properties are demanded.

Scene 5 introduces the device previously noted in "Macbeth." The stage direction in the Second Quarto and the Folio reads Servingmen come forth with napkins. There is some talk of shifting stools and a cupboard but how complete the furnishings are we are unable to say. The introduction of the servants provides admirably for any necessary changes in the setting of the stage. It serves also to suggest an interior scene and preparation for some festivity, and upon the appearance of Capulet as host we are sure of the exact location. Capulet calls for music and the

THE MOST EX

cellent and lamentable

Tragedie, of Romeo

and smeet

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:

As it both bene fundry times publiquely acted, by the right Floriougable the Lord Chamberlaine his Semants.



Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be fold at his shop neare the Exchange.

1599.

stage direction reads music plays and they dance. Then follow the lines addressed by Capulet to the servants:

"More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up, And quench the fire, the room has grown too.hot."

How many of these accessories were upon the stage we cannot say. It is possible that the lines suffice, but tables at least would seem to be at hand, and, as the scene was at night, torches, also,

Act II introduces some interesting problems. Benvolio pursuing Romeo says,

"He ran this way and leaped this orchard wall."

There is no direction in the Quartos or Folio which implies the existence of a wall though modern editions bear the direction He climbs the wall and leaps down within it. I incline to the belief that there was no stage property indicating a wall. A not unreasonable explanation is that Romeo vaulted the low railing which the "Roxana" cut shows to have surrounded the stage. Such a mingling of actors with the audience is not without precedent. This action together with the lines would serve as well as a more realistic representation.

Upon the exit of Benvolio Romeo reappears and says, "But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"

This we may take to be in the balcony above the back stage. Juliet's chamber we may suppose to be behind the balcony and the balcony itself to serve literally as a balcony or as a window to the chamber. Romeo stands below in the ensuing dialogue. We can hardly imagine the front stage representing a garden as described by Romeo. No attempt at staging was in all probability made, and the lines were left to do their work unaided:

"Lady by yonder blessed moon I swear That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

Succeeding scenes offer little of interest until the death of Mercutio and Tybalt in Act III, scene 1. Mercutio it is to be observed is assisted from the stage mortally wounded. The Prince says later of Tybalt, "Bear hence this body." Both instances occur naturally enough yet their purpose is merely to clear the stage. They have no dramatic significance.

Scene 5 of Act III bears in the First Ouarto the direction Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window. In the Second Ouarto and the Folio the direction reads. Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft. From both directions we infer obviously that the scene is in the balcony which represents Juliet's chamber. This is confirmed by two directions which appear in the First Quarto, but which do not appear in the Second Ouarto or the Folio. The first of these relating to the Nurse is She goeth down from the window. This is followed a few lines later by a direction concerning Romeo. He goeth down. The question of the means of descent arises. Should Romeo descend by some stair within the room at the rear of the balcony he would be momentarily out of sight of the audience and the illusion of place would be somewhat shattered. A simple explanation is that Romeo uses the ladder of cords mentioned previously. There is no direction to this effect, however, and we have simply to take it for granted. The Nurse presumably makes her exit at the rear. unseen.

No change in this scene is indicated after the departure of Romeo. We must therefore assume that the remainder of the action continues in Juliet's chamber represented by the balcony above the stage.

Scenes I and 2 of Act IV are presumably front stage scenes. With scene 3 a problem arises. The place is obviously Juliet's chamber but it is not certain that the balcony is here used. The back stage may be used instead, for the concluding direction reads, She falls upon her bed within the curtains. That this means the curtain before the back stage is not, of course, clear. The curtains may have been merely the curtains to the bed and the bed itself may have been either upon the back stage or in the balcony. A possible stage arrangement can be figured out for both cases though neither is susceptible of absolute proof. In the First

The most lamentable Tragedie

Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts case, harts case, O. and you will have me live, play harts case.

Fidler. Why harts eafe?

Peter. O Mulnions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full:

Minstrels. Not a damp we, this no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then give it you foundly.

Minft. What will you give vs?

Peter No money on my faith, but the gleeke-

I will give you the Minstrell.

Mosfirel. Then will I give you the Serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the feruing-creatures dagger on your I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, lle fa (pate. You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and favs, you note vs.

2. M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.

Then have at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-heate you with an you wit, and put vp my Answere me like men. (you dagger.

When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then mulique with her filuer found.

Why filuer found, why mufique, with her filuer found, what fay you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary fir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. M. I say filter found, because Musitions sound for filter.

Peter. Prates to, what lay you Tames found post?

3. M. Faith I know not what to fay.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.

I will fay for you, it is mulique with her filuet found,

Because Mulitions have no gold for sounding:

Then Musique with her filter sound with speedy helpdoth. Lend redresse.

Exit.

The Staging of Plays

this body." Both instances occur name. heir purpose is merely to clear the stage ==anc significance.

Scene 5 of Act III bears in the First Exter Romeo and Juliet at the wind 2nd the Folio the direction re-From both direct, es we ...

The same is in the balance which enjoye This confirmed by two dames, as Tan beat his di no see

"יg edi-1 10Se-.d seem Further er to the 3 dialogue mits alter-

rst scene of x stage when igh the stage v determined, ms involved. the usual direc-

g sidelight upon ction reads Enter median in his day eter seems to have t upon his fortunes f Act V as printed in ould read Enter Rore reads Enter Romeo , it would seem played The compositor appame of the actor himself

s of interest to us in our As a practical dramatist plays to existing conditions, t his command. A popular some role even in a tragedy, akespeare created some of his dramatic history of the Globe ght shed much interesting light s which modified Shakespeare's nust admit, however, that Shakei what, to an inferior dramatist,

rassing hindrances.

Act V presents no difficulties of staging until the third scene. Paris then enters bearing flowers, and as Quarto I adds, sweet water. A few lines further Paris says:

"Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew." At this point the First Ouarto bears the direction, Paris strews the tomb with flowers. This specific statement and the mention of tombs in Henslowe's Diary is convincing proof of the existence of a stage property of some preten-Its exact form and size we cannot determine but it obviously was large enough to contain Juliet's bier. It was we should think upon the back stage, for the preceding scene between Friars John and Lawrence was probably upon the front stage. During the course of this not very important dialogue, the tomb and accessories might have been put in position upon the back stage. Our alternative explanation is that the tomb was brought on openly between the scenes. Because of the probable size of the tomb and likewise because of the fact that it contains Juliet this hypothesis seems un-But though placed upon the back stage the tomb when broken open by Romeo must have been so constructed as to reveal Juliet to all the spectators, for Romeo dies beside her and she, when she awakes and stabs herself, is within the tomb still.

Upon the death of Juliet we find no further stage problem which needs to be discussed. No additional properties are required and the action is presumably upon the combined front and back stages.

All readers of Shakespeare who study each scene as a definite problem in practical stage management will perceive the necessity of some such examination as we have attempted. There may well be variety of interpretation. Provided that the reader understands the problem involved such diversity of explanation is of secondary importance.

In the next and last article we shall endeavor to point out the effect of Elizabethan stage conditions upon Shakespeare's dramatic method. Our discussion cannot be exhaustive, but several general conclusions may be drawn.

The Camp of the Unemployed at Levenshulme, Manchester

By Katharine Coman

Professor of Economics, Wellesley College.

C INCE the bloody comedy of Peterloo, Manchester has Deen the center of working-class discontent in England. The cotton factories and allied industries have brought together here at the junction of the Irk and the Irwell a population of one million souls dependent, directly or indirectly, on an industry whose prosperity hinges on the price of its raw material. Two years ago Daniel Sully's cotton corner brought the price of cotton-wool up to famine rates, and the industry was prostrated. Richard Howarth of the Ordsall mills, "young Master Richard," went to America and bought his cotton supply in advance of the boom and so kept his spindles going; but most of the mills in the district shut down or ran only three days a week throughout the summer, and thousands of men and women were thrown out of employment. Times are better now. All the mills are running at full speed and most of the operatives find employment; but the aftermath of such slack seasons is always serious. Not every man thrown out of work was restored to his groove in the industrial mechanism. Depression in other lines. notably in the building trades has added to the wreckage. Begging is not permitted in Manchester, and the hundred more or less apparent frauds by which the London poor filch pennies from the wayfarer, are not practiced. The local committee operating under the Unemployed Workmen's Act has provided for a few hundreds only-not half the men and women applying for aid. Many artisans' families have been slowly eating into their little savings bank accounts for two years past and now find themselves perilously near the verge of ruin.

Early in July a dozen such men, under the lead of Arthur

Smith, an unskilled laborer and secretary of the Unemployed Aid Society, started a settlement for the unemployed on unused glebe land belonging to Holy Trinity, Levenshulme. The object was not so much to provide work for needy men as to demonstrate the natural connection between idle soil and idle labor. Under similar auspices other experiments were soon after undertaken. The unemployed of West Ham took possession of vacant town land at Playstow in East London. The men of Bradford seized a field belonging to the Midland Railroad Company. The settlers were avowed socialists, and property-owners became concerned lest the example prove contagious. The rector of Holy Trinity, Rev. H. A. Hudson, who at first had been inclined to allow the experiment to proceed, under suitable auspices, now put in a formal protest and secured an injunction forbidding the three leaders, Arthur Smith, A. S. Gray and "Captain" Williams, from trespassing on the glebe land. The men thus enjoined withdrew and went to Bradford, new leaders were appointed, new men were taken in, and the encampment continued in full force.

Levenshulme is a working-class quarter of Manchester about twenty minutes by tram from Albert Square. It is a region of small dwellings and provision shops, notably clean and tidy and quite free from slums. The guard of the street car grinned when we asked for the unemployed camp, but good-naturedly pointed out Matthews Lane. The well set-up employee of a corporation tram-line had little sympathy for the under dog. He was going home to a six o'clock supper and had no quarrel with the social order. At the end of the lane we came upon a square of open ground, surrounded on four sides by trim brick cottages, each with its plot of flower beds. A placard announced rentals with garden allotment at 5s., 6s., and 7s. per week-selling prices from £250 to £500. On the farther half of the green some boys were playing cricket. The camp stood in the foreground, a striking contrast to this characteristic English setting. Two turf-built enclosures about twenty feet square

and four feet high, each with a tent in the center, furnished shelter: the smoke curling up from an open-air fire place suggested food. It looked amazingly like a miner's hut at Cripple Creek or an adobe corral on the plains. There was however, no conscious imitation. The men had simply made use of the material at hand. Lacking lumber or bricks and mortar, they had taken up the sod and built a substantial wall. One of the tents was carpeted with straw for bedding. The other was furnished with chairs, tables and simple cooking utensils. A square rod or so of land had been spaded up and planted to cabbages. These were apparently growing apace. but they could be of no immediate use. My suggestion that lettuce and radishes would have been ready for market and a source of income, was received with mild surprise. The camp has subsisted off the contributions of friends and visitors and the sale of the inevitable picture postal cards.

The leader. Chadwick, was a tall large-boned man with dreamy grey eyes, suggestive of Irish antecedents. In answer to my questions he said that he was a cementer thrown out of work by the collapse of the building trades. It was not true that the campers were vagabonds or unemployables. Forty-two men had left to take up good jobs since the camp was opened. A gentleman who came last week and asked for three laborers was supplied, somewhat to his own annoyance, for he had expected to prove that the unemployed did not want work. Chadwick supposed that the injunction would be served on him next; but "it couldn't hurt," and another man would take his place. "You see," chimed in a pale little man with the rapt face of a devotee, "we're bound to show people that something ought to be done. The real unemployed hide away in quiet, and you know only the loafers, tramps and beggars. We are all likely to end so. God knows, if things go on as they are. Two years ago when the council wouldn't believe his statement that there were ten thousand unemployed in Manchester, the mayor had an enquiry made and they found fifteen thousand, but nothing came of that. Ten thousand Manchester men volunteered for the South African war.

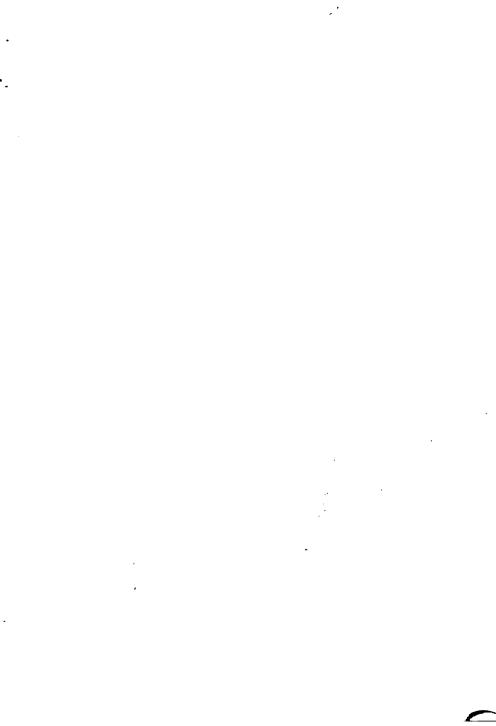
and the medical inspectors rejected nine thousand of them for physical incapacity. They had defective eyesight or weak chests or flat feet and were not up to a ten-mile march under arms. The same thing happened in every factory town in England. Then the government ordered an investigation, and the commissioners discovered what we had known all along, that the child of the twenty shilling a week workman is underfed. At six years of age he begins to show signs of deterioration. At fourteen years he is two inches shorter than a well-fed boy, stoop-shouldered and thinblooded as well. Bobbin-doffing requires all the endurance he possesses, but he gets no better food and quickly uses up his little stock of surplus energy. At eighteen he is turned out of the spinning-mill disqualified for any trade. He becomes a 'corner man' living nobody knows how, until he is taken up for disturbing the peace. One way or another, he's sure to come upon the rates before he dies. Suppose the poor man's son has the luck to escape the factory and learn a trade. He gets living wages for twenty or thirty years and then he is thrown out. A man of forty-five is useless now-a-days. His job is given to a more likely workman. This has been going on for a hundred years, and it gets worse and worse. We have come to a pass where we can't take it patiently any longer. All we ask now is fair opportunity to earn our own living, and we mean that they shall give us a chance at the land. What do I think of John Burns' speech? I believe he understands. Some of my friends think he knows too well on which side his bread is buttered, but I am ready to trust him. He doesn't care anything for that £2,000 a year. He wants power—power to use for the good of the people among whom he was born. Afforestation and anti-erosion schemes don't go to the root of the matter, true; but John Burns sees beyond that. Every wage-earner will feel the benefit. The men that get government employment will not be hanging about the docks and factory gates. When the boss wants to cut a man's wages he can't say, 'If you don't like it vou can leave. A hundred men as good as you are waiting for your job.' The crown lands? Yes. That comes nearer to being what we want. Of course we cannot make a living here," with a sidelong glance at the cabbages, "this is only an argument. We have already brought Lord Carrington to the point of offering a thousand acre tract of crown land at Burwell in ten-acre allotments. They say the government means to put up a cottage for each holding and to lend the men money with which to stock their farms. Let them carry out that plan in good faith and we'll show them we mean what we say."

Supper seemed to be imminent, so we bought our postals and withdrew. As we left the ground a housewife, seated arms akimbo in the doorway of her tiny cottage, called out derisively: "Tak' home one of they cabbages, do. They'se so be-e-eautiful?" Her husband removed his pipe to add, "It's a life of pleasure as long as the summer lasts, and I would no moin' takin' it on myself. Next to nothin' to do, and collectin' money for your keep. That's na hardship, is it?" Evidently these prophets of industrial reform have little honor in their country. The British artisan has small sympathy with visionary projects and is prone to gauge success by material achievement. Was it George Eliot who noted that while the French proletarian talked of liberty, fraternity, etc., his English brother organized a trade union for the sake of advancing his wages a shilling a week?

August fifteenth witnessed the eviction of the campers. The Reverend Hudson's solicitor went to the spot accompanied by a squad of policemen, and ordered the men off the land. There was no resistance. Chadwick said only, "I think you might have given us some notice." Twenty minutes sufficed to level the turf walls with the ground and remove the tents and other belongings to the king's highway. Then the cabbages were uprooted and shouting children carried off armfuls of the green stuff to their rabbit huts. The morning's Guardian published an open letter from Arthur Smith to the rector of Holy Trinity protesting against forcible eviction as an act of bad faith. "But there will come a day of

reckoning, Sir. Remember your own Scriptures, 'God will not always be mocked.' As for me, the unemployed, and those who work for them, we shall go on until that day comes when 'the land is for the people and the fulness thereof'." The evicted men held a demonstration at Holy Trinity the following Sunday evening when many of the unemployed of Manchester attended the vesper service. This suggests a demonstration held in Boston a dozen years ago when Morrison I. Swift led a band of unemployed to Trinity Church. Indeed, the whole movement savors something of Coxey's army, though it arises from discontent far more deep-seated and abiding than was occasioned by our last financial crisis. The unemployed problem is not peculiar to England, but the chronic difficulty has been aggravated there by a general industrial depression. The cotton famine of four years since, the loss of foreign markets consequent on American and German competition, burdensome taxation entailed by the Boer war and other minor causes have checked business enterprise along many lines and thrown thousands of men and women out of work. The number of bona fide laborers now unemployed is estimated at four per cent. of the total industrial army. The figure seems insignificant, but the proportion has steadily increased since 1900, and one twenty-fifth of the would-be wage-eaners is never a negligible quantity. Tramps infest the rural districts and in the towns pauperism is everywhere on the increase.

There is no single solution of the problem. Comparatively few of the unemployed could work land to advantage even if put in full possession. The Salvation Army on its farm colonies is endeavoring to fit men for agriculture. The Bureau of Emigration is assisting unemployed artisans to remove to Canada, South Africa, and other British colonies where there is dearth of laborers. The Liberal ministry may adopt John Burns' suggestion and undertake extensive government works for the sake of furnishing employment to superfluous wage-earners. So the supply of labor may be adjusted to the diminished demand.



Reynolds was a powerful interpreter of character, so was John Constable a skilful interpreter of nature. We should carefully distinguish, however, between the interpreting of nature and servile copying. A painter may copy with such fidelity that we stand amazed at his skill and yet feel not the least interest beyond that aroused by the man's cleverness. A landscape should make us feel the spirit of the scene which it represents—not cause us to marvel at the accuracy with which it is rendered. Unlike modern land-scape painters Constable gave careful attention to detail but at the same time, he possessed the happy faculty of painting it in such a way as to form a harmonious whole.

We are told that his art is provincial and local and that the range of subjects was narrow. But it is this same "provincialism" that has been the foundation of every great national art. The early Italians devoted themselves to their limited field of religious story-telling with a vigor and persistency that gave us the frescos of the Carmine and of Santa Croce.

It is interesting to compare the treatment of "The Cornfield" with that of "The Slave Ship." Turner loved to paint the sun shining with dazzling brilliancy from out the picture. Constable nearly always worked with the sun over his head, which method gives the restful appearance that his pictures invariably have and which is in such marked contrast to the luminosity of Turner. It accounts in part, also, for the strong lights and shades which we find in "The Corn-field" and which are so suggestive of Giorgione and the Venetians.*

*Richard Parkes Bonington (1801-1828) together with Constable greatly influenced the French School. Bonington lived only twenty-seven years but his accomplishments during that time were remarkable. Constable although thoroughly English, was appreciated by the French because of his originality and his freedom from academic traditions. Bonington, on the other hand, showed no great genius until he came to Paris and the French today are loath to consider him an English painter. At the Paris Salon of 1824 Constable and Bonington were represented and their influence was very strongly felt in the creation of the Barbizon School.

Representative English Paintings

The Corn-field

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[John Constable was born June 11, 1776, at East Bergholt in Suffolk, the son of Golding Constable, a prosperous miller. He entered as a student at the Royal Academy in 1799, exhibited his first picture in 1802, was elected an Associate in 1820, and in 1829 became a full Academician. He died in 1837 and was buried in the old churchyard at Hampstead.]

"The Corn-field," one of the most powerful of John Constable's works, was first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1826. In a letter written by the artist to his friend, Archdeacon Fisher, we have an interesting account of his own feeling in regard to the picture. He said:

I have dispatched a large landscape to the Academy—upright, of the size of "Lock," but a subject of a very different nature; inlaid corn-fields, a close lane forming the foreground, it is not neglected in any part. The trees are more than usually well studied, the extremities well defined as well as the stems. They are shaken by a pleasant and healthful breeze at noon. I am not, however, without my anxieties, though I have not neglected my work or been sparing of my pains.

Constable was thoroughly a painter of nature. In a year spent in his father's mills he acquired habits of close observation which ever afterwards led him to nature herself for his inspiration and not, as was so common at that time to the work of older landscapists. But the keynote of his work is sincerity. The critics and experts of his day spent their time in working out formulæ and rules for painting, their ideas being based on "old masters" of whose true value they had absolutely no conception. For all this Constable had a profound contempt which he never hesitated to express. In 1802 he wrote to a friend saying, "There is room for a natural painter, but the great vice is bravura, an attempt to do something beyond the truth." He had, nevertheless, a genuine admiration for the older painters and the influence of their work is often marked in his pictures. But on the whole his works are vigorous, original and free from affectation.

Constable was not a creative genius. As Sir Joshua

the involved construction wearied me; I was not keyed up to the height of Milton's sublimity; even Tennyson's fault-less lines did not comfort me. Perfection sometimes wearies one. Certain of Mrs. Browning's shorter poems pleased me, "My Doves," particularly, I remember; but it was to Wordsworth that I turned most often.

Through the long months, during long hours of silence and solitude, such communion had I as could never have been mine in a busy, hurrying life. I would sit by the window at evening time, when the family were down stairs at dinner and the house was still,—would sit by the open window, at the quiet evening hour, and look out upon my stretch of lawn and glimpse of sunset sky, and then the calm of that exquisite evening sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening calm and free," and of that unmatchable sunrise sonnet, "Earth hath not anything to show more fair,"—a calm such as only one poet could feel and give expression to.-would sink deep into my heart. All the rebellious thoughts were stilled, all the weak self-pity was shamed. selfish fears were dispelled, despair was turned to hope. And now I can see that from these seemingly wasted years have come a stronger faith, the power to judge less partially, and a truer sense of what is most to be valued.

My first interest in the "Prelude" I attribute to the pleasure that the poet's truthful description gave me. Those portions that tell of the pleasure of childhood and school-time I read with most enjoyment. Long before I came to value the poem as the "story of his spirit," as a revelation of the successive stages of the poet's relationship to nature, an acknowledgment of what he had received from her, a recognition of Nature's discipline and ministry and of all the means whereby the poetic spirit was augmented and sustained,—long before this time, I read with pure enjoyment of those

"Recollected hours that have the charm Of visionary things," of that time of rapture, when

"All shod with steel, We hissed along the polished ice;"

I delighted in the beauty of those lines which tell of the boy who "blew mimic hootings to the silent owls;" deeply I felt the charm or truth in the passage beginning "One summer evening."

Then, when I had read Wordsworth for the sweet out-of-doors freedom and freshness of his scenes and for the beauty and truthfulness of his descriptions, this first delight ripened into a deeper interest. Some conception of the poet's sensibility to the moods of time and season, to the moral power, the affections and the "spirit of the place," came to me. I began to perceive the peculiar gift of the word-painter,—the ability to reproduce faithfully form and color, life and action, and then to ensoul the picture with a spiritual atmosphere. The two sonnets already mentioned are beautiful examples of Wordsworth's power to reflect the "spirit of the place." The "Elegiac Stanzas," suggested by a picture of Peele Castle, present, perhaps, the most marvelous illustration of Wordsworth's sensitiveness to the spiritual breathings of Nature. Has any other poet possessed this sensitiveness to the same degree?

Wordsworth's power of presenting to the imagination in a few simple words—a line or two it may be—a scene of sublimity and solemn loneliness is deeply impressive. For an example, I give the lines which describe the experience of a geographic worker upon the top of Black Comb:—

..... "All around Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—As if the golden day itself had been Extinguished in a moment; total gloom In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes, Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!"

And here, from the story of the Shepherd of Greenhead Ghyll, is another instance of Wordsworth's power of moving one with a sense of the awesomeness of a lonely scene:—

"He had been alone Amid the heart of many thousand mists That came to him, and left him, on the heights." Other poets, I doubt not, have been quite as impressionable to the sublime in nature, but no other poet has given with the same simplicity of language and manner the thrill that comes when we read of the boy who, trudging home from school, many an evening

"Saw the hills Grow larger in the darkness, all alone Beheld the stars come out above his head."*

Certain of Wordsworth's poems have come to be to me like bits of gospel. I value beyond riches the homely pathos of "Michael," the comfort of the "Tintern Abbey Lines," the high tone and noble dignity of the great Ode on Immortality. I need often to read the poem, "Resolution and Independence;" I need its lesson of fortitude and trust. The thought of the Leech-gatherer does for me what, at one time in my life,—when cares weighed heavily and trials and discouragements depressed the spirit, the brave cheer and sunshiny face of a hopeless and helpless invalid did for me. I would come away from her presence ashamed of my weakness, and then, "I could laugh myself to scorn to find in that" afflicted girl "so firm a mind."

The lovely picture of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command;"

the exquisite vision of that child of nature, the maiden beautiful in form and face,—beautiful with the stateliness of floating clouds, the grace of bending willows, beautiful with the "beauty born of murmuring sound,"—I treasure among sweet memories. Priceless I deem the God-sent message of the little poem "Expostulation and Reply." Its gospel, alas! is scarcely heard in this hustling age: we do not stop long enough in the race to

. "Feed this mind of ours In a wise passiveness."

The magical power of such compositions as the "Peele Cas-

*"The Excursion," Book I.

tle Lines," and the "Ode Composed on an Evening of Extraordinary Splendor," of such sonnets as those beginning, "The World is too much with us," "It is a beauteous evening," "Earth hath not anything to show more fair," "Even as a dragon's eye," "O mountain stream," "Where lies the land to which yon ship must go,"—the magical power of these creations count among those subtle influences that keep alive our sensibilities and enlarge our spiritual sympathies. There are thoughts of Wordsworth that shine in the memory with the splendor and sublimity of stars. We find this star-like virtue in the observation concerning the undying quality of greatness

"There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead:"*

in reference to the statue of Newton, with its prism and silent face,

"The marble index of a mind forever Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone;"† in the verses

> "His daily teachers had been woods and rills, The silence that is in the starry sky, The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

And there are lines that we cherish for their comfort, and because they strengthen our faith and help us to better living. We say to ourselves, when everything goes wrong and all seems against us.—

... "The procession of our fate, howe'er Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being Of infinite benevolence and power; Whose everlasting purposes embrace All accidents, converting them to good." §

*"The Prelude," Book XI. †"The Prelude," Book III. ‡"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." §"The Excursion," Book IV.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

N answer to a question concerning the many ways of doing good the writer of this paper suggested as the first answer the following: The best way to do good is to be good. But to be good—"there's the rub." It is easy to talk about it but beyond talk we halt as in the presence of a huge boulder that has fallen from the mountain and closed up the pathway. How to be good! that is the problem and a very serious one. But let us lighten and relieve it a bit by asking: How shall we begin to be good? It may not be so very hard simply to begin.

To begin to be good we are bound at least to give a thought to the problem of God. If there be no God, no universal God, no standard of righteousness, no supreme One who is the source of all facts and all ideals it is not easy to think of Right and Wrong. The problem of goodness is wrapped up in the problem of God.

A skeptic once wrote on a blackboard "GOD IS NOWHERE." A wise-man took took the chalk the infidel had laid down and drew a line between the letters W and H in the infidel's "Nowhere." That stroke made the sentence read "GOD IS NOW HERE."

With this as a fact to which we assent, and with firm conviction, I think it is safe to say that if a good and holy God is now here—the time for us to begin to be good is now, and the place is here.

At least you may do your human part in the movement by which you are to be made good—now and here; to aim at a start at least in the better life, to form a resolve, to make a surrender of yourself, your time, your occupations, your future years—to do all this now and here.

When you want to breathe correctly—to form the habit

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to The Chautauquan each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

of proper breathing in deep, full, normal fashion—you begin—now and here.

But you say you have "begun so often," "a dozen times," "a score," "a hundred times." Well if you have begun a thousand times—begin over again—now and here. It is unnecessary to wait. I mean that while you read these lines you may make use of the supernatural spiritual forces here and now present, and rationally, reverently enter into an eternal covenant with God-the God of the Sun, the God of the Ether, the God of the Atmosphere, the God of Electricity, the God who is Wisdom, Love and Energy, whose presence fills the Universe, the God revealed in Iesus Christ who manifested Himself in historic conditions and then withdrew that He might be present to a living faith anywhere, everywhere, always! Jesus Christ who by His life and death revealed God's righteousness and God's loathing of sin, and who by His resurrection revealed God's almightiness and by His ascension revealed the reality of the invisible and eternal kingdom of which we may all become members—He is here with His kingdom of spirit more wonderful than the most advanced development of civilization. There is a spiritual civilization in which celestial forces operate according to celestial laws and under which the telephone and wireless telegraphy are but awkward and cumbersome shadows of heavenly conditions and fellowship possible to any man, woman or child who will by faith accept Christ and live the strong, the earnest, the practical, the every-day Christian life.

Our modern civilization supplies figures of speech for us. We are not limited to the old analogies—some natural, as water and air, some artificial—ritualistic expressions in color, garb, candlestick, fragrant incense, altar, cherubim, and shekinah. In our day electricity and wireless telegraphy, the new psychology with the mystic forces it has discovered, give intimations and illustrations of the grace of Christ—the silent, mighty energy ready to overcome the selfishness of the human soul, break the power of inheritance and habit

and show what may be done by psychic law through the spiritual forces of this universe. All these powers and possibilities lie hidden *now* and *here*—where you sit at this moment.

God is now here. And God is love! God holds all material and spiritual forces in His grasp. In fact, they are all but His Breath. A recent writer—Mr. Brierly of England—says, "'Conversion' is a word that is tophampered with outworn tradition. It has been made sinister by narrow and morbid association. Conversion is a scientific fact as much as magnetism. It represents the law of human moral recovery. The force available for it is within everybody's reach.

It is possible to begin to be good; to live a new, free large, beautiful, joyful and divine life today; to turn over a new leaf; to frame and breathe a new yow; to take down from the shelf a new volume in your own life series; to strike a new key and sound forth in your life a new song. Because God is: because God is Love—fathomless, boundless, eternal love; because He is now here; because His love is all-powerful when it comes into accord with a consenting will—it is possible for any one of us now to begin to be good. Whoever you are—philosopher, poet, merchant, mechanic, sewing girl, student, mother, household-manager, artist, ploughboy, lawyer, teacher, railroad employee-whoever you are, having a moral sense, a measure of intellect, a dream of something nobler and better in personal character than you have attained, a heart that hungers for love and for peace—there is a splendid universe open to your surrendered will—a new life, a true life, a strong life, a useful and noble life. And the God who can lead you into it is now here.

You can begin to live this life here now: A life that acknowledges, loathes and repents of sin; that does not dwell too much on sin; a life that accepts the life of God as revealed in Jesus Christ who is in His life-giving energy in the very air you breathe. It is a life that comes a breath

at a time, and the spiritual atmosphere is boundless as the universe. It is a life that voluntarily and then from habit breathes in the spiritual atmosphere. If you forget—you may begin again. The forces are about you and within you! By a supreme act of faith and will you may surrender to them. I do not ask now for profession. I plead for personal surrender to God's leading. I plead for a resolve made now and here:

- 1. To believe in God as *Love* revealed in Jesus Christ, love that loathes sin and that longs after the sinner, love that revealed itself on the cross and that demonstrated its power by the resurrection, love that loves to forgive.
- 2. To use your will and let desire after more feeling and sentiment go. Resolve to give yourself now and here to the life of love—of love for all that is true and best and holv and useful. Not that you can do all for yourself and in yourself. Without the atmosphere your breathing apparatus and your vital force would not avail much. The divine energy of life-call it what you will-Holy Spirit (and it is a Holy Spirit)—or Jesus Christ (and this energy of life all pervading is Jesus of Nazareth in the mystic realm of spirit)—this invisible force is yours. It is everywhere present. Think of the air as intelligence. Think of the air as love and pity. Think of the air as force, as power able to possess and strengthen and enoble you. Then breathe it in and talk to it as to a Friend, a Brother, a Motherrest in it, be glad for it, and you have the psychic secret of what we call saving faith. As you breathe it in—this all pervading mysterious spiritual atmosphere-live it out in word and deed, in acts of faith and service. Do the right thing as far as you can. Resist a temptation to quick temper, sharp repartee, self-indulgence in temper, pride, selfishness. Breathe in strength spiritual at every breath as you rest in the reality of Jesus Christ as Redeemer and Savior.
- 3. To make a life-long covenant with the God now here, to leave yourself in the keeping of the Christ, to give yourself to the striving of the church, to pledge yourself

to an everyday renewal of this surrender, an everyday habit of thinking—of THINKING: of reading, and of praying that you may be a steady, consistent, studious, devout and faithful follower of Christ.

- 4. Keep your Bible on your bureau, dressing case or table and every morning without fail (and if you are not a weakling in will power you need never fail) open the Book and read at least five verses.
- 5. Every hour when you hear the clock strike breathe a breath of desire as though you knew that the Infinite Spirit of God surrounded you, as it certainly does, like a sea of love and light and peace and you would inhale a measure of its fullness—and breathing say "Enter and possess me O Spirit of Truth and Righteousness that in Thee this day and all the days I may live and move and have my being."
- 6. Again and again through the day recall the fact that the God who is Love is not only accessible but that He is able to do for you and in you, "exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think according to the power that worketh in you," and again breathe in with the light and air the ever eager and present Spirit of life and love.
- 7. The Chautauquans have a dream, and some of them a custom, of four prayers every day. In the early morning when they wake they imagine that sweet bells are chiming, and at Morning Bells they pray for "a true life" and for Courage. At noonday when their imaginary "bells do chime" they offer a prayer for a "higher life" and for Love. At Vesper hour they pray again for "a complete life" and for Strength. And when the night enfolds them and they lie down to sleep they hear in fancy the night bells ring and then with the close of the day's activities they pray for "a restful life" and for Contentment. It is a good thing for every Christian to pray again and again realizing the great fact that at all hours and in all places God is—He is now here -and one may breathe His life into one's own life by rest and silence and desire and faith. A beautiful life, a rational life is this life of constant fellowship with God.



Dr. Johnson and David Garrick

Everything connected even remotely with Dr. Johnson was worthy his biographer Boswell's attention and it is to this fact that we owe a number of interesting anecdotes of David Garrick, who from his school days until his death was intimate with Johnson. These anecdotes are scattered through Boswell's pages but when rearranged in something like a logical order we can get a fair picture of Garrick as he appeared in the eyes of Johnson and the jealous Boswell.

In 1736 Johnson established school in Lichfield for young gentlemen. To this came Garrick and his brother and "a young gentleman of good fortune who died early" named Offely. Others seem not to have been desirous of fame so easily acquired for these three students constituted the school. Disgusted by his ill success Johnson went to London to seek his fortune in literature and David Garrick accompanied him. Johnson later said of their advent, "I came with two-pence half-penny in my pocket and thou, David, with three half-pence in thine."

In the years which followed Garrick achieved fame and great wealth as an actor and Johnson, distinguished poverty as a writer. Perhaps the worthy Doctor felt the difference in fortune rather keenly for at times he takes a crack at Garrick a bit ill-naturedly. But in the main his judgment of him is fair and his appreciation of him enthusiastic.

No more characteristic page of Boswell can be found than that recounting his introduction to Johnson; and curiously enough Garrick's name enters into the dispute which ensued. Says Boswell:

"Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies. 'Don't tell where I come from.'- 'From Scotland.' cries Davies. roguishly, 'Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky: for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down. I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O. Sir, I cannot think that Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' 'Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check: for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.

"(That this was a momentary sally against Garrick, there can be no doubt; for at Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit-night at his theater to this very person, by which she got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, 'It is observed, Sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but will suffer nobody else to do it.' Johnson, (smiling.) 'Why, Sir, that is true.'"

In conversation with the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons, Dr. Johnson once paid a glowing tribute to Garrick's genius as an actor:

"What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well; she was a better romp than I ever saw in nature.—Pritchard in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talked of her 'gownd;' but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.—I once talked with

Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art. Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken "To be, and not to be,' better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw, whom I would call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellencies.' Having expatiated with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents; 'And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of the table.'"

Many times does Johnson acknowledge Garrick's brilliancy as a conversationalist. He said on one occasion, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

At times his enthusiasm is qualified somewhat:

"Garrick's conversation is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of all sorts, but of good things. There is no solid meat in it: there is a want of sentiment in it. Not but that he has sentiment sometimes, and sentiment, too, very powerful and pleasing: but it has not its full proportion in his conversation."

Of Garrick as a writer several anecdotes survive which retain the peculiar flavor of the Doctor's wit:

"Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick's talents for light gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in 'Florizel and Perdita,' and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

'I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.' .

Johnson. 'Nay, my dear Lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple;—What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich.' I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him I observed that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put in his horns: 'fænum habet in cornu.' 'Ay, (said Garrick, vehemently,) he has a whole mow of it.'"

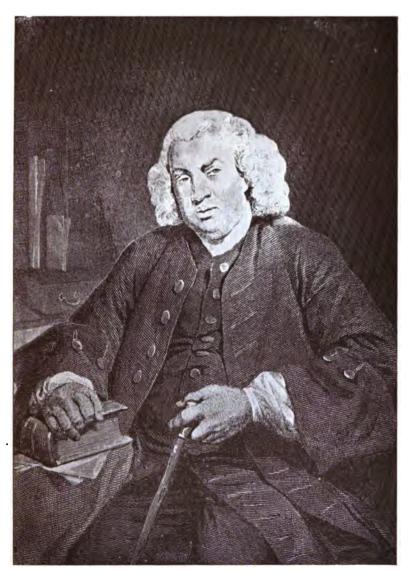
But the wit was not all upon the Doctor's side. Garrick himself was not only a wit but an actor and he secured revenge in characteristic manner as even the devoted Boswell recounts:

"He [Johnson] expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who, he said, were the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth and spoke the purest English. I doubted as to the last article of this eulogy: for they had several provincial sounds; as there, pronounced like fear, instead of fair; once, pronounced woonse, instead of wunse or wanse, Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, with uncouth, gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, 'Who's for poonsh?'"

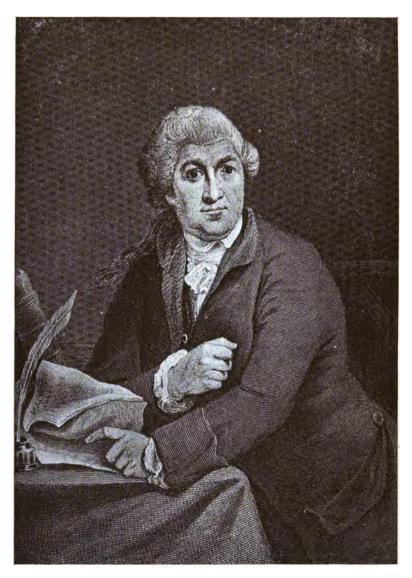
Of Garrick, Johnson said after his death, "I shall always remember him with affection as well as admiration." And in the Life of Edmund Smith, Johnson has written, "I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the publick stock of harmless pleasure."

We may close with a final quotation from Boswell with its characteristic Boswellian intrusion:

Johnson, "Garrick was a very good man, the cheerfulest man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness; and a man who gave away, freely, money acquired by himself. He began the world with a great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make four pence do as much as others made four-pence half penny do. But, when he had got the money, he was very liberal." I presumed to animadvert on his eulogy on Garrick, in his "Lives of the Poets." "You say, sir, his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations." Johnson. "I could not have said more or less. It is the truth; eclipsed, not extinguished; and his death did eclipse; it was like a storm." Boswell. "But why nations? Did his gaiety extend further than his own nation?" Johnson. "Why, Sir, some exaggeration must be allowed. Besides, nations may be said—if we allow the Scotch to be a nation, and to have gaiety,—which they have not."



Dr. Samuel Johnson



David Garrick



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BOOKS ON ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

No part of our Reading Journey in England is more fascinating to the average reader than the glimpses of the great Cathedrals. To Lowell they were "imagination's very self in stone." Hawthorne paid his tribute to their spell in his account of a visit to Lichfield.

"To my uninstructed vision, it seemed the object best worth gazing at in the whole world; and now, after beholding a great many more, I remember it with less prodigal admiration only because others are as magnificent as itself. . . . A Gothic cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which man has yet achieved, so vast, so intricate, and so profoundly simple, with such strange, delightful recesses in its grand figure, so difficult to comprehend within one idea and yet all so consonant that it ultimately draws the beholder and his universe into its harmony. It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough."

Many readers will be eager to learn more of the history and the architecture of these splendid buildings for they are not only monuments of England's social and religious history covering a period of hundreds of years but are also a part of that great art movement of the middle ages which is one of the most impressive chapters in human history. Readers, who feel unable to attempt an elaborate course in English Architecture but who would be glad to know more of the history of the great Cathedrals and to understand the meaning of architectural terms and the chief

lines of development in English architecture, will find the following books helpful:

"English Gothic Architecture," by P. H. Ditchfield (Temple Primers). This little volume gives a clear statement of the chief features of English Gothic, accompanied by illustrations which make plain its significant developments, and includes a glossary of architectural words. It must be borne in mind that this writer and some others whose works are here recommended hold very tenaciously the view that English Gothic is independent of French origin. Their opinions must not be taken as the final word upon this subject.

"A. B. C. of Gothic Architecture," "Introduction to Gothic Architecture," and "Concise Glossary of Architecture," by J. H. Parker will be found in many libraries. They were written for popular use and though they have been superseded in some respects by later works they are well adapted to the needs of a

beginner.

"Bell's Cathedral Series," 60 cents each, covering all the principal Cathedrals, will be found very satisfactory for descriptive material. These little handbooks treat each cathedral in detail, giving its history, legends and architectural features with many attractive illustrations.

"An Illustrated Guide to the Cathedrals of Great Britain,"
P. H. Ditchfield, gives the history and chief architectural features
of each Cathedral (some forty-eight in all) with many very ef-

fective illustrations.



For students and clubs wishing to make a thorough study of the subject, the following books are recommended. Many librarians will be glad to purchase these books if requested to do so.

"A History of Gothic Art in England," by Edward S. Prior. \$10.00. The best general work on English Cathedral Architecture A large octavo volume very fully illustrated by means of diagrams and drawings of typical examples of architectural details. The author writes from a point of view which is not prepared to admit that English Gothic architecture is of French origin.

"The Cathedral Builders," \$2.00, a smaller volume also by Mr. Prior, discusses the social and religious conditions which in successive centuries shaped the architectural character of the great

English churches.

"The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," by Charles H. Moore, \$4.50, is commended to the more advanced student as a very important and critical discussion rather than a description of Gothic architecture. It deals almost wholly with French Gothic, viewing it as the foundation of all western European Gothic architecture.

"Gothic Architecture in England," by Francis Bond, \$12.00,

"Gothic Architecture in England," by Francis Bond, \$12.00, shows its origin and development from the Norman Conquest to the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The illustrations accompany-

ing the text are very fine.



Courtesy of Current Literature.

Flower in the crannied wall I pluck you out of the crannies.

I hold you here, root and all in my hand,

Watts' Statue of Tennyson, Recently Unveiled in Lincoln, England. Little flower-but if I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is.



The Late William P. Kane,
C. L. S. C. Counselor.



Arthur E. Bestor, President C. L. S. C. Class of 1910



Prof. George D. Kellogg, President C. L. S. C. Class of 1907.

THE WASHINGTON CLASS 1907

Latest reports from class committees of 1907 report progress on the class pin and banner and promise full details at an early day. We hope to be able to give definite particulars next month. Members are showing a keen interest in class affairs and a willingness to coöperate in all undertakings.

DR. W. P. KANE

Dr. W. P. Kane, whose death occurred at Hot Springs, Arkansas, in November, was for several years one of the C. L. S. C. Counselors. He was a graduate of Monmouth College and of Newburgh Theological Seminary, held pastorates of Presbyterian churches in New York State, Indiana and Illinois and in 1899 became president of Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana. He was much interested in educational enterprises and entered very heartily into the work of the Winona Assembly. In 1901 at the request of the Winona Assembly the membership of the Winona Reading Circle was transferred to the C. L. S. C. and Dr. Kane was invited to become one of the C. L. S. C. Counselors.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1910

Dear Fellow-classmates:

It is a cause for congratulation that our class promises to be remarkable for its large enrollment as well as for its enthusiasm. The enrollment will become a fixed fact by the end of this year, but the enthusiasm is a variable quantity and upon this depends the size of our graduating class four years hence. It would be a great thing if we, the Gladstone class, should make the record for the largest proportion of graduates of any class up to this time.

The money for our floor tablet in the Hall of Philosophy has been largely pledged. Our Alumni Hall fund, which gives us a permanent class headquarters we shall easily raise in the next three years. Perhaps you would like to help along these two funds, in which case please write to the class treasurer, whose name and address you will find on page 255 of the October Chautauquan. Your committee is working upon the class banner and hopes to have as distinctive a permanent banner as the temporary one which was used last summer.

Our studies for the year are being carried on with enthusiasm, as shown by reports from all parts of the country. The Round Table Editor ought to receive occasional reports of your progress so that your classmates may know what you are doing. The "English year" is an opportunity for us to come into close contact with the great men of England whose thinking has influenced the whole world. Let us make the most of this experience, remembering in our study the motto which we have adopted that "Life is a great and noble calling." If need be let us put aside other demands that we may have more leisure for our own thinking.

With best wishes to all members of the class of 1910, I remain Cordially yours,

ARTHUR E. BESTOR.
President.

Chicago, Ill., November 10, 1906.

DAILY READINGS FROM TENNYSON.

The plan suggested last month for Wordsworth applies equally well to Tennyson and the following daily readings are therefore suggested. Most of them are longer than those from Wordsworth, so a little daily extension of time may be desirable or some may be omitted. Readers who have favorite poems which they prefer to reread, will of course, revise this list to suit their own convenience.

January 15. The Dying Swan. January 16. Ulysses. January 17. January 18. Tithonous. Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere. January 19. Sir Galahad. Tanuary 20. Break. Break. Break. January 21. Locksley Hall. January 22. Locks Sixty Years After. Locksley Hall, January 23. Parts I-IV. The Princess-January 24. The Princess-Parts V-VII. Flower in the January 25. F Crannied Wall. January 26. A Dream of Fair Women. January 27. The Higher Pantheism. January 28. Dedication to Idylls of the King and The Coming of Arthur.

Gareth and Ly-January 29. nette. February I. Geraint and Enid. February 2. Merlin and Vivien. Launcelot and February 3. Elaine. February 4. The Holy Grail. February 5. Pelleas and Et-February 6. The Last Tournament. February 7. Guinevere. February 8. The Passing of Arthur and Epilogue. February 9. In Memoriam to Canto XXXI. February 10. In Memoriam to Canto LXXVIII. February 11. In Memoriam to Canto CVI. February 12. In Memoriam to Canto CXXXI. Memoriam February 13. In Epithalamium.



Supplementing the editions of Shakespeare already noted in an earlier number of the Round Table we are glad to commend the new Cambridge edition recently issued by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Company for \$3.00. This attractive volume edited by Professor William Allen Neilson of Harvard University contains in some twelve hundred pages the entire works of Shakespeare, a biographical sketch, glossary, and an introduction to each play and poem, summarizing authorities on dates, sources, etc., and discussing Shakespeare's use of this material. As a piece of book making this volume does great credit to the Riverside Press. The paper is thin yet opaque, and the type clear and black and a book a pleasure.

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
College DAY — January, last, Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELIOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SFECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.

St. Paul's Day—August, second

Sr. Paul's Day—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday. RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY.

FIRST WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Lancashire."
First half.

Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapters IX and X.

SECOND WEEK

In The Chautauquan: "The Industrial Counties: Lancashire,"
Concluded. "English Men of Fame, John Burns."
Required Book: "What is Shakespeare?" Chapter VI.

THIRD WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Cheshire."
Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England," Chapter XI.
FOURTH WEEK

In The Chautauquan: "The Industrial Counties: Staffordshire."
Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England," Chapter
XII.

4

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES FIRST WEEK

Map Review: Characteristics and associations of Lancashire.
Readings: Some of Hawthorne's experiences at Liverpool (see
"Our Old Home"); "The Lincoln Mark" (February ChauTAUQUAN).

Paper: John Bright (see books on his life, and articles in Littell's Living Age, 181:538, June 1, 1889; Century Magazine, 6:439, July, 1884; also Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Roll Call: Quotations from John Bright's addresses on the Corn Laws, The State of Ireland, Irish Church, etc., (see above references); or reports on paragraphs in Highways and

Byways.

Readings: Tennyson's poems of Ulysses, Tithonous, and Sir Galahad. These poems illustrate particularly Tennyson's skill in portraying historic characters and making each expressive of

his time and ideals.

Study of selected poems of Tennyson: Locksley Hall, Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, The Dying Swan, The Higher Pantheism. Let each be assigned to a different member who will report on the characteristics of the poet as shown in these works, time of composition, etc. (A list of reference books will be found in "Literary Leaders" but these are not essential. The poems themselves read in the light of Dr. Dawson's comments will be found very suggestive.)

SECOND WEEK

Oral Reports: For what are the following men famous: Watt, Crompton, Hargreaves, Kay, Arkwright, Stephenson, Robert Peel.

Review with selections of article on "The Rochdale Reading:

Pioneers," Outlook, 64:533, March 3, 1900.

Paper: Richard Cobden and Free Trade. (See "Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century," by Joy, "Life of Cobden," by John

Morley, encyclopedias, etc.)

Discussion: Are there any parallels between the problems, which John Burns faces today and those which Peel, Bright and Cobden worked out? (Let the circle be divided into three groups each of which should select one of these three men for comparison. See Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century, and histories.)

Oral Report: The plot of Shakespeare's "Love's Labours Lost" as compared with that of Tennyson's "Princess."

Study of Tennyson's "Princess": The leader of this part of the program will find very helpful a little volume of the Lake Classics Series 25c, by Copeland and Rideout. It contains very full notes and comments, among them the following:

"The Princess" like most of Tennyson's other works is remarkable for the music everywhere to be heard in words and cadences as well as in metres; for the truth and beauty of its descriptions of nature; for sympathy, much tempered by conservatism, with the intellectual, the scientific and the social movements of the times, for its reverent sense of law as the harmony of the world; and for its still deeper sense of religion as the source of that order."

The poem should be divided into sections for close study and one or

more members be assigned to each section.

THIRD WEEK

Short Paper: "The Pilgrimage of Grace" (see the larger histories of England for the times of Henry VIII also Larned's "History for Ready Reference.")

Readings: Wordsworth's two sonnets "At Furness Abbey" and his

"Peele Castle."

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Book Review with Reading of selections: W. H. Ainsworth's "The

Lancashire Witches" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton."

Study of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": A complete list of the Idylls in their order will be found in the Round Table. Let each be assigned to some one member who will present an out-

line of the story; note special characteristics of the poet in dealing with the subject as pointed out by Dr. Dawson and especially fine passages. The leader should guide the discussion adding, where appropriate, references to comments by great critics. Van Dyke's "The Poetry of Tennyson" treats these poems quite fully; other references will be found in "Literary Leaders."

FOURTH WEEK

Map Review: Cheshire and Staffordshire. Reading: Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee," and Milton's "Lycidas." Oral Reports: Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." (Each of several persons might be assigned one or more chapters in the book, narrating the chief incidents and giving apt quotations.)

Paper: English Pottery (see articles in Encyclopedia Britannica.

Miss Eliza Meteyard's books on "Wedgwood" and any other available works).

Reading: Hawthorne's description of Lichfield Cathedral in "Our Old Home."

Study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam": It would be well to secure a special leader for this poem, one if possible who is a teacher of English. Let different sections of the poem be assigned to several members who will make a detailed study of them, bringing out the characteristics of Tennyson as shown in his treatment of the subject. Each member should be provided with a copy of the poem and have read it beforehand so as to take part in the discussion.

THE TRAVEL CLUB

ELEVENTH PROGRAM

Map Review of Lancashire (see Baedeker and also THE CHAU-TAUQUAN 29:107, May, 1899).

Paper: Hawthorne's experiences at Liverpool (see "Our Old Home" by Hawthorne). Reading: Selections from "Our Old Home."

Oral Reports: Rossetti's picture of Dante's Dream (see THE CHAUTAUQUAN, also available books on Rossetti); Life and work of James Martineau.

John Bright (see Lives of John Bright and articles in Littell's Living Age, 181:538, June 1, 1889; Century Magasine, 6:439, July 1884, also the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Roll Call: Quotations from the speeches of John Bright on the Corn Laws, The State of Ireland, The Irish Church, etc., (see Warner Library, various collections of addresses, and Lit-tell's Living Age 181:538).

Reading: "The Lincoln Mark" in the February CHAUTAUQUAN.

TWELFTH PROGRAM

Roll Call: For what are the following men famous: Watt, Crompton, Hargreaves, Kay, Arkwright, Stephenson, and Robert Peel.

Paper: How the "Industrial Revolution" affected both the growth of cities and the condition of Agriculture (see Cheyney's "Industrial and Social History of England," Trail's "Social

England," "The Growth of the English Nation," Coman and Kendall, Green's "Short History," etc.)

Review with selections of article on "The Rochdale

Pioneers," Outlook, 64:533, March 3, 1900.

Oral Report: Some facts about the Manchester Ship Canal (see Living Age, 200:374, February 10, 1894; THE CHAUTAUQUAN 28:531, March, 1899).

Paper: Richard Cobden and Free Trade (see "Ten Englishmen of the 19th Century" by Joy; "Life of Cobden" by John Morley; encyclopedias, etc.)

Discussion: Are there any parallels between the problems which John Burns faces today and those which Peel, Bright, and Cobden worked out? (See article on John Burns in this magazine, also Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century. and histories.)

THIRTEENTH PROGRAM

Paper: The Pilgrimage of Grace (see the larger histories of England at time of Henry VIII, also Larned's "History for Ready Reference.")

Oral Report: The history and fate of some great English Abbeys:
Bolton, Kirkstall, Netley, Furness, Rievaulx, Fountains.
Readings: Wordsworth's "Peele Castle" and two sonnets "At Fur-

ness Abbey."

Book Review with reading of selections: W. H. Ainsworth's "The Lancashire Witches;" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton.' Character Study: George Fox (see lives of Fox, his journals, encyclopedias, and articles in Littell's Living Age 199:259, Nov. 4, '93).
Roll Call: Anecdotes of George Fox.

FOURTEENTH PROGRAM

Map Review: Cheshire and Staffordshire.

Oral Reports: Objects of interest in Chester and its immediate vicinity (see Baedeker's "Great Britain.")
Readings: Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee," and Milton's

"Lycidas."

Roll Call: Quotations from Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" descriptive of the place. Paper: Josiah Wedgwood and English Pottery (see books by Miss

Eliza Meteyard and encyclopedia articles).

Readings: Anecdotes of Garrick (see The Library Shelf); selections from Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," chapter on Lichfield and Uttoxeter.

Discussion: The Cathedrals of Chester and Lichfield (see paragraph on English Architecture in Round Table).

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. John George Lambton. Born in London 1792. Died 1840. Member of the House of Commons 1813-28. Made Baron Durham in 1828 and Earl in 1833; took part in preparation of first reform bill. Ambassador to St. Petersburg, to Vienna and Berlin. Gov-ernor General of the British provinces in North America 1838. Resigned the same year. 2. The Right Honorable Earl Grey. 3. Hudson's Bay and Northwestern. 4. Born at Reading, England, 1823. Professor of Modern History at Oxford 1858-66 and of English and Constitutional History at Cornell University 1868-71, when he exchanged his chair for that of a non-resident professor and removed to Toronto. Member of the Senate of University of Toronto. Editor Canadian Monthly 1872-74. Founded the Toronto Week in 1884. Is author of many important historical works. 5. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a Scottish explorer, who discovered it. 6 A court clique which virtually ruled France in 1733. 7. The radical change in methods of manufacture brought about by the invention of machinery in the last part of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth centuries. 8. Appointed Governor General in 1872. By his wise statesmanship he guided affairs of state with success at a critical period. 9. It was taken by them in the struggle with Napoleon in 1800. 10. Captured by Sir David Baird in 1799, abandoned in 1801 and reoccupied in 1857. 11. Four million pounds. 12. Born in 1841. Educated at Ordnance School, Carshalton. Member of Royal Artillery. Diplomatic services in connection with affairs in Ionian Islands 1861. Jamaica, West Indies, 1865. India 1872-6 and Egypt, where he became Controller General in 1879. 13. An extensive plateau called the "Roof of the World," the central knot of Asiatic mountains from which radiate the Hindu Kush and other mountains.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY SEARCH QUESTIONS.

I. Monk of Jarrow 673-735 wrote the great "Ecclesiastical History of England," works on grammar, hymns, lives of saints, etc., and taught many hundreds of students. Green calls him "The father of our national education." 2. For his exploits as a daring border warrior. 3. One of those marauders who infested the mossy or marshy marches between England and Scotland during the 17th century before the union of the two countries. 4. A celebrated work on the "Evidences of Christianity" by William Paley, Deacon of Carlisle and afterward Dean of Lincoln. A collection of old popular songs and ballads published under the title "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" by Thomas Percy, Dean of Carlisle and afterward Bishop of Dromore. 5. Uhland, a German lyric poet, 1787-1862. 6. "The good Lord Clifford" of Brougham Castle. 7. A Brownie in Mrs. J. H. Ewing's book with this title. 8. As the author of many beautiful hymns widely used by all religious denominations. 9. Blackwoods.

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

The members of the Round Table took their seats with a promptness and alacrity which savored of New Year's resolutions. "Will some one tell me," ventured a new member, "who wrote the lines beginning.

"It fortifies my soul to know That though I perish, Truth is so;"

and what follows them? I heard the quotation and have been unable to identify it." "Wasn't it Clough?" responded a delegate just opposite, with a glance at the head of the table. "If you appeal to me," returned Pendragon, "I ought to say both no and yes, 'no' because, though your mistake is a very reasonable one, the poet's

name is pronounced Cluff, and not Clow, if you will pardon my correction, and 'yes' because you are quite right about his authorship. You will find the quotation in the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature and with it a very sympathetic sketch of the poet by Charles Eliot Norton. Clough was a man of rare quality and his life one of those that repay study. Be sure to read his little poem, familiar to many of you, beginning

'Say not the struggle naught availeth.'

You will find selections from his work also in the fourth volume of Ward's 'English Poets.'"

"I wish I could remember poetry, but I can't," sadly commented a member from Maine. "Of course I can often recognize a poem when I hear it, but quotations never come to me unsought. I was cheered the other day to hear of a Harvard student who was examined upon Wordsworth and whose best efforts at a quotation resulted in the following:

'A violet by a mossy stone, A yellow primrose was to him But oh the difference to me."

"Fortunately," laughed Pendragon, "ability to quote a poet is not a true test of his value to us. By frequent reading we may absorb a poet, so to speak, so that we unconsciously assimilate his thought and apply it to our philosophy of life a hundred times perhaps when we are not aware of it. It is something to remember also that a certain poem has appealed to us so that we may turn to it with assurance of pleasure." "It reminds me," said a Virginian, "of what John Bright once said,—you see I've been reading ahead,—John Bright and Clough both belonged to Lancashire, you know. Mr. Bright when discussing the merits of great English authors said that it was his habit to select one poet for reading during every session; that when he went home to his lodgings at night after leaving the House of Commons, he was unable to sleep at once and that he sat up reading his selected poet."

"Perhaps a word from Iowa may not come amiss," said the Marshalltown delegate. "We are a circle of twenty members, some have done four years' work and are starting again this year; some have done one, two, or three and some are just beginning. We are the Literature Department of our local Woman's Club and we are enthusiastic, every one. November 7th our department had charge of the program at the public meeting of the Woman's Club. The feature of the afternoon was a lecture on 'The Romantic Poets,' It was very interesting and inspiring. On our other open day we are to have a lecture by our Methodist preacher here on 'The Conscience of Shakespeare.' We are reading 'Cymbeline' and are enjoying it immensely. We do not follow the course

exactly as outlined from week to week, but take up one book at a time. We seem to get better results in that way. We like The Chautauquan so much in its new form. It is so much more convenient. We enjoy the Round Table very much indeed and feel that we almost know the members personally. I am of the Class of 1909—'Tennyson,'—and fully intend to keep right on. Our circle all sent greetings to the Round Table and kindest wishes for the future of Chautauqua."

A member from Wadena, Minnesota, next begged an opportunity to recommend "Fyffe's Seven Thousand Words Commonly Mispronounced." "You don't know how useful it is. We have a critic who takes charge of this part of the work and we have leaders for each of the two books; really our two hours' session is all too short. We intend to have an extra meeting now and then so as to read aloud the plays."

"Did I hear someone asking 'What's the matter with Kansas?" queried the delegate from Wichita, Mrs. Piatt. "If so, perhaps I'd better report, for we make quite a showing, I'm happy to say. The Sunflower is, you know, our oldest circle and does good work, meeting in the afternoon. The Ingalls, Plymouth, Vincent and Victoria Circles also meet in the afternoon in widely separated parts of the town. The Victoria is a new circle, the members of which have taken hold with such good will that they are having delightful meetings. Another new circle, The Emerson, is connected with the Unitarian church and led by some of our old members. The Epworth seems to be fitly characterized by the Western epithet 'booming.' It is made up largely of bright young people. Alma Circle having had the distinction on two occasions of being the largest circle in the city gives place in size to several others, but its spirits have not yielded. Irving and West Side after brief lapses have revived again, a cheering evidence of C. L. S. C. vitality. The West Side possesses a large membership and a Quaker element which may be said to be a desirable quality anywhere! East Side having strong social proclivities as well as a passion for hard work is as usual on the top of the wave. Then of course we have a sprinkling of individual readers who find attendance upon meetings impossible. I don't know when Chautaugua has seemed more prosperous than right now. We shall ere long express our sense of social responsibility by some sort of public gathering."

"I think we shall all gladly give Wichita the first place," said the Fostoria delegate. "I'm almost dizzy at the thought of an atmosphere surcharged with Chautauqua as the town must be. I don't wonder that they have to relieve the pressure now and then by a sort of public effervescence. We certainly look upon them with envy and admiration. We started our Chautauqua year by having two separate circles. We follow out the printed programs in THE CHAUTAUOUAN and find them satisfactory: the lessons are assigned one week in advance and each member has ample time for thought and preparation. We have a critic who serves one month at a time. All the members are doing their best in the circle and all working for extra seals. We meet at the homes of the different members just as we are requested to meet with a certain member. Cymbeline has made a decided hit with us and we are also pleased with the 'English Government.' We give each subject a great deal of study and outsiders have requested our circle to hold an open meeting some evening, for all to attend. We have not decided what we will do vet. Our afternoon and evening circles meet together once a month and the Chautaugua Circle in Fostoria is alive and a power for good."

News Summary

DOMESTIC

November 2.—It is announced that Commander Robert E. Peary of the United States Navy has reached "farthest north," 87

degrees 6 minutes.

6.—Charles E. Hughes is elected Governor of New York; the remainder of the ticket goes Democratic. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives is reduced from 114 to 56. In the Senate a gain of two members gives the Republicans a majority of 28. President Roosevelt orders dismissal from the army of a negro battalion which engaged in a riot at Fort Brown, Texas.

15.—Attorney General Moody files suit for the dissolution of

the Standard Oil Company. Mayor Schmitz and Boss Ruef of

San Francisco are indicted for extortion.

22.—New York Central Railroad Company is fined \$18.000 for granting rebates.

23.—Employes of several large corporations including the United States Steel Company are granted an advance in wages.

26.—Federal Grand Jury in Utah returns indictments against

several corporations for participation in frauds in Government lands.

FOREIGN

November 9.—Lord Mayor's celebration is held in London in honor of Sir William Treloar, the new Lord Mayor.

11.—Statistics of birth rate in France for 1905 show a further

decline.

18.—Bomb is thrown in Church of St. Peters in Rome: no damage is caused.

OBITUARY

November 2.—George Herring, English financier and philan-

5.—Fritz Thaulow, famous Norwegian landscape painter. 12.—Major General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., retired.

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM READING IN

Official Publication of Chautauqua Institution

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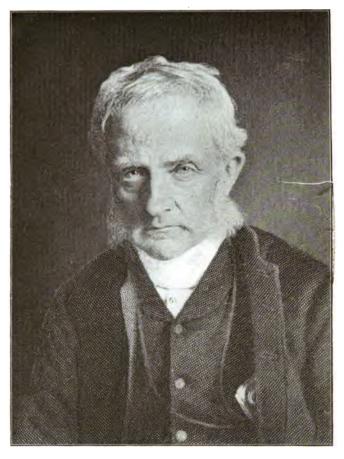
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Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

(See "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley," by Charles D. Williams, page 321.)

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. XLV

FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 3



N accordance with the terms of the will of the late Dr. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swede scientist and humanitarian, who left a fortune for the encouragement of science, moral progress and the arts of peace, the Norwegian Storthing has the privilege and power to award the annual prize for the promotion of universal peace. Candidates for the prizes are, as a rule, nominated by leading educators, statesmen and peace workers. The candidate for the peace prize of 1006—awarded early in December—was President Roosevelt, several American professors having placed his name before the Storthing and several European peace workers having enthusiastically seconded the nomination. award was made as thus suggested, the President of the United States having been the principal factor in bringing about the cessation of the sanguinary hostilities between Russia and Japan in 1004. It is now well understood that neither of these powers could have carried on the war over Korea and Manchuria much longer, and that both were anxious to conclude a satisfactory peace. But neither was willing to acknowledge the fact and energetic work was necessary to arrange mutual concessions. The President worked hard and displayed great persistence and initiative, and his work for peace in that critical period has been universally commended.

Here is a list of the peace-prize beneficiaries under the Nobel will prior to the award of last year:

Jean Henry Dunant of Geneva and Frederick Passey of Paris, between whom the prize in 1901 was divided; Eli Ducommun of Berne and Dr. Charles Albert Gobat, also of Berne, who shared it in 1902; William Randal Cremer, the English radical, honored in 1903; and Bertha von Suttner, the author of "Lay Down Your Arms," who won it in 1905—in 1904 it was bestowed upon the Institute of International Law of Ghent.

The amount of the prize is \$40,000, as is that of each of the other four prizes. President Roosevelt promptly announced that he would devote the money to the promotion of industrial peace, which is today fully as important as international peace. He will establish at Washington a permanent industrial peace commission to hear labor controversies and prevent or settle strikes. It is his hope that other contributions and bequests will be made to the fund, and that the commission will be utilized by employers and employed with greater and greater frequency, with resultant benefit to the industry of the United States.

E A

Inheritance and Income Taxation

The President's discussion of the question of taxes on inheritances and incomes as means of securing a more equitable distribution of wealth has stimulated great interest in the economic, political and ethical aspects of the whole subject of wealth and its control. At the annual meeting of the National Civic Federation one of the sessions was set aside for a debate thereon, a debate in which Mr. Carnegie, President Ingalls of the "Big Four" railroad and Mr. August Belmont took part. In press interviews at about the same time Mr. Schiff, the New York banker, and other leading men of affairs freely expressed their opinions on the question. The Civic Federation is to make an investigation and report its conclusions with regard to the proper basis and sources of taxation, including the principle of "graduation" or ability to pay.

Some of the speeches and expressions were notably sig-

nificant of the spirit of the time. Millionaires are now uttering sentiments which only radical leaders of the laboring and poor elements were proclaiming a few years ago. Thus Mr. Carnegie, who is opposed to a tax on income because it involves, in his opinion, "inquisitorial" methods and invasion of personal and industrial liberties, strongly advocates an inheritance tax. He does so on these remarkable grounds:

The subject of wealth distribution will not down. It is obviously unequal, strangely unequal. Let us see for a moment how wealth arises. We will take a farmer with two sons; he says to them, 'I can give you each a farm.' They marry nice ladies, known in the neighborhood, of good kith and kin, and are happily married—thank fortune. They find two farms, one in the northern part of this island, and the other across the river in Harlem, and they are both the same price. They draw lots which shall get the Harlem farm, and which shall get the Manhattan farm. The Manhattan farm falls to the younger. They go on and cultivate their farms with equal ability and assiduity. They are splendid neighbors, very thoughtful of every poor neighbor, by accident or otherwise; helping everybody; public-spirited men, irreproachable citizens. The children of the one become millionaires. The city has expanded. There are large buildings now, from which they draw rents, where once the farm stood. The other farmer keeps along, well doing, in comfortable circumstances, his children having (fortunately for them, I think), an advantage over their cousins; they have to do something in order to justify the world in supporting them.

Go on, generation after generation, and the first are millionaires. Ten to one, from my experience with young millionaires, ten to one they are very far from being the useful, creditable American citizens that the children are of the poorer man. Who made the wealth of the one family? Not ability, foresight, industry, labor. Nothing of the kind. It grew while the man slept—and probably the best thing that the man ever did was to forget he had it, he might have sold it if he had been thinking of it.

Now tell me, my fellows of the Civic Federation, is there anything of equality in that? Is there anything to glorify the one family or to reward the one family against the other? Who made that wealth? The community, the population, the people. Then you tell me that wealth is sacred. I say that the community was the leading partner that made that wealth. It was hundreds of people settling up there, thousands of people settling around there, and here these millionaires who have toiled not, neither have they spun, they come and they die.

I am not in favor of touching the bee when it is making honey. Let the bee work. But when he passes away, then I say the silent partner, the community that made that wealth should receive its dividend—a large proportion.

Mr. Ingalls holds that high protection, special franchises and other privileges, and railway discriminations, direct and indirect, are responsible for the "swollen fortunes" of our multi-millionaires. He strongly favors a progressive income tax and legislation for equal division of estates of a decedent among his heirs.

Mr. Jacob Schiff is another earnest advocate of a progressive income tax, which he holds to be the fairest of all taxes.

In the press of the country both income and inheritance taxation systems have found remarkable support. The difficulty of equitably enforcing such taxes has been pointed out by some political economists but, on the other hand, it is recognized that the present methods of taxation, federal and local, are unequal and unfair in many respects. A change is inevitable, and as far as the federal phase of the question is concerned, there seems to be no satisfactory alternative to progressive taxation of incomes and possibly, of inheritance.

F P

The State and Inheritance Taxes

In connection with the current tax discussion, an instructive statement has been prepared by the Census Bureau showing the income derived by the several states in the Union from inheritance taxes. The data covers the year 1902, but no complete figures are available for a later twelvementh.

The states that taxed inheritances in 1902 numbered twenty-five. Here is the list with the respective amounts realized:

California\$	290,447	New York 3,304,555
		North Consider
Colorado	269	North Carolina 4,245
Connecticut	334,735	Ohio 13,055
Delaware	988	Pennsylvania 1,231,706
Illinois	523,816	Tennessee 35,639
Iowa	117,336	Utah 1,639
Maine	32,877	Vermont 29,442
Maryland	83,780	Virginia 16,266
Massachusetts	433,710	Washington 1,524
Michigan	164,683	West Virginia 6,346
Missouri	229,854	
Minnesota	6,077	Continental U. S\$7,035,910
Montana	36,331	Hawaii 1,393
Nebraska	32	
New Jersey	149,577	Total\$7,037,303

It is known that the aggregate has increased since 1902. For 1906, in all probability, it would reach \$12,000,000. Even this sum is really insignificant, and some writers have expressed surprise that the states should have failed to utilize to a much greater extent this source of income. There are many explanations of this failure. No argument can be based on the figures with regard to the future of inheritance taxation. It is regarded as certain that the neglect will not continue indefinitely, and it has been suggested that the states rather than the federal government should impose inheritance taxes—first, because they cannot levy tariff duties, and second, because they do more for the citizen than the national government. Justice and the maintenance of order are state functions in the main, while health, fire protection, etc., are functions delegated to the municipal corporations. There would be no uniformity, however, in the tax were it reserved for the states, and they would not be likely to make it an instrument of better distribution of the national wealth.

S W

The Growth of the Federal Power

Secretary Root delivered an address in December which has excited attention, comment and criticism throughout the country. In some quarters it was entirely misunderstood, interpreted as a "threat," or, at least, as a bold announcement of a new policy—a policy of concentration of power in

the federal government and invasion of the rights and sphere of the states. A connection was discovered between it and the President's advocacy of a constitutional amendment giving Congress the authority to deal with marriage and divorce, of federal incorporation of companies engaged in interstate commerce, of federal insurance legislation, and so on. Not only Democrats of the "old school," but even Republicans, hastened to dissent from what they supposed to be Mr. Root's views, and to declare their belief that the time had rather come to check the tendencies toward federal encroachment upon state rights.

But Secretary Root's speech was neither a threat nor a declaration of policy. It was perhaps a warning in one sense, but essentially it was a discussion of observable facts and currents.

The Secretary of State, it is true, spoke of the growing sense of nationality, of the disappearance of state barriers, of the influence of trade and travel and rapid means of communication in fostering unity and homogeneity, and of the growth of federal power and activity. He said, for example, alluding to the meat and pure food legislation, that—

It is plainly to be seen that the people of the country are coming to the conclusion that in certain important respects the local laws of the separate states, which were adequate for the due and just regulation and control of the business which was transacted and the activity which began and ended within the limits of the several states are inadequate for the due and just control of the business and activities which extend throughout all the states, and that power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national government.

All this, however, is within the domain of notorious fact. With reference to the future of our dual system of government, the gist of Mr. Root's thoughtful remarks is embodied in the following closing paragraph of the address:

It is useless for the advocates of state rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the Constitutional laws of the United States or against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct for self government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect any one's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise. The Governmental control which they deem just and necessary they will have.

It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the national Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government.

The true and only way to preserve State authority is to be found in the awakened conscience of the States, their broadened views and higher standard of responsibility to the general public, in effective legislation by the States in conformity to the general moral sense of the country, and in the vigorous exercise for the general public good of that State authority which is to be preserved.

What Mr. Root perceives and seeks to impress upon all is the fact that constitutional restrictions are made for men, not men for constitutional restrictions; that, in other words, needs that are urgent and great must and will be met regardless of charters and legal limitations that were the product of other times, other conditions and other sentiments. Laws and institutions are means to ends. The end is political and social health, justice, opportunity. When given means cease to subserve these ends, the people discard the former and devise new means.

It is a significant fact that when certain Democratic organs attempted to "make an issue" out of Secretary Root's address, and intimated that the next convention of their party should condemn the "new federalism" as a gratuitous and audacious assault on state rights and "old landmarks," the first to rebuke and answer them were other leading Democratic organs. "No," said the latter, "state rights will not be permitted to bar the way to relief from real evils, corporate or other. The people will not be imposed upon by sophistical pleas of vested privileges and 'swollen fortunes'

that find in the doctrine of state rights a convenient shield against proper and effective regulation." The real question is not one of state versus national authority but of individual rights and the general welfare versus monopoly and concentrated wealth oppressively used.

The Lords and Commons in England

From all indications a struggle between the House of Commons and the "irresponsible" upper house is inevitable in Great Britain. The lords have "killed" two of the important measures of the Liberal government, and Premier Campbell-Bannerman has intimated that such summary treatment by a "standing Tory committee" (for the House of Lords is overwhelmingly Tory) of acts passed by the people's elected representatives under a mandate from the voters could not be acquiesced in. He hinted at certain "constitutional means" of vindicating the authority of the Commons, and there is much active speculation as to his intentions and meaning.

One of the bills referred to is the Education bill, the leading measure of the year. The "amendments" the Lords had united on were so far-reaching and so incompatible with the spirit of the government's education policy—one made religious teaching in the schools compulsory, and the other involved a long step toward the re-establishment of denominational teaching—that the government refused to accept them and asked the Commons to reject the "reconstituted bill" without a discussion of details.

The other bill abolished all plural voting and applied to national elections the principle that had years ago been established in county and other local elections—the principle of "one man, one vote." The Liberals hold that the democratic spirit of the times utterly condemns the privilege of voting in as many constituencies as the voter has property in, and the idea of some men casting ten or even twenty votes in one election is deemed abhorrent. It is true that



Hon. James Bryce New British Ambassador to United States.



Sir H. Mortimer Durand, Retiring British Ambassador



President Roosevelt,
Winner of the
Nobel Peace
Prize.



Andrew Carnegie, Who Advocates a Heavy Inheritance Tax.



Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State.



The Late Bishop C. C. McCabe, M. E.



In the Rubber Coils Scene: The Congo "Free" State.

-From Punch.

three-fourths of the "plural voters" are Tories in politics, and that the abolition of this privilege would be highly advantageous to the Liberal party. This however, is not considered to be a good reason against an effort by that party to get rid of a political anachronism and injustice while it is in power.

The House of Lords thought otherwise and rejected the bill after the Commons had passed it by a decisive majority. This action has offended the laboring classes, and there has been a vigorous protest from their leaders against it. The old cry, "mend or end the House of Lords," has been raised, and some interesting developments may be expected early this year.

At one time it was supposed that the government would dissolve Parliament on the issues in question and "appeal to the country," making the reform of the House of Lords a prominent part of its program. The Cabinet has made it clear that it will not dissolve Parliament forthwith. It will probably introduce another education bill, perhaps one entirely secularizing the public school and give the Lords another chance. An Irish autonomy bill—a step toward home rule—is also to be introduced and piloted through the Commons. This will involve considerable work and the postponement of the conflict with the Lords; but that the conflict can be avoided, no thoughtful observer of events appears to believe.

News Notes From Abroad

Mr. Holman Hunt at Manchester—Mr. Holman Hunt, with Mrs. Hunt, attended the opening at Manchester of an exhibition of his collected works, which has been organized by the Art Gallery Committee of the corporation. Mrs. Holman Hunt having briefly declared the exhibition open, Mr. Holman Hunt delivered an address. Mr. Hunt said that from his infancy the name of Manchester had been with him one to conjure with. In his early days he was in a Manchester warehouse, of which his father was manager. Later in life his interest was extended by the fact that he was in contact with the great Richard Cobden as his clerk and

used to read his speeches on the Corn Laws. His interest remained when, in 1844 or 1845, he had a picture to send to the provinces, and it was quite natural to his feelings to send it to Manchester. It was a boyish effort, but was accepted there, and any one looking in the old catalogues of the institute would find it under the title of "Little Nell and her Grandfather." The memorable exhibition of 1857 contained several of his own works. He was pleased that the works before him ranged from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Alluding at some length to the suggestion which has been made that "The Lady of Shalott" was not painted by him, Mr. Holman Hunt said he could bring many witnesses to show that he began it fifteen years ago. Sir John Millais and Sir Edward Burne-Jones both saw it when it was partially advanced. When his great defect of eyesight came to him he could still see—as he could now—well enough to distinguish the different hues of every colour on the palette close to his eyes, and could also tell the form of things if he looked at them singly. He could still see enough to enable him to act as overseer and to direct men working under him. However, after the difficulty began to show itself he found it desirable to get an assistant, as he wanted always to be sure that his paints had blended before they dried. As Canon Rawnsley had stated, he selected an assistant to enable him to finish the picture, and the gentleman he selected was Mr. Edward R. Hughes, a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society, an accomplished artist. Concluding, Mr. Holman Hunt said the proposal to purchase the picture for the nation had come from people quite outside himself, and he hoped that no one would support the purchase with the idea of obliging him. The people who were interested should decide solely on the question of the picture's suitability or otherwise.—London Times.

Dr. von Lecoq, a scientific emissary of the Prussian Government, has arrived safely at Srinagar after a journey through the most remote parts of Central Asia. He has brought with him a quantity of highly interesting paintings on stucco, the backgrounds in many cases being of gold leaf as in Italian work, and a number of manuscripts in ten different languages and one wholly unknown tongue. Dr. Lecoq's discoveries probably constitute the greatest archæological find since the days of Layard and Rawlinson.

The Withdrawal of the Garrison from St. Helena—The Cluny Castle arrived at St. Helena on October 25, embarked the troops of the garrison on the 27th, and sailed on the 29th. The embarkation was not marked by many demonstrations of sentiment. The people, having drifted from a state of indignation into a sort of apathy, accepted the withdrawal as inevitable. There is no doubt however, that the departure of the garrison is very keenly felt, for it means the disappearance of the islanders' most tangible source of subsistence. The island is now without means of defence, the six-inch guns having been taken away. For the first time in the history of St. Helena the troops have been withdrawn entirely.



Shooting Stars (Kier Hardie and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman)
Will they destroy one another?

(English cartoon upon the relations of the Labor and Liberal parties.)

The London County Council is endeavoring to construct a low level sewer under a part of St. Paul's Churchyard. Some opposition has been aroused for the reason that the proposed excavations will, it is feared, injure the cathedral. The Council has been assured by engineers that no damage will ensue. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, wished, at the time of its construction, to run the foundations down to blue clay, but his farseeing advice was not complied with.

A proposal has recently been made at Cairo, Egypt, for the founding of a national university modeled on European lines.

Cecil Rhodes' great project, a railway from Cairo to Cape Town, bids fair to be realized at no very remote day. In North Africa about 1,600 miles has been completed or projected; in South Africa 2,000 miles. In addition there is a long waterway on Lake Tanganyika.

Under the self-government granted by the new Transvaal constitution which has recently gone into effect, the Boers are endeavoring to become the dominant party in the parliament by securing the support of some of the various British factions.

The authorities of British East Africa have taken measures to encourage immigrants from India to settle on agricultural land in the vicinity of Victoria Nyanza.



FROM PUNCH.

Another Scandal About J. Cæsar—Was He a Bigamist?—"It is generally admitted even in the Radical camp, that the Ides of next March are likely to prove as fatal to the Progressive spendthrifts of L. C. C. as they did to Lady Macbeth's wretched husband."—London Correspondent of The Liverpool Courier.

King Leopold has declared to an American journalist that he is a poorer man because of the Congo Free State. You can get these American journalists to swallow anything. This comes of not being able to understand the humour of any country but their own.

Wellington himself was a stern, though not an over-severe disciplinarian. Some of his hard stand-up fights might be said to have been won by force of discipline. Trafalgar and Waterloo are examples."—Manchester Daily Dispatch.

Another statue has been stolen from the Louvre. Some cities have all the luck. No one steals any of our London statues.

The late General Shafter weighed 21 stone. This is partially explained by the fact that he had an iron will.





The Heart of England* Warwickshire

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

few miles to the north-west of Coventry lies the village of Meriden, which is called the center of England. There on a tableland is a little pool from which the water flows both west and east, on the one side reaching the Severn and the British Channel, on the other the Trent and the North Sea. "Leafy Warwickshire" is watered, as all the world knows, by the Avon. The county, though its borders show here and there a hilly fringe and though the spurs of the Cotswolds invade it on the south, is in the main a fertile river-basin, given over to agriculture and to pasturage. The forest of Arden, that once covered the Midlands, is still suggested by rich-timbered parks and giant trees of ancient memory. On the north, Warwickshire tapers up into the Staffordshire coal-fields and puts on a manufacturing character. The great town of this district is Birmingham, capital of the hardware industries.

^{*}This is the third of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in The Chautauquan from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles which have already appeared are "The Border" and "The Lake Country," December; "Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire," January.

generous in imparting his knowledge. He mapped out our course with all the concern and kindliness of a host and practically conferred upon us the freedom of the city.

Nuneaton was as placidly engaged in making hats and ribbons as if the foot of genius had never hallowed its soil. and went its ways regardless while we peered out at inns and residences mirrored in George Eliot's writings. The school to which Robert Evans' "little lass" used to ride in on donkeyback every morning, as the farmers' daughters ride still, is The Elms on Vicarage street,—a plain bit of a place, with its bare walls and hard forms, to have been the scene of the awakening of that keen intelligence. We were duly shown the cloak-closet, to reach whose hooks a girl of eight or nine must have had to stand on tiptoe, the small classrooms, and the backyard that served as a playground. The educational equipment was of the simplest,—but what of that? Hamlet could have been "bounded in a nutshell," and here there was space enough for thought. A Nuneaton lady, lodging with the caretaker during the vacation, told us with a touch of quiet pride that her husband had known "Marian Evans" well in their young days and had often walked home with her of an evening from the rectory.

As we drove away toward that rectory in Chilvers Coton, the parish adjoining Nuneaton on the south, we could almost see the little schoolgirl riding homeward on her donkey. It is Maggie Tulliver, of "The Mill on the Floss," who reveals the nature of that tragic child, "a creature full of eager and passionate longing for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away, and would not come near to her; with a blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it."

Chilvers Coton, like Nuneaton, has no memories of its famous woman of letters. The only time we saw her name that afternoon was as we drove, two hours later, through



South Farm, Arbury, Warwickshire, George Eliot's Birthplace Photograph by F. R. Jones, Nuneaton.



Where George Eliot, as a Little Girl, Attended School, "The Elms,"
Nuneaton
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



George Eliot's Schoolroom, Nuneaton Photograph by F. R. Jones, Nuneaton.



Going to the Fair, Nuneaton Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Ge!ting in the Harvest, Warwickshire



Photograph by Katharine Coman.

a grimy colliery town where a row of posters flaunted the legend:

ASK FOR GEORGE ELIOT SAUCE.

But in the Chilvers Coton church, familiar to readers of "Scenes from Clerical Life," is a window given by Mr. Isaac Evans in memory of his wife, not of his sister, with an inscription so like Tom Tulliver's way of admonishing Maggie over the shoulder that we came near resenting it:

"She layeth her hands to the spindle."

But we would not flout the domestic virtues, and still less would we begrudge Tom's wife,-not without her share of shadow, for no people are so hard to live with as those who are always right,—her tribute of love and honor. So with closed lips we followed the sexton out into the churchyard, past the much-visited grave of "Milly Barton," past the large recumbent monument that covers the honest ashes of Robert Evans of Griff, and past so many fresh mounds that we exclaimed in dismay. Our guide, however, viewed them with a certain decorous satisfaction and intimated that for this branch of his craft times were good in Chilvers Coton, for an epidemic was rioting among the children. "I've had twelve graves this month already," he said, "and there"—pointing to where a spade stood upright in a heap of earth—"I've got another today." We demurred about detaining him, with such pressure of business on his hands, but he had already led us, over briars and sunken slabs, to a stone inscribed with the name of Isaac Pearson Evans of Griff and with the text:

"The memory of the just is blessed."

As we stood there, with our attendant ghoul telling us, in rambling, gossipy fashion, what a respectable man Mr. Isaac Evans was, and how he never would have anything to do with "his sister for years, but after she married Mr. Cross he took her up again and went to her funeral,"—how could we force out of mind a passage that furnishes such strange commentary on that graven line?



Charlecote Park Entrance, Warwickshire Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing. All girls were silly. * * * Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punished her when she did wrong. * * * Tom, you perceive, was rather a Rhadamanthine personage, having more than the usual share of boy's justice in him—the justice that desires to hurt culprits as much as they deserve to be hurt, and is troubled with no doubts concerning the exact amount of their deserts.

It is in this parish of Chilvers Coton that George Eliot was born, in a quiet brown house set among laden appletrees, as we saw it, with a bright, old-fashioned garden of dahlias, sweet peas, and hollyhocks. The place is known as South Farm or Arbury Farm, for it is on the grounds of Arbury Priory, one of the smaller monasteries that fell prey to Henry VIII, now held by the Newdigate family. We drove to it through a park of noble timber, where graceful deer were nibbling the aristocratic turf or making inquisitive researches among the rabbit warrens. Robert Evans.



Charlecote Park Photograph by Katharine Coman.

of Welsh origin, was a Staffordshire man. A house-builder's son, he had himself begun life as a carpenter. Adam Bede was made in his likeness. Rising to the position of forester and then to that of land agent, he was living, at the time of his daughter's birth, at Arbury Farm, in charge of the Newdigate estate. Three or four months later, he removed to Griff, an old brick farm-house standing at a little distance from the park, on the high road. Griff House passed, in due course of time, from the occupancy of Robert Evans to that of his son, and on the latter's death, a few years ago, was converted into a Dairy School "for gentleman-farmers' daughters." Pleasant and benignant was its look that August afternoon, as it stood well back among its beautiful growth of trees,—cut-leaf birch and vellowing chestnut, Cedar of Lebanon, pine, locust, holly, oak and yew, with a pear-tree pleached against the front wall on one side, while the other was thickly overgrown with ivv. Gera-



The Clock Tower of War-wick Castle Ford's Hospital, Coventry





A Quaint Corner in Coventry The Almshouse Court, Cov-Photographs by Katharine Coman.



entry

niums glowed about the door, and the mellow English sunshine lay softly over all. This was a sweet and tender setting for the figure of that ardent wonder-child,—a figure imagination could not disassociate from that of the sturdy elder brother, whose presence—if he were in affable and condescending mood—made her paradise.

They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them. They would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. * * * Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of those first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved this earth so well if we had had no childhood in it.

We forgave, as we lingered in that gracious scene, "the memory of the just." For all Tom's virtues, he had given Maggie, though she was her father's darling and had no lack of indulgent love about her, the best happiness of her childhood. Across the years of misunderstanding and separation she could write:

"But were another childhood's world my share, I would be born a little sister there."

We had even a disloyal impulse of sympathy for these kinsfolk of genius, who must needs pay the price by having their inner natures laid bare before the world, but we checked it. Our worlds little or large, are bound to say and believe something concerning us: let us be content in proportion as it approximates the truth.

Our road to Coventry ran through a mining district. Every now and then we met groups of black-faced colliers. Robert Evans must often have driven his daughter along this way, for in her early teens she was at school in the City of the Three Spires, and later on, when her widowed father resigned to his son his duties as land agent, and Griff House with them, she removed there with him to make him a new home. The house is still to be seen in Foleshill road, on the approach from the north; but here the star of George



Feeding the Peacocks, Warwick Castle



The Avon from Warwick Castle Photographs by Katharine Coman.



Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire



Guild Chapel and Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon Photographs by Katharine Coman.



The Avon at Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Eliot pales before a greater glory, the all-eclipsing splendor, for at Coventry we are on the borders of the Shake-spearean country.

Stratford-on-Avon lies only twenty miles to the south, and what were twenty miles to the creator of Ariel and Puck? Surely his young curiosity must have brought him early to this

"Quaint old town of toil and trouble, Quaint old town of art and song."

The noble symmetries of St. Michael's, its companion spires of Holy Trinity and Grey Friars, the narrow streets and over-jutting housetops, the timber-framed buildings, the frescoed walls and carven window-heads, all that we see today of the medieval fashion he must have seen in fresher beauty, and far more; yet even then the glory of Coventry had departed. From the eleventh century, when Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and his Countess of beloved memory, the



Guy's Cliff Hall as Seen Across the Avon Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Lady Godiva, built their magnificent abbey, of which hardly a trace remains, the city had been noted for its religious edifices. Its triple-spired cathedral of St. Mary—existing today in but a few foundation fragments—its monasteries and nunneries and churches of the various orders formed an architectural group unmatched in England. Coventry was conspicuous, too, for civic virtues. As its merchants increased in riches, they lavished them freely on their queenly town. The Earl in his now crumbled castle and the Lord Abbot had hitherto divided the rule, but in 1345 came the first Mayor. It was while the Rosered Richard sat so gaily on his rocking throne that Coventry celebrated the completion of its massive walls, three miles in circuit, with twelve gates and thirty-two towers. In the middle of the fifteenth century it received a special charter, and Henry VI declared it "the best governed city in all his realm." It was then that the famous guilds of Coventry were at their height,



Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Interior of Rugby Chapel



Wootton-Wawen Church Photograph by Katharine Coman.



A View of Rugby from the Football Field



The Road to Stratford-on- Aston-Cantlow Church, War-- Avon



wickshire



Photographs by Katharine Coman.



The Poet of Guy's Cliff Old Mill, Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire

for its merchants had waxed wealthy in the wool-trade and its artisans were cunning at cloth-making.

As we stood in St. Mary's Hall, erected toward the end of the fourteenth century by the united fraternities known as the Holy Trinity Guild, we realized something of the devotional spirit and artistic joy of those old craftsmen. The oak roof of the Great Hall is exquisitely figured with a choir of angels playing on their divers instruments. In the kitchen—such a kitchen, with stone arches and fine old timber-work!—another angel peeps down to see that the service of spit and gridiron is decorously done. The building throughout abounds in carved panels, groined roofs, state chairs of elaborate design, heraldic insignia, portraits, grotesques, and displays a marvelous tapestry, peopled with a softly-fading company of saints and bishops, kings and queens.

Among the Coventry artists, that gladsome throng of architects, painters, weavers, goldsmiths and silversmiths who wrought so well for the adornment of their city. John Thornton is best remembered. It was he who made-so they say at Coventry—the east window of York minster. and here in St. Mary's Hall he placed superb stained glass of harmoniously-blended browns. We could fancy a Stratford boy with hazel eyes intent upon it, conning the faces of those English kings to whom he was to give new life and longer reigns. Henry VI holds the center, thus revealing the date of the window, and near him are Henry IV and Henry V. Lancastrian usurpers to whose side the partial dramatist has lured us all. It was to join their forces at Shrewsbury that he sent Falstaff marching through Coventry with his ragged regiment, whose every soldier looked like "Lazarus in the painted cloth." Richard II is conspicuous by his absence, but in writing his tragedy the young Shakespeare remembered that Coventry was the scene of the attempted trial at arms between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk. The secret cause of the combat involved the honor of Richard, and he, not daring to trust the issue,

threw "his warder down," forbade the duel and sentenced both champions to

"tread the stranger paths of banishment."

But Shakespeare's Coventry, like Shakespeare's London, was largely a city of ruins. Broken towers and desolate courts told of the ruthless sweep of the Reformation. The cloth-trade, too, was falling off, and even that blue thread whose steadfast dye gave rise to the proverb "True as Coventry blue" was less in demand under Elizabeth than under Henry VIII. Yet though so much of its noble ecclesiastical architecture was defaced or overthrown, though its tide of fortune had turned, the city was lovely still, among its most charming buildings being various charitable institutions founded and endowed by wealthy citizens. exquisite timber-and-plaster almshouse for aged women, Ford's Hospital, then almost new, may have gained in mellow tints with time, but its rich woodwork, one fretted story projecting over another like the frilled heads of antiquated dames, row above row, peering out to see what might be passing in the street beneath, must have delighted the vision then as it delights it still. I dare say Will Shakespeare, saucy lad that he was, doffed his cap and flashed a smile as reviving as a beam of sunshine at some wistful old body behind the diamond panes of her long and narrow window. For there she would have been sitting, as her successor is sitting yet, trying to be thankful for her four shillings a week, her fuel, her washing and her doctoring, but ever, in her snug corner, dusting and re-arranging the bits of things—cups and spoons, a cushion or two, Scripture texts-her scanty salvage from the wreck of home. That the pathos of the old faces enhances the picturesqueness of it all, those eyes so keen to read the book of human life would not have failed to note.

Coventry would have had for the seeking heart of a poet other attractions than those of architectural beauty. It was a storied city, with its treasured legend of Lady Godiva's

ride—a legend not then vulgarized by the Restoration addition of Peeping Tom—and with its claim to be the birthplace of England's patron saint, the redoubtable dragon-slayer. A fourteenth-century poet even asserts of St. George and his bride that they

"many years of joy did see; They lived and died in Coventree."

I had a dim memory of some old-time slaughter—perhaps of Danes-commemorated in its play of Hock Tuesday. Coventry was, indeed, a "very reveler" in plays and pageants, and if nothing else could have brought a longlimbed, wide-awake youth to try what his Rosalind and Celia and Orlando found so easy, a holiday escapade in the Forest of Arden, we may be all but sure the Corpus Christi Mysteries would have given the fiend the best of the argument with conscience. It is not likely, however, that it had to be a runaway adventure. That worshipful alderman. John Shakespeare, was himself of a restless disposition and passing fond of plays. He would have made little, in the vears of his prosperity, of a summer-day canter to Coventry, with his small son of glowing countenance mounted on the same stout nag. Later on, when debts and lawsuits were weighing down his spirits, the father may have turned peevish and withheld both his company and his horse, but by that time young Will, grown tall and sturdy, could have trudged it, putting his enchanting tongue to use, when his legs, like Touchstone's, were weary, in winning a lift from some farmer's wain for a mile or so along the road. But by hook or by crook he would be there, laughing in his doublet-sleeve at the blunders of the "rude mechanicals" of the tailors who were playing the Nativity and of the weavers on whose pageant platform was set forth the Presentation in the Temple. Robin Starveling the Tailor, and his donkeyship Nick Bottom the Weaver, were they not natives of Coventry? And when the truant-if truant he was-came footsore back to Stratford and acted over again in the Henley Street garden sweet with June, the "swaggering" of the "hempen home-spuns," did not his gentle mother hide her smiles by stooping to tend her roses, while the father's lungs, despite himself, began to "crow like Chanticleer?"

Foolish city, to have kept no record of those visits of the yeoman's son, that dusty youngster with the dancing eyes! When royal personages came riding through your gates, you welcomed them with stately ceremonies and splendid gifts, with gav street pageants and gold cups full of coin. Your quills ran verse as lavishly as your pipes ran wine. You had ever a loval welcome for poor Henry VI; and for his fiery queen, Margaret of Anjou, you must needs present, in 1456, Saint Margaret slaving the dragon. Four years later, though with secret rage, you were tendering an ovation to her arch enemy and conqueror, Edward IV. Here this merry monarch kept his Christmas in 1465 and nine years later came again to help you celebrate the feast of St. George. For Prince Edward, three years old, your Mayor and Council, all robed in blue and green, turned out in 1474, while players strutted before the child's wondering eyes, while the music of the harp and viol filled his ears, and the "Children of Issarell" flung flowers before his little feet. His murderer. Richard III, you received with no less elaborate festivities nine years later, when he came to see your Corpus Christi plays. But it was to you that his supplanter, Henry VII, repaired straight from the victory of Bosworth Field, and you, never Yorkist at heart, flew your banners with enthusiastic joy. His heir, Arthur, a winsome and delicate prince, you greeted with unconscious irony, four years before his death, by the blessings of the Queen of Fortune. You summoned the "Nine Orders of Angels," with a throng of "divers beautiful damsels," to welcome Henry VIII and the ill-omened Catherine of Arragon, in 1510. Thev were sumptuously entertained at your glorious Priory, for whose destruction that graceless guest, the King, was presently to seal command. But before its day of doom it sheltered one more royal visitor of yours, the Princess Mary,



The Entrance to Warwick Castle





who came in 1525 to see the Mercers' Pageant. In 1565, the year after Shakespeare's birth, you fêted with all splendor Queen Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, and in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, you spread the feast for King James, the first of the Stuarts. But you have forgotten your chief guest of all, the roguish youngster munching his bread and cheese in the front rank of the rabble, the heavencrowned poet who was to be more truly king maker than the great Warwick himself.

Our first seeing of the name of Warwick in Warwickshire was over a green-grocer's shop in Coventry. The green-grocer was all very well, but the sewing-machine factories and, worse yet, the flourishing business in bicycles and motor-cars jarred on our sixteenth-century dream. am ashamed to confess how speedily we accomplished our Coventry sight-seeing and how early, on the day following our arrival, we took the road again. We set out in our sedate victoria with high expectations, for we had been told over and over that the route from Coventry to Warwick was "the most beautiful drive in England." For most of the way we found it a long, straight, level avenue, bordered by large trees. There were few outlooks; clouds of dust hung in the air, and gasoline odors trailed along the way. We counted it, as a drive, almost the dullest of our forty odd, but it was good roading, and the opinion of the horse may have been more favorable.

Five miles brought us to Kenilworth, about whose stately ruins were wandering the usual summer groups of trippers and tourists. Its ivies were at their greenest and its hollies glistened with an emerald sheen, but when I had last seen the castle, in a far-away October, those hollies were yet more beautiful with gold-edged leaves and with ruby berries. Then, as now, the lofty red walls seemed to me to wear an aspect, if not of austerity, at least of courtly reserve, as if, whoever might pry and gossip, their secrets were still their own. In point of fact, the bewitchments of Sir Walter Scott have made it well-nigh impossible for any of us to

bear in mind that in the ancient fortress of Kenilworth King John was wont to lurk, spinning out his spider-webs, that Simon de Montfort once exercised gay lordship here, and here, in sterner times, held Henry III and Prince Edward prisoners: that these towers witnessed the humiliation of the woeful Edward II, and that in these proud halls the mirth-loving Queen Bess had been entertained by the Earl of Leicester on three several occasions prior to the famous visit of 1575. On her first coming our poet was a prattler of two-if only Mistress Shakespeare had kept a "Baby Record "-and I am willing to admit that the event may not have interested him. When her second royal progress excited Warwickshire, he was a four-year-old, teasing his mother for fairy stories and peeping into the acorn-cups for hidden elves, but hardly likely to have been chosen to play the part of Cupid while

> "the imperial votaress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free,"

As a boy of eight, however, a "gallant child, one that makes old hearts fresh," he may have stood by the road-side, or been perched on some friendly shoulder to add his shrill note to the loyal shout when the Queen rode by amid her retinue; and three years later, I warrant his quick wits found a way to see something of those glittering shows, those "princely pleasures of Kenilworth Castle," which lasted nineteen days and were the talk of the county. How eagerly his winged imagination would have responded to the Lady of the Lake, to Silvanus, Pomona and Ceres, to the "savage man" and the satyrs, to the "triton riding on a mermaid 18 foot long; as also Arion on a dolphin, with rare music!"* If we did not think so much about Amy Robsart at Kenilworth as, according to Scott, we should have done,

^{*}From the account given by Sir William Dugdale, the celebrated antiquary, who was born at Shustoke, eight miles west of Nuneaton, in 1605, and educated at Coventry: "The Antiquities of Warwickshire" he published in 1656. He died in 1686, and his tomb, with his own inscription, may be seen in the chancel of Shustoke Church. (See the Library Shelf.)

it is because we were unfortunate enough to know that she perished fifteen years before these high festivities,—three years, indeed, before the Castle was granted to Robert Dudley.

Stoneleigh Abbey, with its tempting portraits, lay three miles to the left, and we would not swerve from our straight road, which, however, grew more exciting as we neared Warwick, for it took us past Blacklow Hill, to whose summit, six hundred years ago, the fierce barons of Edward II dragged his French favorite, Piers Gaveston, and struck off that jaunty head, which went bounding down the hill to be picked up at the bottom by a friar, who piously bore it in his hood to Oxford.

We halted again at Guy's Cliff, constrained by its ancient tradition of Guy, Earl of Warwick, he who

"did quell that wondrous cow"

of Dunsmore Heath. My own private respect for horned beasts kept me from flippantly undervaluing this exploit. After other doughty deeds, giants, monsters and Saracensfalling like ninepins before him, Guy returned in the odor of sanctity from the Holy Land, but instead of going home to Warwick, where his fair countess was pining, he sought out this cliff rising from the Avon and, in a convenient cavity, established himself as a hermit. Every day he begged bread at the gate of his own castle, and his wife, not recognizing her dread lord in this meek anchorite, supplied his needs. Just before his end he sent her a ring, and she, thus discovering the identity of the beggar, sped to the cave, arriving just in time to see him die. Other hermits succeeded to his den, and in the reign of Henry VI, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, founded a chantry there. Henry VIII made short work of that, and the romantic rocks passed from one owner to another, the present mansion having been built above them in the eighteenth century. Guy's Cliff was termed by Leland "a place delightful to the muses," and we were pleased to find it still enjoyed

their favor. One of those supernaturally dignified old servitors who hang about to catch the pennies struck an attitude on the bridge and, informing us that he was a poet and had had verses in print, recited with touching earnestness the following effusion:

"Ere you can sit and rest a while,
And watch the wild ducks dive in play,
Listen to the cooing dove
And the noisy jay,
Watch the moorhen as she builds her rushy nest
Swayin' hupon the himmortal Havon's 'eavin' breast."

Warwick, a wide-streeted, stately old town, with two of its medieval gates still standing, was familiar to us both. I had spent a week here, some years ago, and taken occasion, after inspecting the lions, to view the horses, for the autumn races chanced to be on. I remember sitting, surprised at myself, on the grand stand, in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and betting. The bookmakers stood below, conspicuous in green velveteen coats; some had their names on the open money-bags hanging from their necks; all were shouting themselves hoarse. A red-nosed lady in dashing apparel sat on my right, enlightening my ignorance with a flood of jockey English, while on my left a plain-faced, anxious little body would turn from helping her husband decide his bets to urge upon me the superior morality of this to all other forms of English sport. The green below was filled with a bustling crowd of men, women and children. pressing about the booths, the Punch-and-Judys and the show-carts, adventuring upon the swings and merry-gorounds, tossing balls at gay whirligigs and winning cocoanuts in the fascinating game of "Aunt Sally," or ransacking the "silken treasury."

> "Lawns as white as driven snow," Cyprus black as e'er was crow,"

of many a modern Autolycus. The throng was bright with fluttering pennons, red soldier-coats and the vivid finery of housemaids on a holiday. I saw five out of the seven races sweep by and waxed enthusiastic over "Porridge" and "Odd Mixture," but "good old Maggie Cooper," on which my red-nosed neighbor lost heavily, while the husband of my moral little friend won, put me to such embarrassment between them that I bethought myself of my principles and slipped away.

Eschewing such profane reminiscences, I recalled the Church of St. Mary, with its haughty Beauchamp Chapel where ancient Earls of Warwick keep their marble state, together with the Earl of Leicester and his "noble impe." I recalled the delectable home for old soldiers, Leycester's Hospital, so inimitably described by Hawthorne. Across the years I still could see the antique quadrangle with its emblazoned scutcheons and ornately lettered texts; the vaulted hall with its great carven beams; the delightful kitchen with its crested fireplace of huge dimensions, its oaken settles and copper flagons, its Saxon chair that has rested weary mortality for a thousand years, and its silken fragment of Amy Robsart's needlework. Most clearly of all rose from memory the figures of the old pensioners, the "brethren" garbed in long blue gowns with silver badge on shoulder, stamped, as the whole building is stamped over and over, with the cognizance of The Bear and the Ragged Staff. I had done homage at Warwick to the memory of Landor, who was born there in a house dear to his childhood for its mulberries and cedars, its chestnut wood, and its fig tree at the window. Partly for his sake I had visited Rugby, on the eastern border of Warwickshire,—that great public school which became, under Dr. Arnold's mastership, such a power in English life. Rugby disapproved of my special interest, for it has had better boys than Landor, so wild-tempered a lad that his father was requested to remove him when, only fifteen, he was within five of being head of the school. But the neighboring village of Bilton entirely endorsed my motives when I went the rounds of Bilton Hall as an act of respectful sympathy for the eminent Mr. Addison, who wedded the Dowager Countess of Warwick and here resided with her for the three years

that his life endured under that magnificent yoke. With so much sightseeing to our credit, we decided to limit our Warwick experiences on this occasion to luncheon and the castle, for although we both had "done" the splendid home of the Earls of Warwick more than once, even viewing it by moonlight and by dawnlight from the bridge across the Avon, it did not seem decorous to pass by without leaving cards—not our visiting cards, but those for which one pays two shillings apiece in the shop over against the gate.

Warwick Castle, built of the very centuries, cannot be expected to alter with Time's "brief hours and weeks"at least, with so few of them as fall to one poor mortal's lot. From visit to visit I find it as unchanged as the multiplication table. By that same chill avenue cut through the solid rock and densely shaded we passed into the same grassy court lorded over by some arrogant peacocks-who have, however, developed an intemperate appetite for sweet chocolate—and girt about by the same proud walls and grey. embattled towers. A princely seat of splendid memories, one is half ashamed to join the inquisitive procession that trails after a supercilious guide through the series of state apartments-Great Hall, Red Drawing Room, Cedar Room, Gilt Drawing Room, Boudoir, Armory Passage, and so on to the end. We looked at the same relics,-old Guy's dubious porridge pot, Marie Antoinette's mosaic table. Queen Anne's red velvet bed, the mace of the King-maker, Cromwell's helmet; the same treasures of rare workmanship and fabulous cost.—a Venetian table inlaid with precious stones, shimmering tapestries, enameled cabinets and clocks, the same notable succession of portraits in which the varying art of Van Dyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, Rubens, Lely, Kneller has perpetuated some of the most significant faces of history. How strangely they turn their eyes on one another !-- Anne Boleyn: her Bluebeard, Henry VIII, pictured here not only in his rank manhood, but as a sweet-lipped child; Loyola in priestly vestments of gold and crimson; the

Earl of Strafford with his doomful look; Charles I; Henrietta Maria; Rupert of the Rhine; the heroic Marquis of Montrose; the literary Duke of Newcastle; the romantic Gondomar, Spanish ambassador to Elizabeth; and with them—confuting my rash statement that the castle knows no change—Sargent's portrait of the present Countess of Warwick, a democrat of the democrats, enfolding her little son. There remained the walk through the gardens to the conservatory, whose Warwick Vase, said to have been found in Hadrian's Villa, is, for all its grandeur, less dear to memory than the level green branches of the great cedars of Lebanon. But when it came to peacocks and pussycats cut in yew, we deemed it time to resume our journey.

Learnington was close at hand, with its Royal Pump Rooms, swimming-baths and gardens, its villas and crescents and bath-chairs and parades, its roll of illustrious invalids who have drunk of its mineral waters; but we would not turn aside for Learnington. Dr. Parr's church at Hatton could not detain us, nor other churches and mansions of renown, nor the footsteps of the worthies of the Gunpowder Plot, nor Edge Hill where Charles I met the Parliamentarians in the first battle of the Civil War, nor the park of Redway Grange in which Fielding wrote—and laughed as he wrote—a portion of "Tom Jones," nor the Red Horse cut in turf, nor any other of the many attractions of a neighborhood so crowded with memorials of stirring life. Our thoughts were all of Shakespeare now; our goal was Stratford-on-Avon.

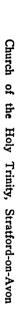
Should we drive by the right bank of the river, or the left? The choice lay between Snitterfield and Charlecote Park. In Snitterfield, a village four miles to the north of Stratford, the poet's paternal grandsire, Richard Shakespeare, wore out a quiet yeoman life, tilling the farm that he rented from Robert Arden of Wilmcote, father of the poet's mother. There must have been a strain of something better than audacity in the tenant's son to win him the hand of Mary Arden. Henry Shakespeare, the poet's uncle,

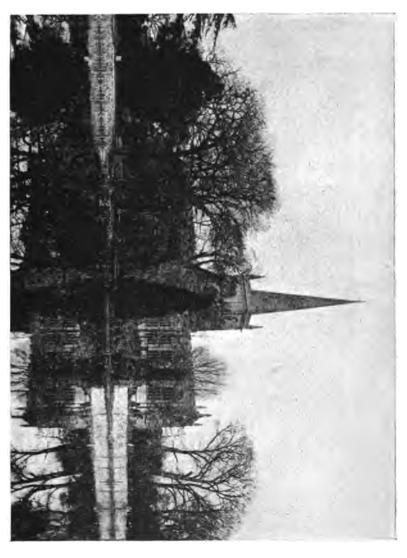
died at Snitterfield in 1596, when the quick scion of the slow blood was in the first fever of his London successes. But we chose the left-hand road and Charlecote Park. For a while the sunny Avon, silver-flecked with such swans as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson may have smiled upon together, bore us blithe company; then we passed under the shadow of oaks with "antique root" out-peeping, and of other

"moss'd trees That have outliv'd the eagle."

Before the Forest of Arden was cut away for the use of the Droitwich salt-boilers and other Vandals, the land was so thickly wooded that tradition says a squirrel might have skipped from bough to bough across the county. without once touching the ground. Now it is rich glebe and tillage. We skirted the broad acres of Charlecote Park and viewed its "native burghers," the deer, but were loth to believe that Shakespeare, even in his heyday of youthful riot, would have "let the law go whistle" for the sake of "a hot venison-pastry to dinner." Yet it is like enough that there was no love lost between the Shakespeares and the Lucys, a family who have held the manor since the twelfth century and in their Elizabethan representative, laid themselves open to the suspicion of pompous bearing and deficient sense of humor. The luces, or pikes, in their coat of arms, the pun-loving tongue of a "most acute juvenal" could hardly have resisted. "The dozen white louses do become an old coat well." Sir Thomas Lucy entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1572, and if the boys from Stratford Grammar School were not in evidence at the Park Gates on her arrival, it must have been because Holofernes was drilling them for a show of the Nine Worthies later on.

In the fields about the town the pea-pickers, an autumn feature of this neighborhood, were already at work. They held our eyes for a little and, when we looked forward again, there by the river rose the spire of Holy Trinity,









Shakespeare's Birthplace as Seen from the Garden



keeping its faithful watch and ward. We clattered over the old stone bridge of fourteen arches and were there, between the staring rows of tourist shops, all dealing in Shakespeare commercialized. His likeness, his name, his plays are pressed into every huckster's service. The windows fairly bristle with busts of Shakespeare of all sizes and half a dozen colors; with models of the Henly Street house, ranging in price, with varying magnitude and material, from pennies to pounds; with editions of his works, from miniature copies to colossal; with photographs, postalcards, etchings, sketches; with rubbings of his tombstone inscription; with birthday books and wall texts, and with all sorts of articles, paper-cutters, match-boxes, pencil-trays, I dare say bootjacks, stamped with verse or phrase of his. This poet-barter is only a fraction of Shakespeare's endowment of his native town. Inn-keepers, porters, drivers, guides, custodians are maintained by him. Sir Thomas Lucy never dreamed of such a retinue. Hardly did Warwick the King-maker support so great a household. He is not only Stratford's pride, but its prosperity, and the welfare of the descendants of Shakespeare's neighbors is not a matter for the stranger to deplore. Nevertheless, we hunted up lodgings, drank bad tea at one of the Shakespeare Tea Rooms, and were out of those greedy streets as quickly as possible on a stroll across the old ridged fields to Shottery.

On the way we met a sophisticated donkey, who, waggling his ears, asked in Bottom's name for a gratuity of "good sweet hay;" and a bevy of children scampered up, as we neared Anne Hathaway's cottage, to thrust upon us their wilted sprigs of lavender and rosemary. They were merry little merchants, however, and giggled understandingly when we put them off with "No, thank you, William," "No thank you, Anne." We arrived a minute after six and the cottage was closed for the night, though a medley of indignant pilgrims pounded at the garden gate and took unavailing camera shots through the twilight. But we were content with our dusky glimpse of the timber-and-plaster, vine-

grown walls and low thatched roof. In former years we had trodden that box-covered path up to an open door and had duly inspected fire-place and settle, Bible and bacon-cupboard and the ancient bedstead. What we cared for most this time was the walk thither, coming by that worn foot-way toward the setting sun, as Shakespeare would have come on his eager lover's visits, and the return under a gossamer crescent which yet served to suggest the "blessed moon" that tipped

"with silver all these fruit-tree tops"

for a rash young Romeo who would better have been minding his book at home.

The next morning we spent happily in re-visiting the Stratford shrines. Even the catch-shilling shops bore witness, in their garish way, to the supremacy of that genius which brings the ends of the earth to this Midland markettown.

The supposed birthplace is now converted, after a chequered career, into a Shakespeare Museum, where are treasured more or less authentic relics and those first editions which are worth their weight in radium. Built of the tough Arden oak and of honest plaster, it was a respectable residence for the times, not unworthy of that versatile and vigorous citizen who traded in corn and timber and wool and cattle, rose from the offices of ale-taster and constable to be successively Chamberlain, Alderman and High Bailiff, and loomed before the eyes of his little son as the greatest man in the world. The house, whose clay floors it may have been the children's task to keep freshly strewn with rushes, would have been furnished with oaken chests and settles. stools, trestle-boards, truckle-beds and perhaps a great bedstead with carved posts. Robert Arden, a man of property and position, had left, among other domestic luxuries, eleven "painted cloths"—naïve representations of religious or classical subjects, with explanatory texts beneath. His daughter may have had some of these works of art to adorn the walls

of her Stratford home, and, like enough, she brought her husband a silver salt-cellar and a "fair garnish of pewter." Her eldest son, whose plays "teach courtesy to kings," was doubtless carefully bred,—sent off early to school "with shining morning face," and expected to wait on his parents at their eleven o'clock breakfast before taking his own, though we need feel no concern about his going hungry. Trust him for knowing, as he passed the trenchers and filled the flagons, how to get many a staying nibble behind his father's back.

We wandered on to the Grammar School, still located in the picturesque, half-timbered building originally erected, toward the end of the thirteenth century, by the Guild of the Holy Cross. Here once was hospital as well as school. and in the long hall on the ground floor, even yet faintly frescoed with the Crucifixion, the Guild held its meetings and kept its feasts. Henry VIII made but half a bite of all this, and the boy-king, Edward VI, eleven years before Shakespeare's birth gave the ancient edifice back to Stratford. Then the long hall was used for the deliberations of the Town Council, and sometimes, especially when John Shakespeare was in office, for the performances of strolling players,—three men and a boy, perhaps, traveling in their costumes, which, by a little shifting and furbishing, might serve for an old-fashioned morality or a new-fangled chronicle, or, should the school-master's choice prevail, for something newly Englished from the classics, "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." The school, thenceforth known as Edward VI Grammar School, was permanently established in the top story, where it is still in active operation. Here we saw the Latin room in which another William than Mistress Page's hopeful was taught "to hick and to hack," and the Mathematics room where he learned enough arithmetic to "buy spices for our sheep-shearing." He was only fourteen or fifteen, it is believed, when his father's business troubles broke off his schooling, but not his education. Everywhere was "matter for a hot brain." And he, who, since the days when he "plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, * * * knew not what 'twas to be beaten," would have borne up blithely against this seeming set-back. Nature had given him "wit to flout at Fortune," and these, too, were the red-blooded years of youth. when he was ever ready to "dance after a tabor and pipe" and pay his laughing court to many a "queen of curds and cream."

"But, O, the thorns we stand upon!"

The mature charms of Anne Hathaway turned jest into earnest and sent prudence down the wind. There was a hasty wedding, nobody knows where, and John Shakespeare's burdens were presently increased by the advent of three grand-children. It was obviously high time for this ne'er-do-well young John-a-Dreams-"yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved"-to strike out into the world and seek his fortune.

Next to the Guild Hall stands the Guild Chapel, whose former frescoes of the Day of Judgment must have made deep impression on the "eye of childhood that fears a painted devil;" and over the way from the Guild Chapel is New Place. On this site in the time of Henry VII rose the Great House, built by a Stratford magnate and benefactor, Sir Hugh Clopton.—he who gave the town that "fair Bridge of Stone over Avon." In 1597 Shakespeare, who could hardly have been in London a dozen years, had prospered so well, albeit in the disreputable crafts of actor and playwright, that he bought the estate, repaired the mansion then in "great ruyne and decay," and re-named it New Place. Yet although it was his hour of triumph, his heart was sorrowful, for his only son, his eleven-year-old Hamnet, "jewel of children," had died the year before. At least another decade passed before Shakespeare finally withdrew from London and settled down at New Place with the wife eight years his senior, a plain country woman of Puritan

proclivities. In his twenty years of intense creative life,

"The inward service of the mind and soul"

must have widened beyond any possible comprehension of hers, nor can his two daughters, unlettered and out of his world as they were, have had much inkling of the career and achievements of "so rare a wonder'd father." His parents were dead. Their ashes may now mingle with little Hamnet's in some forgotten plot of the elm-shadowed church-vard. Of two daughters. Susanna, the elder, had married a Stratford physician, and there was a grandchild, little Elizabeth Hall, to brighten the gardens of New Place. As I lingered there. for the gardens remain, though the house is gone—my eves rested on a three-year-old lass in a fluttering white frock,no wraith, though she might have been,—dancing among the flowers with such uncertain steps and tossing such tiny hands in air that the birds did not trouble themselves to take to their wings, but hopped on before her like playfellows.

The deepest of the Shakespeare mysteries is, to my mind, the silence of those closing years. Were nerves and brain temporarily exhausted from the strain of that long period of continuous production? Or had he come home from London sore at heart, "toss'd from wrong to injury." smarting from "the whips and scorns of time" and abjuring the "rough magic" of his art? Or was he, in "the sessions of sweet silent thought," dreaming on some high, consummate poem in comparison with which the poor stagesmirched plays seemed to him not worth the gathering up? Or might he, taking a leaf out of Ben Jonson's book, have been in fact arranging and re-writing his works, purging his gold from the dross of various collaborators? Or was some new, inmost revelation of life dawning upon him, holding him dumb with awe? We can only ask, not answer, but certainly they err who claim that the divinest genius of English letters had wrought merely for house and land, and

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found his chief reward in writing "Gentleman" after his name.

"Sure, he that made us with such large discourses Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To rust in us unus'd."

Shakespeare had been gentle before he was a gentleman, and had held ever—let his own words bear witness!—

"Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches."

The gods had given him but fifty-two years on earth—had they granted more, he might have probed and uttered too many of their secrets—when for the last time he was "with holy bell * * * knell'd to church." It was an April day when the neighbors bore a hand-bier—as I saw a hand-bier borne a few years since across the fields from Shottery—the little way from New Place down Chapel Lane and along the Waterside,—or perhaps by Church Street—and up the avenue, beneath its blossoming limes, to Holy Trinity.

Here, where the thousands and the millions come up to do reverence to this

"Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,"

I passed a peaceful hour, ruffled only—if the truth must out—by the unjustifiable wrath which ever rises in me on reading Mrs. Susanna Hall's epitaph. I can forgive the "tombemaker" who wrought the bust, I can endure the stained glass windows, I can overlook the alabaster effigy of John Combe in Shakespeare's chancel, but I resent the Puritan self-righteousness of the lines,—

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all, Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall, Something of Shakespeare was in that but this Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse."

Yes, I know that Shakespeare made her his heiress, that she was clever and charitable, that in July of 1643 she entertained Queen Henrietta Maria at New Place, but I do

not care at all for the confusion of her bones when "a person named Watts" intruded into her grave fifty-eight years after she had taken possession, and I believe she used her father's manuscripts for wrapping up her saffron pies.

We spent the earlier half of the afternoon in a drive among some of the out-lying villages of Stratford,-first to Wilmcote, the birthplace of Shakespeare's mother. We dismissed a fleeting thought of "Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot," and sought only for "Mary Arden's Cottage," Gabled and dormer-windowed, of stout oak timbers and a light brown plaster, it stands pleasantly within its rustic greenery. Old stone barns and leaning sheds help to give it an aspect of homely kindliness. Robert Arden's will, dated 1556, is the will of a good Catholic, bequeathing his soul to God "and to our blessed Lady, Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of heaven." He directed that his body should be buried in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist in Aston-Cantlow. So we drove on, a little further to the north-west, and found an Early English church with a pinnacled west tower. The air was sweet with the roses and clematis that clambered up the walls. It is here. in all likelihood, that John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were married.

We still pressed on, splashing through a ford and traversing a serviving bit of the Forest of Arden, to one village more, Wootton-Wawen, with a wonderful old church whose every stone could tell a story. Somervile the poet, who loved Warwickshire so well, is buried in the chantry chapel, and the white-haired rector told us proudly that Shakespeare had often come to service there. Indeed, Wootton Wawen may have meant more to the great dramatist and done more to shape his destinies than we shall ever know, though Shakespeare scholarship is beginning to turn its searchlight on John Somervile of Edstone Hall, whose wife was nearly related to Mary Arden. Papist, as the whole Arden connection seems to have been, John Somervile's brain may have given way under the political and religious

troubles of those changeful Tudor times. At all events, he suddenly set out for London, declaring freely along the road that he was going to kill the Queen. Arrest, imprisonment, trial for high treason, conviction, and a mysterious death in his Newgate cell followed in terrible sequence. Nor did the tragedy stop with him, but his wife, sister and friend were arrested on charge of complicity, and not these only, but that quiet and honorable gentleman. Edward Arden of Park Hall in Wilmcote, with his wife and brother. Francis Arden and the ladies were in course of time released, but Edward Arden, who had previously incurred the enmity of Leicester by refusing to wear his livery-a flattery to which many of the Warwickshire gentlemen eagerly stooped-suffered on December 20, 1583, the barbarous penalty of the law,-hanged and drawn and quartered, put to death with torture, for no other crime than that of having an excitable son-in-law and a sturdy English sense of selfrespect. A sad and bitter Yule it must have been for his kinsfolk in Wilmcote and in Stratford. There was danger in the air, too; a hot word might give Sir Thomas Lucy or some zealous Protestant his chance; and there may well have been graver reasons than a poaching frolic why young Will Shakespeare should have disappeared from the county.

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Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

By Charles D. Williams

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was born at Alderley Rectory, Cheshire, on June 15, 1819. Coming of ancient lineage on both sides and of "noble" ancestry on one, he was an aristocrat by birth. This inherited disposition was fostered and fixed by a life-long association with the intellectual and social aristocracy and particularly by his close intimacy with royalty. Stanley was no democrat. While personally genial to the humblest and lowliest, while intensely interested in and sympathetic with the wrongs and sufferings of individual cases among the poor, there is no record of his ever having taken part in any of the great social reforms of his day. It is probable that his birth and training made him practically oblivious to the social problems of his age.

A strand of Welch ancestry on his father's side seemed to have endowed him with certain characteristics of the Celtic temperament, a mobile, almost volatile mind, an intense and excitable disposition, an incredibly lively imagination, and an insatiable intellectual curiosity.

From his father he inherited directly a certain wideness of mind and broadness of view which made the after-

^{*}This is the third in a series of studies of famous Englishmen, which will appear in The Chautauquan during the months from December to May: Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter (December); John Burns, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (January); Dean Stanley, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey.

ward Bishop of Norwich a frequent object of suspicion and criticism to his narrower-visioned brethren. Beyond this the father seems to have had little to do with the formation of his gifted son's mind and character.

But, as in the case of most great men, the mother was preëminently the formative, if not creative, personal influence in his life. From her he inherited what has been aptly called "a porcelain intellect," delicate, translucent, sensitive, of the finest grain and texture. Under her tender care and solicitous culture, he grew up like a fair flower. Her perfect sympathy, intellectual as well as affectional, was the sunlight of his mental, moral, and spiritual growth. Until the day of her death, every purpose in its incipiency and every work in its completion were submitted to the tests of her subtle, keen but sympathetic judgment. The son's life, mind, and heart were ever wide open to the mother.

Born and living always in affluence, he never knew the struggle for existence. With just enough of a body to house mind and soul, absorbed in purely intellectual interests all his life long to the extent of forgetfulness of all else, living apart from the hurly-burly in an almost exclusively academic and literary existence, he practically never met the "temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil." His was the life of untried innocence rather than of moral conquest. The result was a singularly transparent purity of both mind and heart.

His environment from start to finish was a veritable hothouse of intellectual culture. Relatives, friends, associates, all belonged to the aristocracy of the mind. His mental appetency was insatiable; his reading omnivorous; his travels (all quests for knowledge, never for mere change, novelty, or scenery) covered the fields richest with the lore of the past. To these travels he gave his whole spare time and from them he always returned laden with literary spoil. His historical imagination was vivid and keen to a superlative degree; his power of labor inexhaustible. Consequently his

mind became a veritable store-house of information, especially in his favorite field, legend, tradition, and history.

We see him first a shy and delicate boy with a mind and soul that fairly shine through the fragile little body. At school he tried conscientiously to take part in athletics and manly sports, but soon gave up the effort as a bad job. And yet he was never scorned by his school-mates as a "Miss Nancy." His vigour of intellect and purity of soul won for him the respect which physical prowess won for other boys. Indeed they surrounded him with a kind of reverence and awe which kept him in a place apart. Even in rough Rugby, at the height of its "fagging" and hazing period, the days described in "Tom Brown at Rugby," Stanley was never subjected to its rude discipline. In after years he learns of it with absolute surprise. "Little Stanley," as he was affectionately called, was the pride of the school. The boys let him alone to win the prizes and maintain the scholarship of the school.

At Rugby he met another personal influence which ranks second to his mother's in the shaping of his mind and character, the great Dr. Arnold, then Head-Master. That intensely virile intellect quickened the boy's sensitive mind. But above all, Arnold's broadness of intellectual sympathy, his wideness of vision and comprehensiveness of grasp were caught as by contagion by the lad's susceptible and congenial disposition. Stanley was by nature a heroworshipper; and Arnold remained to the end of his life his preëminent hero. His admiration amounts to adoration. And yet withal, love was not blind. In his private letters. and in his "Life of Arnold," he sees with singular clearness and criticises with unsparing yet affectionate severity his great man's great defects. He caught his master's spirit of breadth and comprehensiveness, but he permeated the bitterness which sometimes characterized Arnold's polemics with his own all pervading "sweetness and light."

At Oxford his undergraduate career was brilliant. He won the same respect and reverence from his fellow-students

which he had won from the boys at Rugby. His influence spread beyond the bounds of the university. While still an undergraduate, he was consulted by ministers of state as to an important appointment.

Upon graduation he was elected a fellow of one of the colleges, a position corresponding to that of tutor or subprofessor in an American university. For fifteen years he was not only the illuminating instructor and lecturer, but the inspiring friend and leader of his pupils. Now he is delicately suggesting, rather than offering, financial help to some poor fellow to enable him to pursue his studies or take a needed holiday. Now he is patiently laboring over some dullard; now enthusiastically guiding some congenially brilliant mind in some special course, perhaps in a spurt to win His rooms were frequently thrown open to his students; and although the boys knew that Stanley's suppers were sure to be scanty in quantity and poor in quality. because through his own utter indifference to food, he was the common prey of unprincipled caterers and servants, yet an invitation was a coveted prize. For it offered an intellectual feast of rarest richness, an evening of contact with a flaming yet gentle mind. Whatever topic was started, their host could lead them into "fresh fields and pastures new." into unsuspected by-paths and delightful nooks off the dusty and beaten paths of familiar knowledge.

In 1839 Stanley took orders in the English Church, after a long debate over the terms of subscription to the 39 articles and particularly the Athanasian Creed, a debate which inspired a life-long fight for simplicity and liberty in doctrinal requirements.

The Oxford of Stanley's days was the storm-center of the fiercest controversies which have shaken the English Church in modern times. It was the period of the great Oxford Movement, so called, i. e., the High Church revival. Newman (the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," afterward a Roman Catholic cardinal) the subtle master mind of the movement, the "golden-mouthed" preacher, the intellectual

wizard who enthralled men's minds in spite of themselves. was at the height of his power; Keble, the poet and saint of the party, was professor of poetry; and Pusey, the scholar and authority of that school, was university preacher and pro-The very atmosphere was tense with theological strife; subtleties of doctrinal difference which today would not be discerned, then stirred up hurricanes and cyclones. Poor Hampton, appointed professor of Divinity and afterwards a Bishop, was furiously trampled in the mire because his English was so muddy and his brain so muddled that neither he nor any one else could make out what he meant in his lectures or his books. Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, became the target of virulent denunciation by the saints for the utterance of what would today be innocent platitudes. Pusey was silenced and Newman was attacked.

In these controversies Stanley acquired the temper and took the position which characterized his whole after life. Although a pronounced Broad Churchman himself and afterwards the recognized leader of his school of thought, he never sank into the mere partisan. He tried always and passionately to find the syntheses and sympathies that underlay all superficial differences and to show the combatants the great fundamental unities on which they all stood. Above all he stood resolutely for fairness, "the square deal." Now he is the champion of the misunderstood and muddled Hampton, now of the alleged latitudinariant and rationalist Temple, now of the Romanizing Pusey and Newman, and now of the evangelical and low-church Gorham.

In 1853 Stanley reluctantly left Oxford, which was always the home of his heart, to become a Canon of Canterbury. And while utterly unfitted for the business details of his new position, he found in the ancient Cathedral a rich field for that antiquarian and historical research which was ever his chief delight. Into his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" he gathered the abundant lore of these years of labor.

Back to Oxford he came in 1858 as professor of Ecclesiastical History, a most congenial position. These were years of monumental labor. Studying, lecturing, devouring libraries, scouring Sinai, Palestine, Greece, Italy, France, Germany and Russia for the spoils of the past, he gathered his results into his great historical volumes, "Sinai and Palestine." "Lectures on the Jewish Church." and "Lectures on the Eastern Church." None of them are profound works: none give any deep insight into new principles or reveal any comprehensive philosophy of history. But in them all are vast and rich stores of material, gathered from every possible source and all played upon, illuminated, made brilliant and fascinating by one of the most extraordinary historical imaginations ever possessed by a human being. The old places start into reality before the eye; the old scenes live; the old stories reënact themselves with dramatic vividness: and the old characters walk the earth with human feet.

In 1863 Stanley received his coronation. He could not be a Bishop. He was not a "safe man." Tea-kettles are safe: steam engines are not always. But as Dean of Westminster he was in some respects higher than any Bishop. In the first place, he was independent of all Episcopal control, his own master for life. And in the second, he was made guardian of that shrine where the history of all England is embalmed, where state and church meet in indissoluble union, the center of national and ecclesiastical life, and the spot where he could enjoy to the full the society he loved best, the companionship of the great, living and dead. Here the remaining eighteen years of his life were spent in intense but ecstatic activity; preaching from the greatest pulpit in the world to every class,—court, parliament, learned societies, common people, working-men, children; offering the hospitality of that pulpit to whomsoever had a message which he thought ought to be heard, Churchmen of all schools, non-conformists, laymen; illustrating thus practically his favorite principle of comprehensiveness; boldly shutting out from his abbey the whole body of the Anglican

Episcopate in council assembled when he thought they intended to make wrong controversial use of it; inviting into it the despised heretic Colenso, because he thought he had not had a fair show or due appreciation; throwing open his deanery now to the Company for the Revision of the Bible, now to distinguished visitors of international significance, and now to working-men and little children; preaching and lecturing from one end of Britain, ay, of the world, to the other: flinging off from his prolific pen with astounding rapidity sermons, addresses, lectures, tracts, controversial and otherwise, letters to the newspapers on every subject, articles for periodicals, books. He plunged into every doctrinal and ecclesiastical controversy of the day and always on the side of the "under dog." He reveled in the historical treasures of his shrine and set them forth to the public in his charming volumes on the Abbey; and finally he opened its hospitality of sepulture to such of England's great as he thought worthy of that high honor. Truly this was Stanley's sphere. Through twelve of these years he had by his side as his stay and inspiration the third personal influence which made him what he was, his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley; a soul like unto his own, too like perhaps, as one of his closest friends remarked. But no union of souls was ever more perfect or ideal.

After her death in 1876 there were spurts of his old joy and energy. But he was a broken man and gradually withered until on July 18, 1881, he passed on into that perfect peace for which he fought so strenuously, even so fiercely sometimes, all his life long.

What manner of man was he and what was his chief significance?

Physically slight, fragile, a brilliant mind and flaming soul shining through a tenuous body; with certain senses, such as taste and smell, all but atrophied; forgetting to eat in his intellectual absorptions unless watched and reminded by his faithful friends; careless of personal appearance. The story is told of his appearing at a Duchess' dinner one night

with both ends of his collar flying loose; and when apprised of the fact in a whisper by his thoughtful hostess, he answered naïvely, "Yes, I know. I could not find my collar-button. You don't mind? Well, then, I don't." And his conversation flowed on with complete self-unconsciousness. He had little or no appreciation of art or music; caring for scenery scarcely at all for its beauty but intensely for any historic associations connected therewith.

The business affairs connected with his high positions were his despair. He was not sure of himself even in simple arithmetic. A friend once told him a humorous story about his servant. The man had won a lottery prize on a ticket numbered 27 and told his master with great seriousness how he came to choose the number. "Three nights running I heard a voice in my dreams saying, 3 times 7, 3 times 7."

Stanley's face was puzzled and blank for a minute and then he said with a gentle smile, "Oh, I see, I suppose 3 times 7 do not make 27."

"Two things I cannot do," he once remarked. "Take care of myself and understand arithmetic."

Mentally intense, brilliant, but diffuse; synethetical but not analytical; broad but not deep; with vast grasp on facts, particularly human and historical facts, he had but little insight into or concern about abstract principles.

As a preacher, eloquent on special occasions, especially when dealing with historical events or great careers which fired his imagination; but on commonplace occasions often commonplace; not prophetic; simple, pellucid, vigorous, in the enforcement of plain and practical lessons, but with little apparent insight into profound principles or deep experiences.

His religion was a religion of life, conduct, character, not of dogma. He was sometimes fierce in his denunciation of dogma. Once, at the end of one of these tirades, the subtle Disraeli dryly remarked, "Ah, Mr. Dean, remember no dogmas, no deans."

As to character, singularly pure in heart and mind, widely sympathetic, utterly humble and self-unconscious, entirely gentle and genial. It is significant that his last sermon, preached when already seized of death, was on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The theme of his life is set forth in the Apostle's words, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

But the chief significance of his life and work lies in his master passion for comprehensiveness, his chosen ministry of reconciliation and mission of peace.

He strove incessantly and unweariedly, undaunted by any opposition, criticism or failure to find the great fundamental harmonies that should bind together into practical unity and Christian love all good men, whatever "great gulfs" or superficial divergencies might yawn between them. And yet just because he did stand for peace, it was his fate to occupy the storm-center of every controversy of his day. That most inveterate of all hatreds, the "odium theologicum," concentrated itself upon his devoted head. He might well have made his own the words of the psalmist, "I have long dwelt among them that are enemies unto peace. I labor for peace; but when I speak to them thereof, they make ready for battle." But his name, his memory, his influence, his words and works, will live as a never-ceasing irenicon, a perpetual "pax vobiscum."

REVIEW QUESTIONS

I. What is the general character of Warwickshire? 2. For what is Birmingham famous? 3. How are Nuneaton and Chilvers Coton associated with George Eliot? 4. What attractions has Coventry? 5. On what occasions did royalty visit Coventry? 6. What are some of the associations of Kenilworth Castle? 7. What is the legend of Guy's Cliff? 8. What gives Warwick Castle its importance? 9. What places of interest are in this neighborhood? 10. What are the chief objects of interest in Stratford? 11. What connection with Shakespeare has Wootton Wawen?

STANLEY

I. How did Dean Stanley's inheritance influence his attitude toward social problems? 2. What personal characteristics had he? 3. How was his mother's influence felt? 4. How was his intellectual growth stimulated? 5. How was he influenced by his life at Rugby? 6. What was his attitude toward Dr. Arnold? 7. How was his character shown in his life at Oxford? 8. Give some particulars of the Oxford Movement. 9. What was Stanley's attitude towards it? 10. What were the literary results of his five years as Canon of Canterbury? 11. What were his chief historical works and in what consists their value? 12. Why was the Deanship of Westminster peculiarly adapted to his temperament? 13. What characteristic use did he make of his opportunities? 14. What were his distinguishing mental traits? 15. What was the chief significance of his life?

SEARCH QUESTIONS

I. Who was the Rose-red Richard? 2. In what play do Starveling and Nick Bottom figure? 3. Who was the Warwick known as "king maker?" 4. For what was the Earl of Stratford famous? 5. Where was Shakespeare's Forest of Arden, and in what play? 6. In what plays does Shakespeare present Falstaff? 7. Who said, and on what occasion, "My kingdom for a horse?" 8. Who was Amy Robsart? 9. What is a chantry? 10. Who was Autolycus? 11. For what achievement is Rowland Hill remembered?

End of March Required Reading, pages 275-330



The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

VI. Some Effects of Elizabethan Stage Conditions upon Shakespeare's Method.

By Carl H. Grabo

THE time consumed in the performance of the average Elizabethan play is an interesting matter for speculation. In the modern theater a play is usually from two and one-half to three hours in length inclusive of all waits between acts. A play of greater length runs considerable risk of disfavor and a discreet stage manager endeavors to suit his entertainment to the expectations of his patrons. In the Elizabethan theater, free from weary waits, a greater amount of dramatic material must have been presented than in a modern performance of equal length. The proof of this is self evident when we consider modern presentations of Shakespeare, which are invariably long even in the acting versions, and acting versions involve "cuts" from the plays as Shakespeare composed them.

In the prologue to "Romeo and Juliet" a line reads,

"Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage."

This cannot be taken as conclusive evidence but it is certainly worthy of consideration. Two hours or thereabouts must have been deemed a satisfactory length for a dramatic performance. This fact in view of our modern productions of Shakespeare raises some interesting questions. We have seen that the Elizabethan stage had a great advantage over the modern stage in the elimination of waits between acts but this gain alone does not account for the difference in the time required. A modern manager would find it impossible to give "Romeo and Juliet" uncut in two hours of acting time. Some difference in methods of presentation must have arisen since Shakespeare's day to account for the incongruity.



Edward Alleyn, the most famous Actor of Shakespeare's Time

This is to be found, I think, in the modern use of stage business. A modern actor places his whole emphasis upon the action and studies carefully the minutiae of "business" which will convey to an audience his conception of the character. From various evidences we must incline to the view that in Shakespeare's day the emphasis was upon the spoken word, that the actor gave his lines with greater rapid-

ity than does the modern performer. The words, in short, have not now the chief place in a play; the situation, the details of action, the "stage business" are more important. An actor interpreting Shakespeare today, therefore, takes more time to his lines than the old-time performer, who doubtless spoke his lines effectively but rapidly, depending in his interpretation upon vocal inflection, gestures, and appropriate facial variation.

There is much evidence to support such a belief in the oratorical character of the Elizabethan stage. The long poetical passages, descriptive of scenery or mental conflict, the soliloquies which give so much pleasure to the reader of Shakespeare's plays are, we must feel, a little out of place upon the acting stage. The modern dramatic reader makes more effective use of such passages than does the actor.

We must not jump to the conclusion that Shakespeare was guilty of a dramatic weakness in the creation of undramatic passages. A safer explanation is that they suited the stage conditions of his time. The value of long descriptive passages is particularly evident in a drama which, as we have seen, was innocent of scenery. Such properties as were used were required by the action, and did little to create a picturesque illusion. It remained for the poetry of the spoken lines to supply the deficiencies of the stage setting and so in Shakespeare we find the beautiful and elaborate passages by means of which he casts a glamour over the crude realities of the Elizabethan theater. Instances will occur to any reader of Shakespeare, such, for example, as the balcony scenes in "Romeo and Juliet" with their many memorable lines:

"Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," etc.

That Shakespeare felt the limitations of the theater is directly evidenced by several passages in the choruses of Henry V. An instance occurs in the chorus preceding the first act:

"..... But pardon gentles all, The flat unraised spirit that hath dared

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On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth So great an object; can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? or may we cram Within this wooden O the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt? O, pardon! since a crooked figure may Attest in little place a million; And let us, ciphers to this great accompt, On your imaginary forces work. Suppose within the girdle of these walls Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, Whose high upreared and abutting fronts The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder: Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts: Into a thousand parts divide one man, And make imaginary puissance; Think when we talk of horses that you see them Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth; For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings, Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times, Turning the accomplishment of many years Into an hour glass;

Here we find a direct appeal to the spectators to exert their imaginations and overlook the crudities inevitable to the stage presentation of a pageant.

The Chorus prologue to Act II contains a like appeal:

"..... and well digest
The abuse of distance while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And then to France must we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass;"

Again:

"Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your fancies and with them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold



David Garrick (1717-1779), as Macbeth. From an Old Engraving.

Again:

"And so our scene must to the battle fly; Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace, With four or five most vile and ragged foils, Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous, The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see; Minding true things by what their mockeries be."

In these passages we find a plain apology for the deficiencies of stage-setting and as well for the stage conventions of time and place. In his more artistic work

Shakespeare avoids such appeal to his audience, but he none the less endeavors to overcome the limitations which he felt keenly, by passages of great descriptive power and beauty skilfully introduced.

The humorous attempt of Bottom, Ouince and their companions to rehearse a play has been taken by some critics as an expression of Shakespeare's satirical contempt for realistic stage setting.

Quince:—"One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or present, the person of moonthe person of moon-shine. Then there's another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyhamus and Thisby, says the story did talk through the chink of a wall."

Snug:—"You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?"

Bottom:—"Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through the cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper."

It is not a far fetched conclusion that such a passage is a satire upon stage methods which aimed at a bold realism. But we must also remember that the passage was primarily designed to entertain a popular audience. Would not the humor of it be more evident if it were taken at its face value as a travesty upon good stage management? Would not the audience appreciate the joke better if, as may have been the case, it was accustomed to a satisfactory realism in the use of stage properties? The question is an open one and the passage may be quoted as a defense of either of two contradictory positions.

Constant reference has been made in these articles to the traditional use of the stage to represent at one time and within small space two widely distant points. This custom we have seen originated in the Mystery Plays. Effective use of this traditional convention is made by Shakespeare in at least one instance, Scene 3, Act V of "Richard III." In this scene the ghosts of Richard's victims appear before Richard and Richmond, prophesying ill to the one and good fortune to the other. The tents of the two generals are pitched both upon the stage and the apparitions appear first



Thomas Betterton (1635-1710), Famous Shakespearean Actor



John P. Kemble (1757-1823) as Hamlet

before one and then the other. The contrast is certainly effective.

That Shakespeare used his stage to present in rapid sequence scenes in widely remote places is evident from our study of Macbeth. A similar freedom in the use of place is apparent throughout all his work, notably in "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." We, with our modern respect for the unity of place, find this freedom something of a tax upon our artistic sense when a play is represented upon a stage. In reading a play we are not so troubled, however, and doubtless on the rapidly moving Shakespearean stage there was also little difficulty arising from this cause. Mr. John Corbin's insistence upon the stage as a stage rather than as a representation of place cannot too constantly be borne in mind.

Shakespeare's adoption of the dramatic custom of his time in the use of comic scenes to diversify serious or tragic action has been mentioned several times. A study of Shakespeare's contemporary dramatists reveals the same use of comedy, but nowhere does Shakespeare shine more than by contrast in this respect to his fellow craftsmen. Marlowe's great play, "Dr. Faustus," is a seemingly impossible combination of profound tragedy and broad farce. The result is extremely inartistic. In Shakespeare the comic parts are used to good effect and are usually a legitimate part of the drama. Particularly is this the case with the Court Fools, such as Touchstone, and the Fool in "Lear." Comedy is here used to heighten the effect of serious and tragic action and from the lips of the irresponsible Fools fall many wise and pertinent savings. In the comedies the farce element such as the Dogberry and Verges scenes in "Much Ado" is often the most effective part of the play. Such development of traditional dramatic technique shows Shakespeare at his best.

Minor modifications in the structure of Shakespeare's plays due to the requirements of his stage are revealed upon a detailed study. Perhaps a few instances will serve to in-

dicate the nature of such problems which the practical playwright of all times is obliged to consider.

"Hamlet" concludes not with the death of the hero but with the entrance of Fortinbras who bids the bodies of the slain be carried from the stage. The conclusion is a noble one, more in keeping we like to think, with a high conception of life than would be a drop curtain falling dramatically upon the scene. Shakespeare's tragedies do not close with death. The thread of life is picked up by the survivors and we see the story, so to speak, concluded in a human perspective. This noticeable characteristic of all the plays is conspicuous in "Hamlet." Yet the necessity back of the dramatic expedient is no more than the clearing of a stage which lacked a drop curtain. The instance is a striking one, for it illustrates the artistic use that can be made of a mechanical limitation.

A second instance illustrating another modification of structure due to stage conditions may be cited from Scene I, Act III of "Antony and Cleopatra." This scene follows immediately upon the elaborate galley scene which concludes Act II and precedes a scene in Cæsar's house at Rome. It is of no importance in itself and the theory has been advanced that it is merely a stop-gap which permits any necessary alteration of stage properties to be made on the back stage. A better explanation is that it serves to break the suddenness of the transition from Misenum to Rome. A sharp change of place is not in itself incompatible with Shakespeare's method but a change of scene which involves the presentation of the same characters in widely remote places has to be artistically managed. At Misenum and at Rome some of the same characters appear. Their exit from Misenum followed immediately by their entrance at Rome would certainly be rather confusing. The discordant note is softened by the scene of Ventidius. It is possible, too, that a little time was required for the actors to change costumes. Whatever reason is assigned the conclusion is the same that Shakespeare felt obliged to pad his play either to get an



Edmund Kean (1787-1833), the Celebrated Shakespearean Actor, as Shylock.

artistic effect or to avoid a mechanical complication. The instance is a good one in that it shows the limitations of the Elizabethan stage and the effort which Shakespeare made to overcome them. Similar examples can be found in other of his plays.



Mrs. Siddons (1755-1831), Shakesperean Actress, Whose Most Famous Rôle Was Lady Macbeth.

What effect the use of boy actors for women's parts may have had upon Shakespeare's treatment of female characters, seems a matter of dubious speculative value. It is not probable that the custom affected his conception of character at all. But it in all probability influenced him in his construction of plot, for the use of boys' costumes for feminine disguise was undoubtedly stimulated by the custom of

boy actors. The Elizabethan drama contains many instances of such feminine masquerading, and the familiar instances of Rosalind, Viola, and Imogen come to mind at once. Doubtless the boy actors found skirts an impediment and rejoiced in their own male attire. Doubtless, too, they made very good looking boys when but indifferent maidens. A successful dramatist no doubt bore these points in mind while writing his plays.

To conclude this brief consideration of the influence of stage conditions upon Shakespeare's construction of plays we may summarize the results of our discussion:

The Elizabethan stage, itself the descendant of the medieval stage, retained certain characteristics of the cruder drama. The use of men and boys as actors of women's parts, the peculiar convention of stage distance, and the intermingling of serious and comic elements in plays are the most important traditions exerting an influence on the Elizabethan drama. The peculiarities of the Elizabethan playhouse had also their influence on dramatic structure. In this connection the lack of a drop curtain, and the scantiness of equipment, particularly the lack of scenery, are the most important points to bear in mind.

Shakespeare was influenced by these various traditional and contemporary stage conditions. A study of his plays will reveal the effects, good and bad, which they had upon his dramatic technique. Our conclusion must be, therefore, that Shakespeare was not merely a great poet but also a practical playwright who strove to make his art fit the stage conditions of his day. This he did excellently, for the most part. If we would understand his success we must bear in mind, constantly, the effect at which he aimed, and the difficulties which he was obliged to overcome.

Work of the London County Council

By Milo R. Maltbie

THE government of London is a queer intermingling of ancient and modern, of aristrocratic and democratic institutions, of conservatism and radicalism. The City Corporation, which governs approximately a square mile of area in the heart of the metropolis, has a history of centuries, freighted with traditions and outgrown customs. Great upheavals in the political life of the nation have eddied about it, making almost no impression. Radical movements have gained a foothold elsewhere, but the "City" still remains as a monument to a past age and past theories of governmental organization.

The newest additions to the long list of local authorities are the twenty-eight borough councils which first saw the light of day in 1900. They succeeded to the powers of many scores of petty bodies which had cumbered the ground for generations. These borough councils naturally have no traditions; they breathe the air of the locality in which they live, and certain of them are as radical and as "socialistic" as any public bodies in England. Besides these borough councils, there are over 260 authorities with varying functions, organization and utility. American legislators would sweep them all into the rubbish heap and substitute new and simpler machinery, but the conservative, slow-going Britisher hates novelty and distrusts new methods.

It was with great reluctance that Parliament in 1888 began to reform London administration and created the first representative body with a large area and large powers—the London County Council. But even this step was taken halt-

^{*}This is the third in a series of special articles upon English social topics of current interest. Articles which have already appeared are: "The Ancoats Brotherhood," of Manchester, by Katharine Coman (December); "The Unemployed Camp at Levenshulme, Manchester," by Katharine Coman (January). Other articles which have been engaged are "Child Labor in England," by Owen R. Lovejoy; "The Garden City Movement," by John H. Whitehouse, Secretary of Toynbee Hall, London, and another article by the same author, the title of which will be announced later.

ingly because of the dislike for radical changes. The new body was to have jurisdiction only over the County of London and not over the whole Metropolis, although all the densely populated areas are within its bounds. Greater London has a population of about 7,000,000, the area presided over by the County Council about 4,700,000.

Inasmuch as the County Council is but one of some three hundred authorities that govern the metropolis, or one of ten public bodies which look after the welfare of each individual citizen, its functions in certain directions are curtailed. The police, for example, are under the control of the national government. The care of the poor and the sick belongs to special authorities. The recently municipalized water system is in the hands of the Metropolitan Water Board; likewise the conservancy of the Thames River. The borough councils have to do with public baths and washhouses, free libraries, municipal tenements, electric lighting. street paving and cleaning, food inspection, sanitary administration and the enactment of by-laws to protect the health and safety of the public. With these important eliminations, it is evident that the range of acivity of the County Council is somewhat prescribed; but there still remain elementary education, sewage disposal, parks and playgrounds, fire protection, street improvements, tramways, and several matters such as housing, public health, and highways, concerning which the county as well as the boroughs has certain duties.

The Council consists of 118 members elected by the voters and 19 aldermen elected by the councillors. When the first election was held in 1889, the question of the proper scope of governmental activity at once became the principal point at issue. Two municipal parties were formed, a thing which has not been done anywhere else in England. The Progressives came out for increased municipal functions, a collectivist policy. The Moderates pinned their faith to "that government is best that governs least" and said that all matters except the well-known and long-exercised governmental duties should be left to private initiative.

At the first trial of strength, the Progressives won by a considerable margin, electing a majority of 28 out of 118. In the five elections that have since been held—the entire council is elected every three years—the Progressives have secured a majority every time but one; in 1805, the two parties split even, and for three years the balance swung first one way and then the other. But surveying the whole period from 1880 to 1006, the increase in municipal activity stands out clearly, for even the Moderates have felt the effect of continued defeats and have supported measures which would be dubbed "socialistic" by the ultra-conservatives. For example, the steamboat service upon the Thames which had been run by private companies from the beginning, was taken over by the Council about two years ago at the request not only of the Progressives but of the Moderates. The service had been abominable and although it was hardly expected that the boats could be made to pay, they were sure the service would be greatly improved under municipal management. Financially the steamboats have been a failure, but many of the Moderates have been as firm in defending the change as the Progressives.

Probably the subject which aroused most discussion was the taking over of the street railways. Under a general act passed in 1870, local authorities have the right to purchase lines twenty-one years after the granting of the franchise. The grants began to fall in 1891, and the Council, with the Progressives in the saddle, decided to buy up the lines and operate them. There was a dispute over the price to be paid, and the case passed through several courts, finally reaching the House of Lords, which decided in the main in favor of the Council. As other franchises have terminated, the policy has been continued, although not all of the lines have been operated at once because the rights were acquired piecemeal and disconnected sections could not be worked by the Council to advantage. Upon April 1, 1906, the Council began operation of practically all of the lines north of the Thames within the County of London. With the southern system which had been municipalized earlier, the Council now owns and operates all of the surface lines within the County, except a few small sections still in the hands of private companies. Before acquisition, the horse car dragged its weary length throughout the Metropolis, but as soon as the Council took hold, electrification began and as rapidly as new lines have been turned over, the change has been extended. The overhead trolley was repudiated, and the more attractive and safe, but expensive, conduit system has been installed. There is also a short line of subway under the new Aldwych street, which is to be extended under the Strand, down the Embankment and over one of the bridges possibly.

All of this work has been carried out in spite of much opposition in Parliament. The Progessive party is largely composed of Liberals. The national government has been controlled by the Conservatives from 1889 to the present, who have opposed the increasing activity of the County Council. Consequently, it has been difficult to get the necessary authority to construct an adequate system of street railway transportation. For example, Parliament has steadily refused until recently—the Liberals are now in power—to give the Council the right to run cars over any of the bridges, or even to connect their lines with omnibuses. Consequently, the tramway passenger who wanted to go from his home south of the Thames to his office in the center of the city had to change at the bridges, get into a private omnibus and pay another fare.

Yet in spite of all these difficulties the department has reduced fares—over one-third of the passengers ride for one cent—improved the service by running more cars, well lighted and cleaned, has raised wages, reduced hours of labor and paid considerable sums to reduce taxation. When one remembers that these satisfactory results have been attained during the reconstruction of the lines and that traffic drops to a negligible quantity while the work is under way although fixed charges go on as before, the credit to be given to Mr. A. L. C. Fell, the general manager of the system, and to

the wisdom of the Council in adopting municipal operation becomes very evident.

No one who has visited the poorer districts of London will deny the imperative demand for better housing facilities. Neither will anyone deny that conditions have greatly improved within the past ten years. The County Council has contributed largely towards this result through the condemnation and removal of insanitary dwellings, the erection of new buildings, contributions to other local authorities to aid them in their work, and inducements to laborers to move out to the suburbs. The Council has completed or has in process of construction housing accommodations for over 85,000 people, covering areas of nearly 400 square miles and to cost nearly \$21,000,000. The largest scheme embraces 225 acres outside of the county in a suburban district, where accommodations will be provided for 42,500 persons at a cost of upwards of \$10,000,000. The cottages will be two stories in height, containing from three to five rooms each, with a garden, sanitary conveniences, etc., at rents ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per week probably. This district alone will have a population equal to that of a good sized city.

A large proportion of the work of the London County Council is devoted to the development of good citizens. Not only has the park area been nearly doubled in the last ten years, but the number of amusements and attractions has been very greatly increased. Forty-one special gymnasia for children have been provided in addition to generous facilities for cricket, golf, football, bowling, tennis and other games. During the past summer band concerts were given in upwards of a hundred places, and many were in the central part of the city during the noon hour so that the workers employed in the office buildings could enjoy the music at luncheon time. One of the most popular moves of the Council has been the reduction of prices in the park restaurants so that everyone could make use of them—a suggestion which might well be copied in the United States.

The most important function recently handed over to the Council is education, transferred in 1904, which hitherto had been administered by a special board. America has little to learn from England in popular education. The schools have so long been under the guidance of the Church, and sectarian questions have so long hindered proper development, that America has taken long strides while England has marked time. However, the schools are quite as good as those of the provincial towns and do contain some very excellent features. There are schools—"centres" for cooking, laundering, housekeeping and manual training. Special schools have been provided for the mentally and physically defective and polytechnics for advanced students. Penny banks are maintained to encourage thrift, and loan libraries to stimulate reading. Meals are given to underfed children, and in a few instances vehicles convey crippled children to and from school. The newer buildings are equipped with gymnasiums, and public baths are being urged as a necessary part of the equipment. There is systematic medical inspection of school children to determine who are mentally and physically defective and to prevent the spread of contagious diseases. Out of school hours, the buildings are rented to various cultural associations at modest charges, the aim being to make the school a powerful factor in the development of good citizenship in every direction.

The attitude of the Council towards its employees is that of a model employer. They are paid the standard rate of wages and required to work only the standard number of hours. That the same treatment shall be given to employees of private contractors, "fair wages clauses," clauses requiring the contractor to pay trade union rates and to work under trade union conditions, are inserted in all contracts. The attempt throughout is to avoid on the one hand "sweating" and inadequate wages, and on the other the creation of a privileged class of employees by over-payment and under-work.

In order that the working man might be fairly treated

and that the taxpayer might get the worth of his money in public work, the Council established in 1802 the "works department." By this means the Council became its own contractor, employing workingmen, buying supplies and directing the work through its own staff of engineers. The procedure is as follows: When the engineers' estimate of the work to be done by any committee of the Council is referred to the Works Department, it reports whether it can do the work for the estimated amount or not. says it can, the job is assigned to the Department. If it says it cannot, the work is given to private contractors. this point on the Department is treated as a contractor and its work supervised as if it were a contractor in reality. During the first years of its history, many difficulties were encountered and the question is still an open one whether the practice paid; but in view of the unsatisfactory work done by certain contractors, the difficulty of obtaining honest work where inspection was difficult, e. g., sewers and underground construction, the high prices that were charged, and the collusion said to exist among a ring of contractors, it is now generally believed to have justified its existence. Whether it saves any large sum for the Council may be a question, but it tends to keep the contractors within bounds by the competition it affords, During the year 1904-5, the average number of employees was 3,382 and the total cost of the work performed nearly \$1,200,000.

Measured according to the standard of municipal expenditures in American cities, London gets off very easily. New York with about three-fourths the population spends much more than London. The budget of the County Council taken alone is about one-quarter of the total, approximately \$27,000,000. Its indebtedness in the Spring of 1905 was about \$375,000,000, but a good proportion of this was incurred to raise money to loan to other public bodies, for which the Council acts as banker. The Council also owns several revenue producing undertakings, such as tramways and tenements, so that still another portion does not impose

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a burden upon the taxpayers. One of the most interesting cases of successful financial management is the new avenue cut through from the Strand to High Holborn. The principle adopted was to acquire every piece of property of which a portion was taken for the avenue, to then rearrange the odds and ends left and to rent good sized plots for 50 to 99 years. As a result, the interest on the money loaned to put through the scheme will be paid by rents from the remaining property if all the property is rented upon the terms fixed, as now seems to be likely.

One ought not to close this brief review of the functions of the County Council without reference to the men who direct the machinery. Nearly all are elected by the people and serve without salary; I almost said without pay, which would not be strictly true, for while there is no financial remuneration there are rewards which attract the most able men. Public service is regarded almost everywhere in England with the greatest reverence. Honor, dignity, and social prominence attach to public office, and the belief is general that the successful man owes the community a debt which can be discharged only through gratuitous service for the public welfare.

The members of the Council come from every class of society. There is the labor leader, the capitalist, the titled peer, the university professor, the barrister, the doctor and "the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker." The successful business man who has retired from active work in the business world, is probably the most numerous. All give generously of their time and labor, for the work of the County Council is heavy and exacting. Indeed, there are instances where men have been elected from active life and have relinquished their business obligations in order to serve the public. Where there is such civic patriotism it is not surprising that government is wisely and efficiently conducted.

The Lincoln Mark*

By James Edmund Holden.

I USED to meet a man in the Cotton Exchange, in Manchester, England, on Tuesdays and Fridays, the market days, who had a wide, red scar on his left cheek, across the cheek bone and extending partly over the bridge of his . nose. Usually it was red, but when he got at all excited the scar would take on a purple tint. We got used to it. and seldom noticed it after the first few times we met, but strangers would ask us now and then about the man. Every young fellow of us had, in his school days, been instructed by parents and teachers to avoid the gentleman, ostracize him, hold him in abhorrence, as an enemy of the common good. It all grew out of a quarrel long years ago. was rich and somewhat of an aristocrat, a large employer of labor. Any inquiry only called forth the answer, "Oh, that scar on his face? That is the Lincoln mark." And thereby hangs a tale, as the saying goes.

In the workhouse of Burnley, in the same county with Manchester, is an old, crippled pauper, who sits around the gates of the grounds, waiting presumably for the final human release. If you get into conversation with him, he will, after a little, whisper to you the startling intelligence that "the 'Merica war will now soon be over, and then raw cotton will not be grown at the price of blood." This leads to the same story as the other. It is an untold story of the American Civil War.

When southern cotton fields were turned to battle fields and master and slave neglected everything but the war, these weavers and spinners of the American cotton in Lancashire, and there were over two millions of them all told, were interested in the struggle to the extent of their daily bread. This was before the pitiful attempts of the English government to raise cotton in India and thus be independent of

^{*}This highly original and interesting article was by mistake announced as a part of the January Chautauquan.

the States. It was before the great development of the cotton manufacturing interests in New England. The world depended on these Lancashire weavers for cotton cloth then, and the weavers depended on New Orleans for raw material. Long before the war the Lancashire sky had been dark with other clouds than native coal smoke, and when the war broke out at last, they knew they were in for it.

The bales of cotton arriving at Liverpool became fewer every day. The great mills were put on short time. Then they began to close entirely, first for a month, then three months. But they stayed shut down for six months, then for a year, then another. And so the long drawn out sorrow came slowly but surely.

Savings banks and coöperative societies, the redeemers of latter-day poverty were in their infancy then. The wages of these factory workers averaged only \$4.10 a week per adult for an eleven and one-half hour day. Working at these starvation wages what preparation could they make for the coming storm? Many firms crippled themselves trying to keep their hands at work as long as possible. Soon hundreds of half-famished men and women were walking the hard paved streets, wondering where tomorrow's dinner was coming from. The Manchester Examiner, the only daily paper, was scanned and passed around to find out any news of the 'Merica war.

Hopeless days were spent guessing the possibility of immediate settlement. Mills closed, stores closed, banks closed. The only interest that was aroused in town and county was when some member of Parliament would announce a speech on the present condition of things. It is an interesting study to follow the attitude of the leaders of the Lancashire people at that time. Mr. Gladstone without looking too closely at the American trouble had committed himself to a policy and course which he was man enough to condemn in himself in after life. He was a Lancashire man, from Liverpool. John Bright, the Quaker of Rochdale, was a cotton merchant himself, but his nature and re-

ligion revolted against slavery, and with voice and pen he urged the people of his county to stand by the Northern cause, through it meant long drawn out starvation. He mortgaged his mill to the last cent for relief work. Some say the family never recovered it.

The sacrifices that were made by Richard Cobden, another leader, will never be known. Since I have known America and the closer history of that war, together with some of the men who were up near the "colors and the music," I still doubt whether any greater sacrifice, personal and real, was made in contribution to the cause of union and freedom, than was made by that plain but wonderful tribune of the Lancaster people. Cobden got Henry Ward Beecher to his Free Trade Hall in Manchester and you who have read the story of Beecher's experience will recall the vast difference, the revulsion, that came to him as he looked into the faces of seven thousands of starving cotton weavers, in contrast to his experience amongst the aristocrats in Exeter Hall, London.

My father used to tell us stories of the war time, which he called the cotton panic, as we sat round the winter fire. He said that when I made my advent into the world there was little or nothing in the house to eat. He said, too it would be queer if I never became an American. Many of the neighbors had gone into other counties, taking with them a sack or poke, for picking up their bread from door to door. People that were ashamed to beg sang in companies in the streets of the midland towns while one or two carried the bag. When a Lancashire man loses his place now they speak of him as "having got the sack."

Hopeless starvation meetings were held in the towns and thousands would gather because they had nothing else to do. The Bread Riots had already taught the authorities of Lancashire the temper of the native when once aroused. One poor mother having had nothing for her children or herself for three days, took them and flung the three of them into the canal and jumped in after them. They were all

drowned. These were the family of my friend I introduced you to at the head of this calamity story, our friend of the workhouse. He never regained his reason, and always reverts to the point where he lost it.

I wonder sometimes how many poor wretches there were in the crowd who agreed to commit a wholesale suicide if the war was not settled by the 19th of October, 1862. There was a general funeral next day and starvation meetings were prohibited after that.

The question on every pallid lip, even of prematurely old-looking children on the street, was, "Has Lee surrendered yet?" Who Lee was they knew not, nor cared, but they knew that their lives, their daily bread depended on raw cotton, which somehow did not come.

A certain bridge in Burnley bears to this day the marks of a riot that was throttled by the soldiers. A mill, a grist mill, takes its name from an incident of the panic times. It is called Boggart Mill. The term meant ghost. The mill was rifled one night by white-caps and nine hundred sacks of flour were baked and eaten in two days.

My acquaintance of the Exchange was a manager of one of the cotton mills, and was at that time seeking to gain the good graces of his employer's daughter. Most of the manufacturers were in favor of the South, for they argued that the North could not possibly help us in furnishing cotton. This young man, one of the people, one whose sympathies should have been with the workers, either from conviction, or, as his people believed, from "love's blind policy," took up the side of the manufacturer, the government and the aristocracy.

At a meeting in the cattle market, after several strong speeches from the advocates of union and freedom, the foolish fellow essayed to argue the matter with the speakers on the platform. He claimed that the weavers were standing in their own light and that the wealthy would help them to work and food if they were not so rabid in their denunciation of the cause of slavery. He went on to hope

"that the time would speedily come when all fool politicians from the backwoods would be taught a lesson, and that Lincoln and all his tribe would be knocked into cocked hats." Before he could turn his head, a missile hit him in the face and he will bear "the Lincoln mark" to his grave.

The name of the great Liberator is to be seen on the top of the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, writ there by some homesick American globe-trotter. Within ten miles of the city of Florence, Italy, is an old couple who have three children in Minnesota, and having got a chromo picture of the first American from their son, are under the impression that this great man must be the patron saint of the great west land, and so every morning prayer is offered for the Minnesotans in the name of St. Abraham Lincoln.

But it is amongst the dwarfed, eager, hungry-looking and yet sharp, shrewd cotton workers of the county of Lancaster, England, that one is impressed with the influence and history of Lincoln's "far-flung battle line." The Lancaster school has a personality all its own. Lincoln's proclamation of liberty is the best known document outside the weary list of "our kings and queens."

In my own day, next to the Almighty, the government inspector of schools was the terror of our lives. But we found his limitations once, and that relieved the pressure. He desired to make a few remarks to the school, ending with the question, "Who is the greatest man in British history?" Without a waver, sharp as the crack of a whip, came the universal answer, "Abraham Lincoln." He hesitated, and then turning to the master, asked, "Who in the world is Abraham Lincoln?" The master quietly suggested that this was a Lancashire school, as if that were the explanation needed. Need I tell you that every fiber of American cotton, and it is the best, weaves into this people the lesson of liberty for which their fathers and mothers suffered?

On the Exchange again, and you will see in one corner a miniature bale of cotton under a glass case, with the legend:

"Part of the first bale of free cotton, shipped from West Virginia, U. S., to Liverpool, 1865. Free Cotton is King. But What Did It Cost?"

The story of that bale of cotton is soon told. People from all over Lancashire came to Liverpool. Getting a flat wagon and trimming it with flowers, they placed the cotton in the middle and children around it, and over it the flag that I was born under and with it the flag that I expect to die under, the flag that you know so well; on these two flags the picture of the greatest man of his age, one that you love, that my people loved, and that appeals to plain people everywhere — ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Through the streets they went singing "The Battle-cry of Freedom," on to St. George's Square, where it served as an altar for the Bishop of Manchester to preach his sermon on civil liberty.

No such thing could occur again. England and America have outgrown it. Along the walls of my old school, on the Free Library stairs, in the great savings bank building, in the chamber of commerce, everywhere the Lancastrian hangs his pictures of noble men—for England has noble men and noblemen—there you will find side by side with the faces of Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Peel, Pitt, and Palmerston the dear familiar face of the great American, Abraham Lincoln.



The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

MAKE religious thought and motive the basis of your whole life. Live sanely on all sides of your nature: Take care of your body and keep it in health by work, by exercise, by wholesome food, by regular hours, by recreation of a wholesome sort, by social life full of cheer and good will. Be at your physical best. Enjoy life. And let all your gladness be hallowed by large thoughts concerning God, his love, his wisdom, his presence and the infinite resources he places at your command. Make it a part of your religion to take care of your manners that according to the measure of your gifts, you may be attractive and interesting to others. Cultivate the art of conversation. Be as valuable a member of the social circle as possible and in all social life be magnanimous, generous and full of cheer. Be a reader and a student whatever your sphere in life may be. If you are a blacksmith try to be as nearly like Elihu Burritt as possible. If you are a farmer boy study the life of Lincoln. If you are a tradesman full of enterprise and ambition and with business tact study the life of Peter Waldo. But why attempt to call the long list? Study Biography. It is like being introduced to and becoming intimate with worthy men and women whose lives demonstrate the excellency of faith in God, good will to men, self-sacrifice in order to develop larger usefulness, diligence in study and in business in order to succeed in life and in the service of men. Make biography a specialty and fill your memory and heart with the lives that have made the world worth something. Read the lives of such men as Gladstone, Benjamin Franklin, the English Havelock, Luther, John Howard, Phillips Brooks, the successful business men, the brave reformers,

^{*}The Vesper Hour, contributed to The Chautauquan each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper service throughout the year. The paper of this month is a continuation of that printed in the January Chautauquan, of which the general subject was "How to Begin to be Good."

the noble women of our Christian civilization. The more worthy people you *know* the more elements of power you have if you put your heart and will into your knowledge.

- 9. And try to avoid all superstition. Don't be afraid of God. He is the last being in the universe to be afraid of. Out of His infinite heart all our best human loves come. He is more gentle than any mother. He is patient and forbearing. You can trust Him and lean on Him. You can breathe Him into your soul until His strength becomes your strength. Think of Him as the Sun. He is the Sun of Righteousness. If you want to kindle a fire in your soul take your lens of real faith, and thinking of God and His promises resolve firmly and steadily, and both light and heat will come to you.
- 10. It is a great thing to have a constant and unchanging faith in the permanent realities of this universe. Nothing goes by mere chance or impulse. You wake up in the morning from a sound or troubled sleep. The world has gone on in its usual fashion while you slept. You have not been conscious of responsibility. Now when you wake the world will continue to go in the same fashion. The vital energy in vegetable and animal kingdoms is still at work. Gravitation is still holding its own. The atmosphere continues to enfold the earth. The electric currents are ready for use. Everything necessary to life and activity continued during your sleep, is ready for use when you awake, and holds in reserve, subject to human command, all that is necessary for the service of man.

In the same way the invisible, the living and the loving God fills the universe with His presence. Whether you sleep or whether you wake the forces that make for life, for comfort, for character are in evidence. It is for you to use them; to adjust yourself to them; to accept and apply them. It is morning! You don't need any special interposition in your case. Here is the water—wash! You have already been using the fine fresh air of the morning that filled your room even while you slept,—breathe it in! You need

no miracle—there is the Sun—shining an hour before you awoke, and shining far beyond the hills while you slept in the darkness-raise the curtain and let it flood your room! You need no "revival" of Nature's energies. You need no new baptism of physical power. Here they all are, here before you awoke they all were. Use them, They are exhaustless. Use them. They are to be depended upon as to their way of acting. Know the laws and yield to the forces of Nature. As in matter so in Spirit. As in Nature so in Grace. As in the physical air so in breathing the Spirit of the living God. As in the natural Sun so in the Sun of Righteousness. Everything is ready for you. Everything was ready for you before you awoke. Use the ever present and boundless provision of God in Nature for your body. Use the ever present and boundless provision of God in Grace for your soul and body. Wait for nothing. The natural sun slips out of sight as the earth turns. Your sunglass is worth nothing now. But the Sun of Righteousness never leaves the spiritual horizon, you may use your lens of prayer at midnight! Don't ask or wait for any miracle. The whole system of Matter and Mind, of Nature and Grace is a perpetual miracle. Don't ask-accept. Don't waituse! Get up, O sluggard, and live in both worlds in which ample provisions have been made and simply await your acceptance—the world of good for the body and the world of grace for the soul. Take long deep draughts of the fresh air: take as long and deep draughts of the encompassing and all pervading Spirit of God. Lift the curtain and by that act you pray "O Sun of Righteousness shine upon me!"

Just as the provisions of what you call Nature (I call it God) anticipate all your needs and demand only your acceptance so with the needs of your soul. God works for you and in you, in grace as in nature. Accept Him. Use His provided resources. The Sun has light-rays and heatrays. Take either or both as you choose. You may have the actinic ray by conforming to the law of its creation. Ask for what you want and remember that as in nature there are

protective and adaptive agencies, so in grace the divine energy of wisdom and love is ever operative. Work out your own salvation for it is God who works in you. God has his plan as He has his resources for you. It is a precious reflection that for each *unit* in this universe of innumerable souls God cares, and that the rays of the Sun play as directly and as perfectly on the tiny flower as on the giant tree, on the babe in its cradle as on the king on his throne.

God knows the units. He knows, he loves and he cares for you and for you and for you. He turns over all things for your individual use—all the sun—the whole sun is yours. All the enwrapping atmosphere is yours. The force of gravitation is for you. It is not hard for me to believe that God knows and cares for and loves and comforts and leads the smallest child, the poorest, feeblest representative of the race—"Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." "The very hairs of your head are numbered."

I go further than to acknowledge this recognition of the individual: I believe that each individual is subject to the divine supervision. God not only knows all and each but He adapts Himself to the individual. It is safe to say to every one-God knows and plans for and leads you. His omnipresence is the active agency of Wisdom and Love applied to each personality. Here is a young life-ill-taught, neglected, possibly abused by early associates—by father or by mother or, lacking both, by guardian or employer. But God cares for that ill-used unit. He knows. He loves. He leads. At fifty he is a sympathetic friend, a philanthropist, a true servant of God. Out of his own lack he learned to love and to help. God led him that way. So God leads every one of us by paths not of our own choosing. His wisdom often outreaches our folly. What seems hard and cruel in the experience proves to be the very thing that goaded us to effort or that taught us self-control or that filled us with the spirit of patience. Horace Bushnell has a sermon on "Every man's life a plan of God." I wish

everybody could read it. Your life, little and unknown by most people, discouragingly insignificant as it occasionally seems to you—your life is in the plan of God. Your life is, as far as you will allow it, a part of the plan of God. You see the wrong side of it now. But there is a *right side* where every thread of every shade, every flower, leaf and tendril are beautiful and harmonious.

Here is a man whose weakest point of character is his love of human praise. He is contented when men commend. He is wretched when popular opinion condemns. The praise of men is his idol. How often God takes such a man in hand and schools him by processes that smart and sting and humiliate! He loves praise and gets adverse criticism and censure and sometimes contempt. He is defeated in his policies, laughed at for sensitiveness, snubbed, ignored or repudiated by the very circles whose praise he coveted. And all this drives him to despair or draws him to God. Shut out from the things in the world that he most covets he comes to find rest and peace as he is shut in with the love and strength and peace of God. Thus God's gracious providence works for us, all unsought by us, all unrecognized by us until we stand purified, refined as by fire in the presence of saints and angels—the self expurgated, and love enshrined in the very center of a once selfish heart.





364 Representative English Paintings



ne Light of the World." By William Holman Hunt

Representative English Paintings "The Light of the World."

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[William Holman Hunt was born in London in April, 1827. In 1845 he became a student of the Royal Academy much against the wishes of his parents. He is known chiefly as a religious painter and as the only one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood who, in later life, did not abandon the early principles of that society.]

Between the years 1840 and 1850 the English school of painting was, almost without exception, mediocre. To be sure, Turner was still alive, but he was past his prime and his influence counted for little. The most skilful draughtsmen of the period had completely lost touch with nature and had lapsed into a commonplace conventionality and dependence on precedent. Disgusted by the affectation and narrow horizon of their older contemporaries, three young men formed a society that had for its aim the regeneration of English art. These three painters, William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Sir John Millais, together with four like-minded, young artists and writers were the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood whose first pictures so utterly amazed the English art world.

This little circle made it their duty to nurse their national art back to health. Few would be bold enough to say that English painting would never have regained itself without their aid, but it is certain that they were the means of a sure and speedy recovery. But what were the definite purposes of the Pre-Raphaelites? Mr. William M. Rossetti, writer and brother of the painter, himself a member of the society, sums them up in this fashion: "To be a Pre-Raphaelite it was necessary, (1) to have definite ideas to express; (2) to study nature attentively so as to know how to express the ideas; (3) to sympathize with previous art to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and, (4) most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues."

William Holman Hunt stands unique among the three

founders of the Brotherhood for the reason that he has kept to these principles with unwavering faithfulness. The study of nature has been his absorbing passion and in all of his pictures he has painted religiously the most minute details. Both Rossetti and Millais drifted away from their early ideals but Hunt has preserved them to the letter.

"The Light of the World" is a sermon, complete in itself. No one can fail to appreciate the tremendous power of this representation of the Saviour. It is, moreover, a picture that can be enjoyed quite as well in reproduction as in the original, Hunt's colors are not always pleasing and this is especially true of "The Light of the World." The picture was suggested by the beautiful verse in the twelfth chapter of Revelations: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me."

The majestic figure of Christ stands before us in a long white robe over which is a richly embroidered mantle; on His head rests a crown of thorns. These things are emblematical of His offices of Prophet, Priest and King. At the left of the picture is a door, representing the human soul. Old, rusty, and over-grown with ivy, it is apparent that the door has seldom been opened. The lantern in the left hand of Christ is commonly called the "light of conscience," which displays, first, past sin and afterwards the light of peace and the hope of salvation. The picture is full of spiritual feeling and a carefully worked-out symbolism.

The critics tell us that Holman Hunt is not a great painter. But he is a good story teller, preacher—whatever you will. Shall the painter tell stories or must he leave that for the writer and aim to please simply the senses? Somewhere in our minds we have an axiom that tells us that painting is wholly unfit for story-telling—that its mission is vastly different. But we are surely forgiven if we forget that before William Holman Hunt's incomparable conception of our Blessed Lord and Saviour.



The Princely Pleasures at Kenilworth Castle

In July, 1575, as Queen Elizabeth was upon one of her progresses, she made the Earl of Leicester a visit at his castle of Kenilworth. The manor and castle, which had formerly belonged to the crown, had been granted to the Earl of Leicester and his heirs in the fifth year of her reign. After obtaining this noble seat it is said "he spared for no expense in the enlarging and adorning it." Sir William Dugdale relates that the charges bestowed by the earl on the castle park, and chase amounted to no less than £60,000. Here, it is related in the life of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, he entertained the queen and her court in the summer of 1575 "for seventeen days together with all imaginable magnificence."

"At her first entrance a floating island was discerned upon the pool, glittering with torches, on which sat The Lady of the Lake attended by two nymphs, who addressed her Majesty in verse, with an historical account of the antiquity of the owners of the castle; and the speech was closed with the sound of cornets and other instruments of loud music. Within the base-court was erected a stately bridge twenty foot wide and seventy foot long, over which the queen was to pass; and on each side stood columns, with presents upon them to her Majesty from the gods. Silvanus offered a cage of wild fowl, and Pomona divers sorts of fruit; Ceres gave corn, and Bacchus wine; Neptune presented sea fish; Mars the habiliments of war and Phoebus all kinds of musical instruments. During the rest of her stay a variety of sports and shows were daily exhibited. In the chase was a savage man with satyrs; there were bear baitings and fire works, Italian tumblers, and a country bridal, running at the quintin and Morris-dancing, and, that no sort of diversion might be omitted, hither came the Coventry men and acted the ancient play, so long since used in that city, called Hocks-Tuesday, representing the destruction of the Danes in the reign of King Ethelred; which proved so agreeable to her Majesty that she ordered them a brace of bucks and five marks in money to defray the charges of the feast. There were besides in the pool a Triton riding on a mermaid 18 foot long and Arion

upon a dolphin. . . . An estimate may be found of the expense from the quantity of ordinary beer, which was drunk upon this occasion, with amounted to three hundred and twenty hogsheads."

George Gascoigne has given an account of the princely pleasures upon this memorable occasion. He seems to
have arranged many of the entertainments and to have composed much of the verse which was inflicted upon her Majesty. Everywhere the Queen turned she was met by
various personages representing the gods and goddesses of
Greek mythology and characters famous in Arthurian legend.
There is a charming incongruity in this mixture of classical
and English mythology. The Lady of the Lake, Diana and
her nymphs, King Arthur and his knights, Echo, Satyr, etc.,
mingled in an un-historic democracy.

Upon the lake in the castle grounds fire works were offered in the evening and various water shows of an allegorical significance. Of these it is said:

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water; and among others Harry Goldingham was to present Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to performe it, he tears off his disguise and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham: which blunt discovery pleased the queen better, than if he had gone through in the right way." "Yet," the footnote adds, "he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

Upon the Queen's departure the Earl commanded Master Gascoigne to devise some farewell worth the presenting; whereupon he himself, "clad like Sylvanus, god of the woods, and meeting her as she went out hunting, spake extempory as followeth." Then comes a long address, after which her Majesty proceeded, and Sylvanus pursuing continued his discourse at even greater length. After a time "her Majesty stayed her horse to favor Sylvanus, fearing lest he should be driven out of breath by following her horse so fast. But Sylvanus humbly besought her Highness to go on, declaring that if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue this tale to be twenty miles long."



George Eliot

Brother and Sister

GEORGE ELIOT.

T.

I cannot choose but think upon the time When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime, Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder and a little man Of forty inches, bound to show no dread, And I the girl that puppy-like now ran, Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best, I thought his knowledge marked the boundary Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath, Wherever he said "Come!" I stepped in faith.

II.

Long years have left their writing on my brow, But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam Of those young mornings are about me now, When we two wandered toward the far-off stream,

With rod and line. Our baskets held a store Baked for us only, and I thought with joy That I should have my share, though he had more, Because he was the elder and a boy.

The firmaments of daisies since to me Have had those mornings in their opening eyes, The bunched cowslip's pale transparency Carries that sunshine of sweet memories,

And wild-rose branches take their finest scent From those blest hours of infantine content.

VI.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought; And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace, Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought, Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.

Slowly the barges floated into view Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime With some Unknown behind it, whither flew The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time, The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers, The wondrous watery rings that died too soon, The echoes of the quarry, the still hours, With white robe sweping-on the shadeless noon,

Were but my growing self, are part of me My present Past, my root of piety.

VII.

Those long days measured by my little feet Had chronicles which yield me many a text; Where irony still finds an image meet Of full-grown judgments in this world perplext.

One day my brother left me in high charge To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait, And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge, Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my might For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide, Till sky and earth took on a strange new light And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide—

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone Bearing me onward through the vast unknown.

VIII.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow, Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry, And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo! Upon the imperilled line, suspended high,

A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey, Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich Of hugs and praises, and made merry play, Until my triumph reached its highest pitch

When all at home were told the wondrous feat And how the little sister had fished well. In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet, I wondered why this happiness befell.

"The little lass had luck," the gardener said: And so I learned, luck was with glory wed.

IX

We had the self-same world enlarged for each By loving difference of girl and boy: The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind "This thing I like my sister may not do, For she is little and I must be kind."

1

Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned Where inward vision over impulse reigns, Widening its life with separate life discerned, A Like unlike, a Self that self-restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be For those brief days he spent in loving me.

X.

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame; My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish toy Had any reason when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling, Cut the ringed stem and made the apple drop, Or watched him winding close the spiral string That looped the orbits of the humming top.

Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant thought Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfil; My aëry-picturing fantasy was taught Subject to the harder, truer skill

That seeks with deed to grave a thought-tracked line, And by "What is," "What will be" to define.

XI.

School parted us; we never found again That childish world where our two spirits mingled Like scents from varying roses but remain. One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of the early time Lingered for long about the heart and tongue: We had been natives of one happy clime, And its dear accent to our utterance clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is Change Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce, And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share, I would be born a little sister there.



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"RATIONAL LIVING."

The fourth C. L. S. C. Book for this year will tempt many by its title, "Rational Living," and perchance will dismay some readers by its opening chapters. But there is really no cause for apprehension or trouble. Every student of psychology has certain forms of expression which mean certain definite things to all other students of this science. Some of these words are quite unfamiliar to many of us. but it does not follow that a little careful study will not enable us to grasp their meaning sufficiently to follow the author's line of thought. The book is not a large one. Chapters and pages may easily be read and re-read in the time assigned, and many of us will be surprised and delighted to find how the truths set forth here will help to dispel some of the doubts and worries from which we have suffered because we are still clinging to outgrown traditions instead of being refreshed and invigorated by well established scientific truths.

The author of our book, President King of Oberlin, is a rare teacher, a practical leader of young men and women. We shall find that this little volume abounds with sane and inspiring practical suggestions which will make it a book to be read and read again.

CLASS PIN FOR 1907.

The Committee on the Class pin for the 1907's report a design which they think will prove acceptable to members of the class. The class numerals '07 will be in white and the letters C. L. S. C. in red, suggestive of the Scarlet Salvia, the class emblem. The triangular background for these letters and figures will be encircled by a wreath of laurel which is fitting, since it is emblematic of the honors due to Washington, for whom the class is named. The pin will be furnished in two styles, in silver for seventy-five cents and in gold for a price not exceeding two dollars. Members of the class who wish to secure pins are asked to notify the secretary. Miss Rannie Webster, Oil City, Pa., which style they prefer. This will enable her to order with some definite idea of what the demand is likely to be, and she will arrange to have the pins on sale by the first of April. The money need not be sent until the pins are ready, but a postal card to the secretary stating the kind desired will be of great assistance.



The Class of '06 which celebrated its decennial last summer is laying plans for a decade of useful activities which may properly lead up to its vicennial in 1916! All members are asked to send to the secretary, Miss Emily E. Birchard, 28 Penrose avenue, Cleveland, O., their names and addresses, as many changes have taken place since the class graduated, and a revised list is being made.

TO THE CLASS OF 1806.

Your president wishes to send to you Christmas and New Year's Greetings, through the medium of the Round Table, and to express his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him.

The value of the officers to an older class is largely in their presence and influence during the Recognition Week observances. to arrange reunions and to foster new inspiration that will be felt not alone while at Chautauqua but at home. The Decennial observance on August 10 was well attended and encouraging addresses were made by Bishop Vincent, Prof. George E. Vincent, Miss Kate Kimball, Dr. Hickman and also by Rev. Dr. Peck and Mr. Henry W. Sadd, both members of the class. Kindly words of appreciation were spoken in loving memory of the late beloved president, Mr. John A. Seaton, a loyal and aggressive Chautauquan, and his work for the class and for Alumni Hall. The Class, with its membership of over 1300, should be proud of its past record. The sum of \$250 has been paid for a pillar in the New Hall of Philosophy, our allotted share for the year given to the Alumni Hall association, and a substantial balance remains in the treasury.

The motto "Truth Seekers," is significant of the ideals of the class, fittingly applying to every day life, and if the Greek Lamp, the class emblem, was sufficient for past ages, modern equipment should mean the attainment of large results in study and thought.

Let all members endeavor to be present during Recognition Week each year and especially at the double decennial, ten years

hence.

Cordially, FRANK D. FRISBIE, President.



BIBLICAL ALLUSIONS IN TENNYSON.

Some years ago a well-known college president becoming skeptical as to the average student's knowledge of the Bible, selected twenty-two extracts from Tennyson's poems and asked each of the thirty-four students to explain the Biblical allusions. The result was startling. Out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers only three hundred and twenty-eight were given. Twenty-three of the young men had never heard of Arimathaean Joseph, twenty-eight were vanquished by Jonah's gourd. Twenty-seven could not cope with "A whole Peter's sheet," and eighteen were bewildered by "Pharaoh's darkness." Our readers may be interested to see this test which resulted so disastrously. The list was taken from the appendix to Dr. Van Dyke's "The Poetry of Tennyson."

"My sin was a thorn Among the thorns that girt Thy brow."—"Supposed Confessions."
"As manna on my wilderness."—Ibid.

"That God would move,
And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence."—Ibid.
"Like that strange angel which of old
Until the breaking of the light
Wrestled with wandering Israel."—"To—."
"Like Hezekiah's, backward runs
The shadow of my days."—"Will Waterproof."
"Joshua's moon in Ajalon."—"Locksley Hall."
"A heart as rough as Esau's hand."—"Godiva."

"Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute Baal."—"Aylmer's Field."
"Ruth amid the fields of corn."—Ibid.

"Pharoah's darkness."-Ibid.

"A Jonah's gourd
Up in one night and due to sudden sun."—"The Princess."

"Stiff as Lot's wife."-Ibid.

"Arimathaean Joseph."-"The Holy Grail."

"For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine—
"The Last Tournament."

"Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ, Our Arthur kept his best until the last."—"The Holy Grail."

"And marked me even as Cain."-"Queen Mary."

"The Church on Peter's rock."-Ibid.

"Let her eat dust like the serpent, and be driven out of her Paradise."—"Becket."

"A whole Peter's sheet."—Ibid.

"The godless Jephtha vows the child. To one cast of the dice."—"The Flight."

"A Jacob's ladder falls."—"Early Spring."

"Follow Light and do the Right—for man can half control his doom— Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb."
"Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After."



BROWNING.

Some persons are overcome with a sense of hopelessness when confronted with a Browning poem. They give up the battle before it is begun, with the assurance that they have no "poetic faculty," and they are content thereafter to read only what other people say about the poet. But these same people are often keen observers and clever in conversation. They enjoy analyzing people's motives and working out the human puzzles which surround them. They really ought to know Browning for he is not only a past master in human problems but dignifies the process of linking together the human with what we call the supernatural. If you need a little pressure to bring you into the atmosphere of the poet, try some Browning readings during this New Year. Here is a plan:

March 1. "Hervé Riel."

March 2. "Incident of the French Camp."

March 3. "The Patriot."

March 4. "The Boy and the Angel."
March 5. "One Way of Love."
March 6. "Another Way of Love."

"The Guardian An-March 7. gel." March 8. "Love in a Life; Life in a Love." March 9. "Christina." "Evelyn Hope." March 10. "The Statue and the March 11. Bust." "The Last Ride To-March 12. gether." March 13. "Apparent Failure." "In a Balcony."
"In a Balcony." March 14. March 15. "By the Fireside." March 16. "Andrea del Sarto."
"Abt Vogler." March 17. March 18.

"The Lost Leader." March 10. March 20. "Saul." "Instans Tyrannus." March 21. "Cleon." March 22. March 23. "An Epistle." March 24. "Christmas Eve." March 25. "Christmas Eve." March 26. "Easter Day." "Easter Day." March 27. "A Death in the March 28. Desert." March 20. "A Death in the Desert." March 30. "Rabbi Ben Ezra." "Prospice." March 31.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY —November 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY — November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY — January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.

St. Paul's Day—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

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OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MARCH.

FIRST WEEK.

In The Chautauquan: "Warwickshire" to page 303.
Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapters XIII and XIV.

SECOND WEEK.

In The Chautauquan: "Warwickshire" concluded.
Required Book: "What is Shakespeare?" Chapters VII and VIII.
THIRD WEEK.

In The Chautauquan: "English Men of Fame: Dean Stanley."
Required Books: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapter XV. "Rational Living." Chapter I.

FOURTH WEEK.

Required Books: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapter XVI. "Rational Living." Chapters II and III.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK.

Map Review: Warwickshire showing its relation to surrounding counties and to the topography of England.

Brief Paper: Leading events in the Life of George Eliot. See Bibliography, also article in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.

Reading: Selections from George Eliot's "Brother and Sister" (see

the Library Shelf). Book Review: "Adam Bede."

Paper: George Eliot's Characteristics as a Writer.

Reading: Chapter in Alice Brown's "By Oak and Thorn," describing a visit to George Eliot's home.

Roll Call: Ouotations from "Scenes from Clerical Life."

SECOND WEEK.

Review of Life of Shakespeare in required book.
Book Review: "Master Skylark," John Bennett (Shakespeare's boyhood), or "Judith Shakespeare," William Black.
Paper: The Origins of Shakespeare's plays, especially the immediate sources (see the introductions to the several plays in the Cambridge Shakespeare or in single copies of the plays).

Roll Call: Responses by recitation of one of Shakespeare's Sonnets: Numbers 18, 27, 29, 30, 33, 91, 104, 106, 116 are suggested.

Paper: Allusions to local customs in Shakespeare's plays (see "Shakespeare's England," by William Winter, "William Shakespeare's England," by William Shakespeare's England, who will be will be

speare. Poet, Dramatist, and Man," etc.).

Song: "Hark, Hark the Lark," from Cymbeline. Schubert's rendering of this can be secured for 20 cents from The Chautauqua Press. It is published in three forms, Soprano, Mezzo Soprano and Alto.

Circles which prefer to substitute for this Shakespeare program one covering various points in the Reading Journey will find

numerous suggestions in the Travel Club Programs.

THIRD WEEK.

Review of Article on Dean Stanley or reports on further incidents in his life (see Life and Letters by Prothero and other available books).

Paper: Thomas Arnold as a teacher (see his life by Dean Stanley). Book Review: "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby."

Reading: Selection from "Rugby Chapel" by Matthew Arnold. Studies in the poetry of Browning: Certain poems may be assigned for each member to read in advance such as "The Last Ride Together," "My Last Duchess," "One Way of Love," "The Statue and the Bust," "In a Balcony." These poems present views of life and love; or a group of poems concerned with art and music may be chosen: "Abt Vogler," "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Old Pictures in Florence;" or a group having to do with heroic action: "The Patriot," "Inci-

dent of the French Camp," "The Lost Leader," "Hervé Riel."

Let the leader bring out the following points: 1. The story of the poem. 2. Browning's skill in making the situation real. 3. His ability to portray character. 4. The views of life or the ethical ideas brought out. 5. The problems, if any, which are presented.

Roll Call: Ouotations from the poems studied.

FOURTH WEEK.

Study of words used in required chapters on "Rational Living." Oral Reports: Useful proverbs based upon common toil (see Dictionaries).

Review of Chapters I-III in "Rational Living."

Roll Call: Memorized thoughts from Chapters I-III of "Rational Living."

Studies in some of Browning's religious poems: "Christmas Eve."
"Easter Day." "Rabbi Ben Ezra." "An Epistle" (see suggestions above).



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

FIFTEENTH WEEK.

Map Review of Warwickshire showing its relation to surrounding counties and to the topography of England.

Brief Paper: Leading Events in the ilfe of George Eliot (see Bibliography also articles in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Selections from George Eliot's "Brother and Sister" Reading: (see the Library Shelf). Book Review: "Adam Bede."

Paper: George Eliot's Characteristics as a Writer.

Reading: Chapter in Alice Brown's "By Oak and Thorn" describing a visit to George Eliot's home.

Roll Call: Quotations from "Scenes from Clerical Life."

SIXTEENTH PROGRAM.

Oral Report: Holman Hunt (see article in this magazine. One of the treasures of the Birmingham Art Gallery is his "Two Gentlemen of Verona." See for particulars of his life "The English Preraphaelite Painters" by Percy Bate, encyclopedia articles, etc.).

Roll Call: Reports on Birmingham as a model City: See "An Object lesson in Municipal Government," Century 31:71; "Best Governed City in the World," Harper's Magazine 81:99, and other magazine articles on Birmingham. See 'also Elihu Burritt's "Walks in the Black Country."

Readings: Selection from Richard II,—trial of arms at Coventry; also Henry IV, first part, Act IV, Scene II, Falstaff's ragged regiment; each of these readings should be preceded by a brief statement of the story of the play.

Brief account of Walter Savage Landor with reading of "Leofric and Godiva," in his "Imaginary Conversations," and Tennyson's "Lady Godiva."

Book Review: Scott's "Kenilworth."

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Reading: Selections from "Kenilworth" (see also Library Shelf in this magazine.)

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAM.

Reading: Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," chapter About Warwick.

Oral Reports: Other Historic associations of Warwick.

Roll Call: Brief reports of characteristics of the great English Schools: Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, etc. (see THE CHAUTAUQUAN 28:427 Feb., 1899, and other magazine articles, encyclopedias, etc.).

Book Review: "Tom Brown's School Days."

Reading: Selection from "Rugby Chapel" by Matthew Arnold.
Character Sketch: Dean Stanley (see article in this magazine,
"Stanley's Life and Letters" by Prothero and other available

Reading: Hawthorne's description of Leamington Spa in "Our Old Home."

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAM.

Paper: Shakespeare's Life (see Life of Sidney Lee; "What is Shakespeare?" Sherman; "William Shakespeare, Poet, Drama-tist, and Man," by Hamilton Mabie, and other available books.) Book Review: "Master Skylark" by John Bennett (Shakespeare's

boyhood); or "Judith Shakespeare" by William Black

Paper: Allusions to local customs in Shakespeare's plays (see "Shakespeare's England," William Winter. "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," etc.)

Oral Report: I. The Roman plays of Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar,"
"Coriolanus," etc. How do they compare in details with the
facts as given in Plutarch's Lives? Are there allusions in
these plays which are English rather than Roman; or, 2, English History in Shakespeare's plays. How far are they to be depended upon for historical accuracy? (See all avail-

able books on Shakespeare.)
r: The Origins of Shakespeare's plays especially the immediate sources (see the introductions to the several plays in the Cambridge Shakespeare or in single copies of the plays).

Roll Call: Some of Shakespeare's Sonnets: Numbers 18, 29, 30, 91, 104, 106, 116, etc.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS.

I. James Martineau was a celebrated theologian and philosopher. He was the author of books upon ethics, theology, and philosophy. 2. At St. Peter's Field, Manchester, August 16, 1819, a large assembly of the laboring classes which had met to advocate social assembly of the laboring classes which had her to advocate social reform was charged by the troops. Many persons were killed and wounded. The word "Peterloo" was formed in imitation of "Waterloo".

3. Milton's poem of that name. 4. "Rochdale Pioneers" is the name given a successful workingman's cooperative association. tion founded in 1844. 5. Mrs. Felicia Hermans is the author of "Casabianca," "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," and several famous hymns. 6. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882, was a celebrated poet and painter. He was also one of the original members of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood. 7. Bishop Reginald Heber is chiefly celebrated as a writer of hymns among which are "From

Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Brightest and Best," and "Holy, Holy, Holy." 8. For information upon "The Cheshire Cat" see "Alice in Wonderland." 9. Karl Marx, 1818-1883, was a celebrated German socialist. His most famous work is "Das Kapital." 10. The Positivists are followers of Comte, the celebrated French philosopher. He held that the study of society may be made as scientific as the study of the positive sciences of Astronomy and Physics. 11. Frederic Harrison is the author of "Social Statistics," "The Choice of Books," "The Meaning of History," and various books upon philosophy, history, etc. 12. Sir Thomas Brassey's yacht The Sunbeam is celebrated in the book of the first Lady Brassey entitled "The Voyage of the Sunbeam." 13. Sidney and Beatrice Webb are two of the most famous students of and writers upon social topics in England. They are the authors of, among other books, "The History of Trade Unionism." "Problems of Modern Industry," etc. 14. The dock workers struck for better pay, a shorter working day and particularly for more regular employment.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"As my contribution to the Round Table today," remarked a member from New York City, "I want to commend this charming new book by W. D. Howells which richly deserves its name 'Certain Delightful English Towns.' I hope all of you got it for Christmas, but for the benefit of those who did not I would say that it is published by Harper & Brothers, and the price alas! is three dollars. However, that is by no means prohibitive for public libraries even if it is for some of our individual pocket books and you will be doing a service to your community if you can persuade the library to secure it. Howells has such a keen and yet a genial way of hitting off people and things, as when he says,

"I have always liked to believe everything I read in guide-books, or hear from sacristans or custodians. In Chester you can believe not only the bleak Baedeker, with its stern adherence to fact, but anything that anybody tells you; and in my turn I ask the unquestioning faith of the reader when I assure him he will find nothing so medieval-looking out of Nuremberg as that street—I think it is called Eastgate Street—with its Rows, or two-story sidewalks, and its timber-gabled shops with their double chance of putting up the rates on the fresh American. Let him pay the price, and gladly, for there is no perspective worthier his money."

"I am constantly struck with the way in which no matter what I am studying I am sure to run across sidelights upon it in my reading," said a Nebraskan. "Did you notice in Hawthorne's 'Our Old Home' what he says about the tradition that King Cymbeline founded Warwick?

"'Perhaps it was in the landscape now under our eyes that Posthumous wandered with the King's daughter, the sweet, chaste, faithful and courageous Imogen, the tenderest and womanliest woman that Shakespeare ever made immortal in the world. The

silver Avon which we see flowing so quietly by the gray castle may have held their images in its bosom.'

"I really hadn't exactly localized 'Cymbeline' as I read the play,

but Hawthorne's suggestion gives it a new picturesqueness."



"May I ask without any disposition to criticise," ventured a member from Tennessee, "if Warwick shouldn't be pronounced Warick?" "The intricacies of English pronunciation I am sure rob us all of the critical spirit," responded Pendragon, "and we are ready for light from any quarter. Yes, Warwick is Warick and Beauchamp is Beecham and Cholmondeley is Chumley in the speech of our British cousins and when we're in England and even sometimes when we're out of the country it is well to do as the English do! We've become so used to leaving out a syllable in Leicester and Gloucester and Worcester which we take quite as a matter of course that we can't be harsh with our neighbors over the sea. The moral of all this is that you'd better have a committee on pronunciation in your circles and be sure that these innocent looking names are just what they seem to be!"

"Let me say," he continued, "that I learn from the secretary of 1910, Miss Harris, that she is getting letters from members which show that the class spirit is strong. One member sends a postal from England and an individual reader writes from Tennessee. Other letters ask to be put in touch with circles or, if indi-

vidual readers, express their delight in the course."



"While you are on the subject of individual readers do let me read this letter," said a Virginia member, "from a young friend of mine, who has been a Chautauqua reader for three years and expects to graduate in 1907. I think you will agree with me that she represents a plucky type of which we may all be proud. I asked her to write a note to the Round Table and report progress. Here is the letter. You will see how she has caught the spirit of our Chancellor's interpretation of the letters C. L. S. C.:

"'Yes, I am a lone reader. But when I realize that the privilege of being even an individual reader could be taken from me, I fully appreciate the advantage. I do make a sacrifice, I feel, by taking the course. Of course, I mean financially. I couldn't mean any other way. I am a rural school teacher, and in this section of the country we are paid very poorly. I hold a first grade certificate, and have never received a salary over \$20.00 per month. Out of this I pay n.y board and help support my dear mother. Still I am thankful that I am fortunate enough to give even this support. It is for this reason that I am never able to begin my work early in the year.

"'The Chautauqua work has helped me in my school work as nothing else could do. By the articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN I have interested my little scholars in civic improvements. My school has

no library, so THE CHAUTAUQUAN has served as one for the scholars. I also use the books of the course when they will give light on the subjects they are studying. Let it not be thought though I am an individual reader that I am not trying to disperse the light that I can receive from my work. It has given me 'Courage' caused me to fall in 'Love' with my work, however humble it may be, given me 'Strength' for the many conflicts and worries of a country school teacher, and above all things taught me 'Contentment'."

"We want to hear today," said Pendragon, "from the new Y. W. C. A. Circle in St. Louis. This idea of circles in the Y. W. C. A. hasn't been half developed. There ought to be one in every Y. W. C. A. in the country. It would seem an ideal place for a circle, for a small library could be established there always ready for use by the girls at odd times and once a week if one or two bright people from some graduate circle could go and take charge of the circle it would be the greatest possible help and pleasure to many a busy young woman who, tired with a long day's work, needs just this little outside stimulus to encourage her to read." Mrs. Bolt, the president of a very strong circle in St. Louis, then told with enthusiasm of the modest beginnings. "We have started with seven members," she said, "and we meet every week. The girls are taking hold earnestly and we feel sure that the circle is going to be a success. It took time and persistence to get it started but when I realize what splendid work our own and Christ Church circles have been doing these past years, I feel that there is an equally promising outlook in this field. Let me add to what Pendragon has said my suggestion to some of the older circles to find leaders and help start these Y. W. C. A. circles. It is a great opportunity which we ought to improve."

The delegate from the Whitney Circle of New Haven, Connecticut, reported an attendance of twenty-six. "We have several new members," she added, "who are very enthusiastic and make our circle very much alive. The interest in the study of Shake-speare is very strong. The New Haven S. H. G. is also holding regular meetings and our 'Union' held its annual outing in October, which was very much enjoyed."



The Robert Browning Circle of Warren, Ohio, was the next to report. "Our Circle," said the delegate, "has grown from nine to seventy-five members in six years, so I am sure any of the new circles need not be discouraged when they contemplate our present proportions! Our members are all working hard and our weekly meetings are most interesting. Two nights in the month are devoted to study, one night to a public lecture, and one night to a

social gathering. Our president conducts the lessons with the able assistance of the instruction committee. We are reviewing the general periods of English history so as to freshen up our background and it is a pleasure to see how the various features of our study fit into place as we make more clear to ourselves the main developments of English life and thought."



"I should like to report an intensely loyal circle of Chautauquans," gently remarked one of the younger members of the Round Table from Jefferson, Indiana. "There are twelve of us, all but one being recent graduates of our high school. Six are now teachers. We study and recite by the use of the questions in the Membership Book. We are enthusiastic over the books and approve of the new form of The Chautauquan."

"May a circle of three report?" inquired a New Jersey member from Camden. "I'm told we are only a triangle, but I believe in the days when I studied geometry three points could establish a circle so I shall claim the privilege! We are using one set of books between us and meeting every Monday evening to discuss the readings in The Chautauquan and take up Cymbeline, studying the notes at the end of each scene. We are delighted with the course and as the first twenty years of my life were spent in England, I serve in some sort as teacher because of my advantages in this respect, though having only three members we dispense with officers!"

"In your study of John Bright, whose home was at Rochdale," said Pendragon, "let me urge you to read with care the article oneers.' If you haven't the Outlook in your library you can easily get a copy by sending ten cents to the Outlook, New York City. It is the story of a very remarkable coöperative movement and is a cheering record as well as a prophecy in the midst of our present day industrial confusion. It was John Bright who said when our country sent help to the starving Lancashire weavers.

"'The peoples are drawing together and beginning to learn that it never was intended that they should be hostile to each other but that every nation should take a brotherly interest in every other nation in the world.'

"Let me also give you my annual reminder," he continued, "that you keep a dictionary within reach and use it. Cultivate the habit of thinking clearly. Have you a definite idea of what a reredos is when it is mentioned as a prominent feature in church buildings? If you were pressed for a definition of accolade could you give it? Such words are a part of what Dr. Hale calls the

language of our time. Our authors use them assuming that we understand English and one element in our education is that of being at home with our own English speech."

The delegate from the Washington Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., laid a list of books on the table, saying, "We are very much indebted to Miss Donaghy, the librarian of our Flatbush Branch of the public library, for she has taken special pains to secure all of these books bearing on the course for this year. Other circles in Brooklyn who find any difficulty in getting these books can readily secure them from our library because of its connection with the central library system."

"You will remember," said Pendragon, as he glanced over the list, "that we sent to all circles last spring, a printed list of some sixty books relating to the course for this year. Nearly all of these on the Brooklyn list were included in those which we announced and if any of the newer circles would like copies, I think they can still be secured by writing to the Office at Chautauqua. The Washington Circle is to be congratulated upon its success and I hope all the circles will plan to present similar requests to their librarians in the spring when the C. L. S. C. Office sends out its list. You are not only benefiting yourselves but also the community when you enable the librarian to buy such books knowing that a public demand for them is assured."



"I wonder if other circles got identified with the characters in Shakespeare as we did," said the delegate from Maysville, Mo. "We should have considered it rather hard on those members who portrayed Cloten and Iachimo and the Queen, but for the fact that they had a chance for a change of heart when we came to the next play. Our president assigned topics on the play and different ones looked up such subjects as dramatic aspects, parallelism, development of characters, prose and poetry, etc. We all look forward to our semi-monthly meetings with delight."



"I notice in a newspaper clipping," said Pendragon, "that our prison Circle at Stillwater, Minnesota, is holding steadily on its way, furnishing articles nearly every week, and very creditable ones, to the little prison publication *The Mirror*. The motto of the paper, 'it is never too late to mend,' is right in line with the work of the Chautauquans. The C. L. S. C. has always been a close ally of the Y. M. C. A. and I see the delegate from a new Y. M. C. A. Circle in Troy, N. Y., is present; you must hear from him." "We have felt very strongly," replied the secretary, "that our work is so exacting in certain lines that we ought to have some definite plan

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to keep us from getting into a rut so our circle is made up of the employed officers of the association and their wives and we fortunately were able to secure one of our ministers to serve regularly as our teacher and leader so he keeps us up to the work. We've tried several lines of reading but from the present outlook the Chautauqua course is going to be just what we want."

"At the other end of the state in Rochester we use the Y. M. C. A. rooms for our meetings but we have a very large circle," explained a member. "There are about fifty-five on our roll and some who are reading outside of the circle. One of our public school principals, Mr. Allen, has led the circle a number of years. We review the lessons by questions and suggest and criticize very freely the various topics brought up for discussion. We find that an occasional social function is a great benefit. It promotes the spirit of the circle and attracts new members. Occasionally we neet at a private house and in the summer have an out-of-door reunion."

News Summary

DOMESTIC.

December 4.—President Roosevelt in message to Congress advocates income and inheritance tax, and fair treatment to aliens. Pacific coast is stirred by the President's insistence upon the rights of Japanese residents under treaty obligations.

13.—Congress passes a resolution putting the ban on "re-

formed spelling."

14.—Congress raises salaries of cabinet members, vice-president and speaker of house to \$12,000.

24.—Serious race disturbances are reported from Meridian,

Mississippi.

31.—John D. Rockefeller makes gift of nearly \$3,000,000 to University of Chicago.

FOREIGN.

December 10.—The Nobel peace prize is awarded to President Roosevelt for his mediation between Russia and Japan.

II.—Contest between Church and State in France becomes more acute; Mgr. Montagnini, secretary of the papal nunciature at Paris, is expelled from France.

13.—German Reichstag is dissolved when government appro-

priation for German Southwest Africa is rejected.

14.—Chamber of Deputies accepts King Leopold's bequest of Congo Free State to Belgium.

19.—House of Lords refuses to reconsider its amendments to the Education Bill.

OBITUARY.

December 14.—Jeremiah Curtin, distinguished linguist and translator.

19.—Bishop C. C. McCabe of the M. E. Church. 30.—Baroness Burdett-Coutts, London, philanthropist.

A LITTLE SANCTUARY

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

It is a little book. It may be carried in the pocket. There are blank pages in it. But all are not blank. The book has a singular title—a title taken from a text of Holy Writ—"A Little Sanctuary." The passage in the prophecy of Ezekiel reads as follows: "Thus saith the Lord God: Although I have cast them off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries yet I will be to them a little sanctuary in the countries yet I will be to them a *little sanctuary* in the countries where they shall come." Ezekiel II. 16. This passage (and especially the figure of "the little sanctuary") gives the title to the tiny booklet here described. The little book contains a few radical principles, precious promises and compact prayers. One takes this little book in hand in some quiet place—in the woods, in a cosy corner in a private room—door the woods, in a cosy corner, in a private room—door closed and locked—the book becomes a simple sign and symbol of the "little sanctuary."

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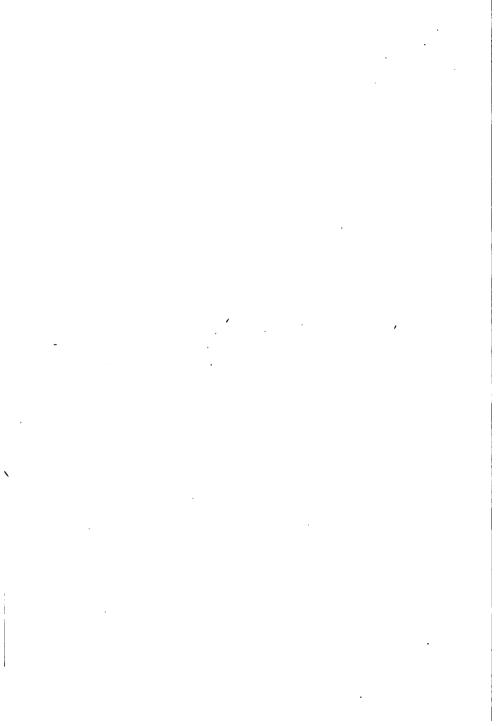
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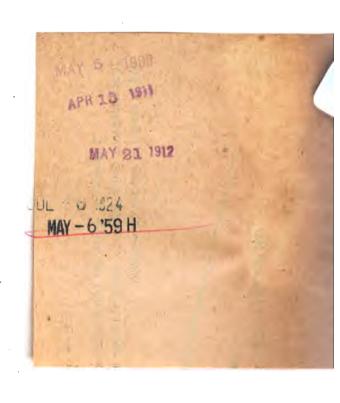
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